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November 2, 1960
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

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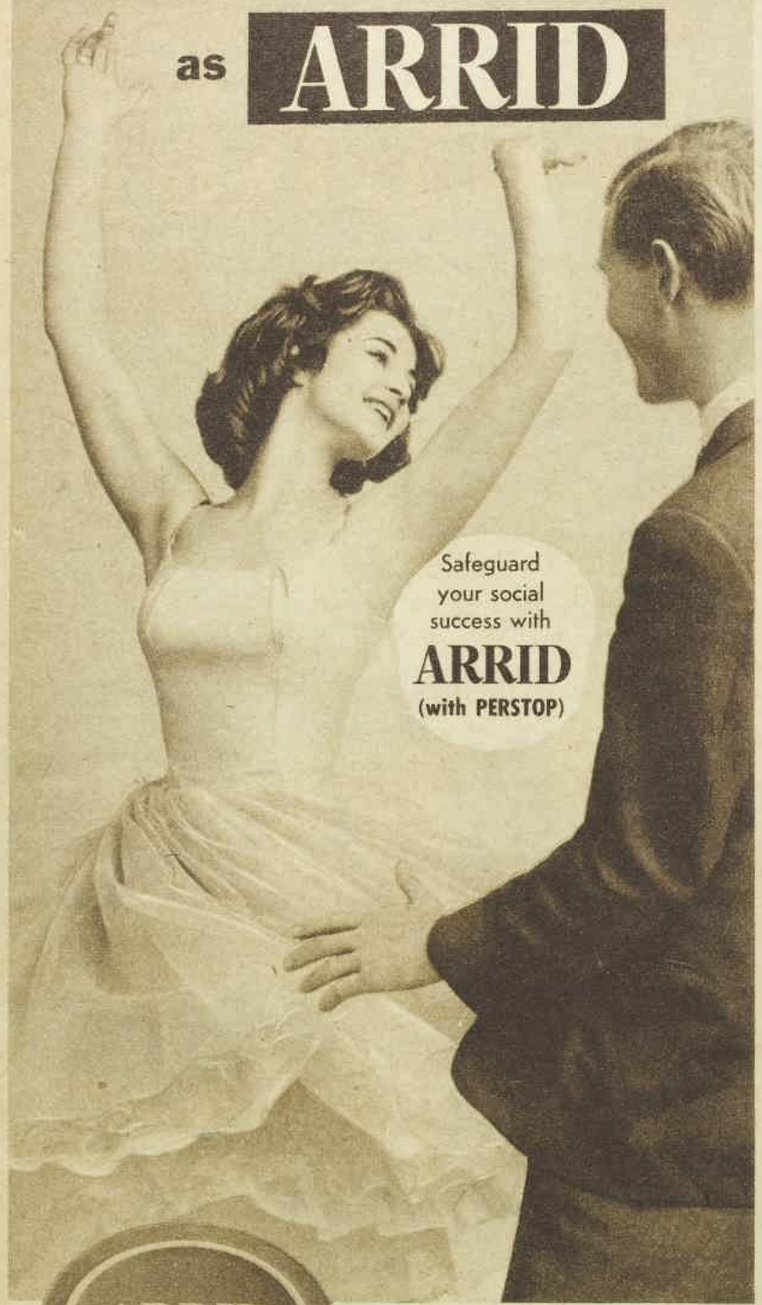

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● **Don't let your teenagers take away Teenagers' Weekly this we before you've read about "The Twist" on Page 5.**

"THE TWIST" is the latest dance craze in America. Teenagers are dancing it, and loving it.

But housewives can dance it, too, and love it — as a weight - reducer. Reducing salons could use it for the same purpose.

See the photographs with the story and you'll understand why! Its wonderful "twist" takes poundage from hips and middles.

★ ★ ★

TEENAGERS' WEEKLY features on the cover and pages 6 and 7 pictures from the New York musical "Bye, Bye, Birdie," in which most of the cast are teenagers. This show, which has been a smash hit on Broadway, is being brought to Australia early next year by J. C. Williamson Ltd.

★ ★ ★

THE inscription on the first page of Margery Sharp's newest novel, "Something Light," which begins in this issue on page 34, reads "To Geoffrey Castle."

He is Margery's husband and they live in a delightful London town apartment in the Albany, near Piccadilly.

They both enjoy entertaining and the apartment's elegant drawing-room is the scene of many dinner-parties, where the talk is mostly along literary lines.

THE pug in the picture below is named "Sonny Boy of Bridgeford" and belongs to Mrs. W. Moses, of Mt. Maunganui, New Zealand.

Sonny's jacket, which he so proudly wears, was knitted from a pattern in our issue dated May 18.

"Sonny has been quite a hit in his outfit," writes Mrs. J. Jennings, of Mt. Maunganui. "As he is now nearly ten, the jacket has been really valuable to him during the winter."

SONNY in his jacket.

ALTHOUGH Elizabeth Dunn's charming story, "Mr. Jones and Juliet" (page 33), couldn't be more flippant, the author is far from being that sort of person. Her job in life is a most serious one, as she is the editor of the UNICEF magazine "Hi, Neighbor."

Mr. and Mrs. Dunn and their teenage daughter live in New York in a very high apartment, because, a Dunns say, "the only live in New York is above it."

Our cover

Pretty model F Syer, who posed for cover—the ninth in £3000 Cover Con (details, page 71)—we a model hat by Syd milliner Henriette motte. She is surroun by jaunty "gentlem (sketched by our s "Kick" Kickhefer) w ing top hats which lent to us by Rich Hunt Pty. Ltd. T representative, Mr. J O'Brien, told us that have quite a sale for pers but rarely a req for an opera hat. imported the last two a magician.

Next Week: **Fashion in the pink—"The Swing To Pink" a color feature showing latest summer st in the color of the moment, flattering pink—from pearly-pink to sun rose to claret . . . And a special big gardening feature on gar climbers of many varieties.**

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MAKE THIS MODEL HAT

● This is the year of the HAT. Melbourne's Centenary Cup Meeting will be the greatest hat parade for years. Be in it. This hat was specially designed for us by London's Royal milliner Simone Vernier. A pattern for the hat is available for 3/3. To make it you need ⅜yd. 36in. cap net, 6yds. 12in. veiling, and ¼yd. 36in. net lining. When ordering quote pattern No. 5941; see further details at right.

Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. The pattern comes in sizes 21, 21½, 22, and 22½in. head measurements. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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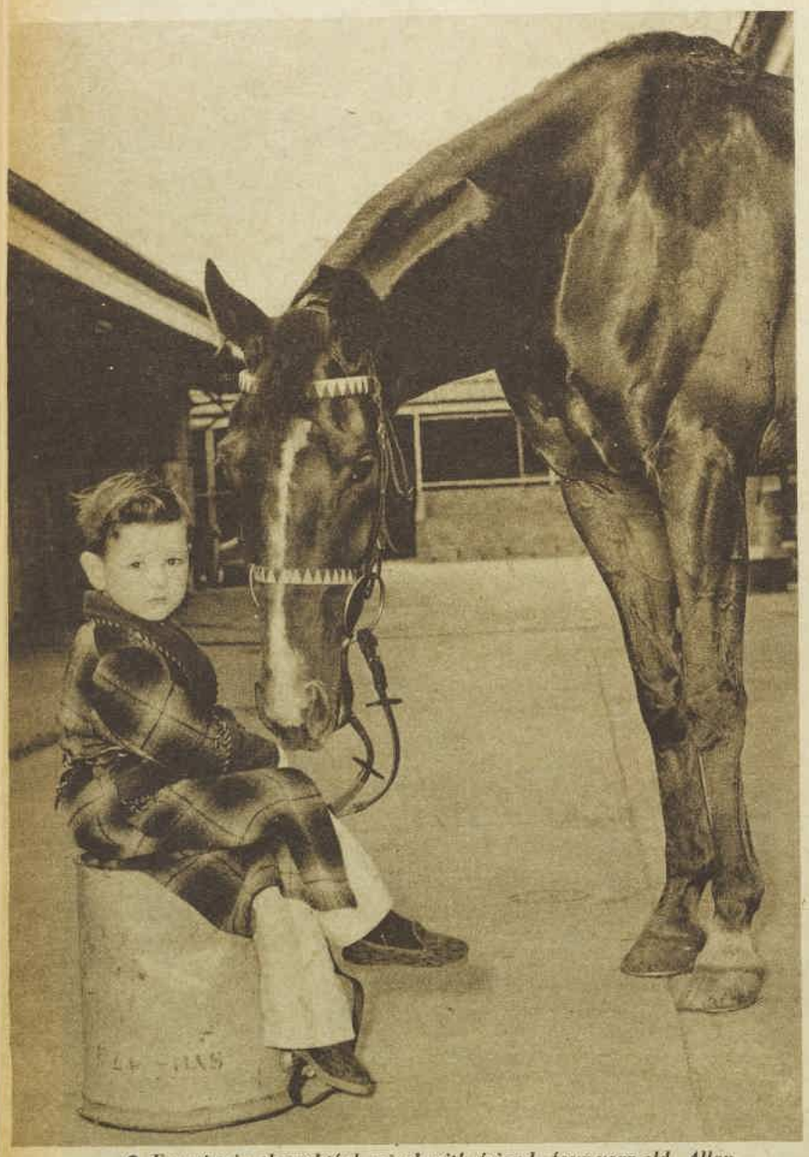
SET FOR THE CUP

● With every horse that takes its place on November 1 in the restless, shimmering line-up of the 1960 Centenary Melbourne Cup is a story of a long battle fought — and won. (The Cup will run as near 3 p.m. as possible, time depending on entries in the other races.)



● *Essayist in thoughtful mood with friend four-year-old Allan Denham, son of trainer Jack Denham, in Sydney. Essayist, a son of Columnist, is nicely weighted for the Cup.*

"YOU'RE fighting hazards all the time from the moment you put your Cup horse in training," says Melbourne trainer Jim Cerchi.

Cerchi has spent seven long months preparing Olive Branch for the year's top race.

"Your horse has only got to stand on a nail and you're out," he said.

"And you're wondering if you're going to get the breaks . . . the weather right, the barrier position right, the horse right, and your jockey as fit as your horse.

"Just lose out on one of those and you can be back where you were seven months ago . . . without hope."

No baby ever had more care and devotion than Olive Branch gets from strapper Jack Williams.

Jack's in the stables at 5 a.m. to prepare Olive Branch for the track for work. Back home by 8, then a grooming session followed by breakfast. At 11 a snack of hay, then a proper feed at 12.

The Cup hope may snooze or meditate as the mood moves him until 3, when it's out on the road for some light exercise for about an hour, back to the stables for more grooming, a feed at 5, then bedding down for the night.

The strapper watches Olive Branch's diet just as closely as his training schedule.

Only time there's a change in it is on the eve and the day of the race. Then it's usually a dry feed the night before, and half-rations with only a few swallows of water on the day itself.

The same care has been lavished on every one of the Cup horses on these pages.

As well as the owner—who pays out all the way along the line—and the trainer and the strapper, who cope with the close-at-hand headaches, there's a whole skilled army of men and women with a share in a C victory.

There's the jockey, and the vet., and t saddler . . .

Harold Harper, for instance, who has be making winning Cup saddles of kangaroo h for 42 years now.

George Moore uses his saddles, so Victoria's top jockeys Geoff Lane, Bill W liamson, Jack Purtell, a Ron Hutchinson.

"We build saddles fr 12oz. to a stone, but average jockey saddle wei 1½lb.," said Mr. Harper.

Said Flemington far Tom McGrath, "Th couldn't run if they were shod right."

He's been shoeing cha pions for something like years.

Macdougal, Bayst Evening Peal, Straight Dr Toparoa, Dalray, Rising F Dark Felt all wore McGra made shoes.

Valerius, Tulloch, Line, Ilumquh, White H and Sparkler are all boo to have their 3oz. rac shoes of aluminium or s fitted by him for next Tu day.

And fitted they are, carefully as any wom high-fashion shoe.

Tom has a vast array cardboard patterns for horse customers' feet.

two horses' feet are alike, he says.

Mrs. Colin Morrison argues that no C race would be complete without the c and shine of the jockeys' silks.

The silks wouldn't be worth looking a they weren't made right, says Mrs. E. Ma who has been making them for 40 years.

Then there are the wives and moth sons and daughters, all the relatives friends who've had a share in the headac —and will be there on Tuesday to w "their" horse run in the Cup.

● *Farrier Tom McGrath with the anvil his father used to shoe Carbine, winner of the 1890 Cup.*

● *On Line takes a swig of lemonade from Western Australian jockey Ian Brown.*

● *Ilumquh — pronounced Iloomker — Caulfield Cup winner, with Eric Ropiha.*

● *Howsie, big chestnut New Zealander, winner of the St. Leger in Wellington.*

● *Ma Cherie, pocket-s speedster and stayer, owner Mr. T. Coltman*

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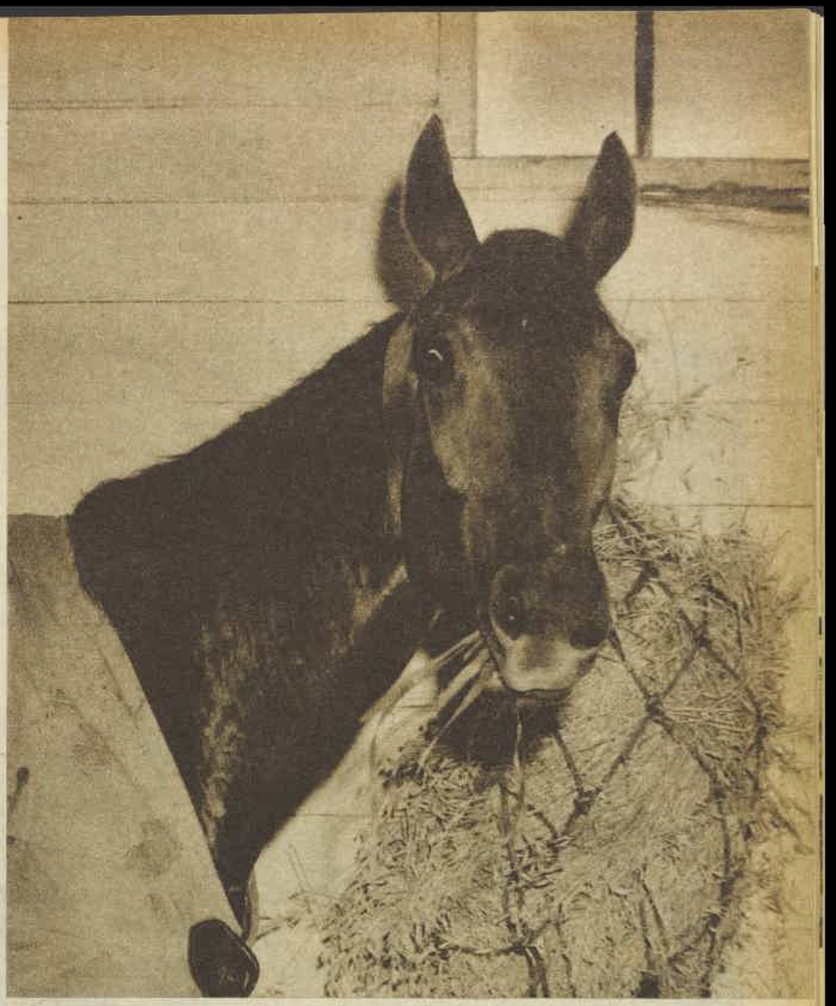
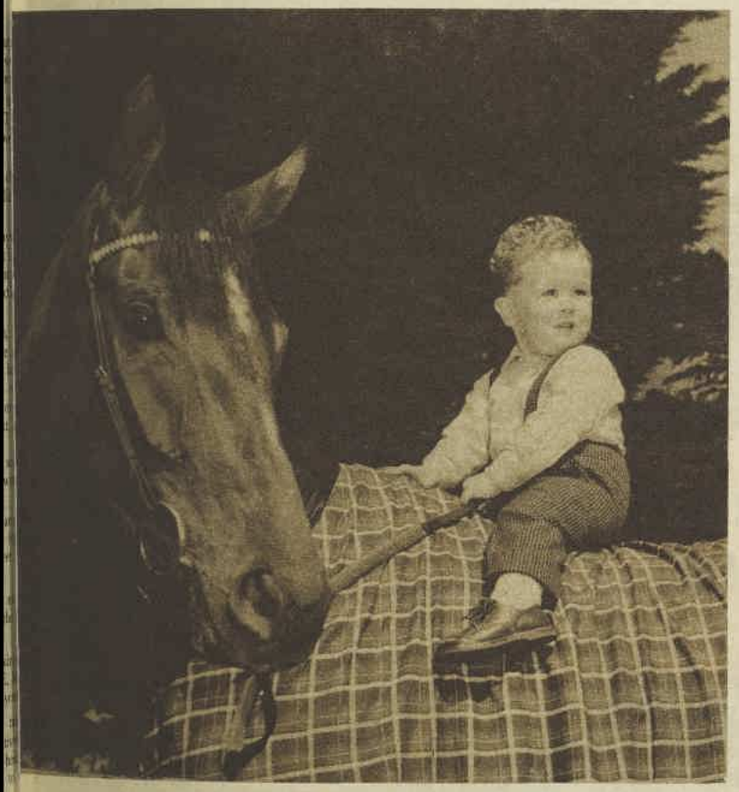
● *Macdougal, winner of last year's Melbourne Cup, with Neville Heffernan and "Prince" at Dick Roden's stables in Sydney. He will carry seven pounds more in this year's Cup.*



● *Sparkler (above) spares a moment from his grass to look at the camera. Bought in New Zealand for the big Cup, he ran third in the Metropolitan, lost his chance in the Caulfield Cup after a stumbling start.*



● *Nilarco (left), with Geoffrey Chapman, his trainer's son, on his back. Geoffrey, incidentally, was born two years ago on Cup Day. Nilarco is by Nilo from Redeswood, a daughter of the great brood mare Eternal City.*

● *Valerius (above) with trainer Frank Dalton's foreman, Kevin Graham, on their way to Melbourne for the Cup. Hat, boots, and bandages are for travelling only.*

● *Tulloch, miracle galloping machine, with Albie Atkins, trainer Tommy Smith's foreman in Melbourne. Can he carry his 10.1 to Cup victory? Every horse-lover hopes so.*

● *Waipari (left), ears back, and a dirty look in his eye, sparring with trainer Joe Wicklif.*

● **More Cup features, pages 7, 8, 9.**

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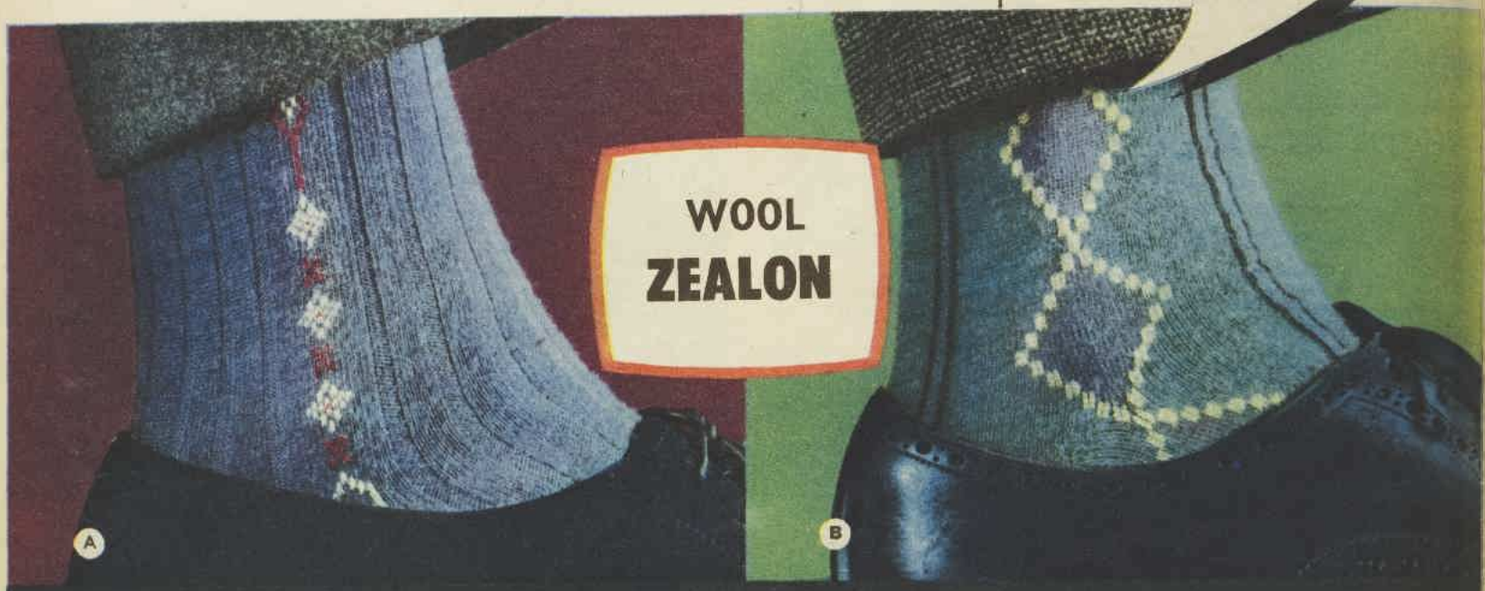
Zealons in wool or stretch styles for all occasions

YEAR OF THE NEW

HOLEPROOF



ALL LONG WEARING . . . NEVER NEED DARNING

ALL SHRINKPROOF . . . ALL MACHINE-WASHABLE

WOOL ZEALONS:

Top **A** and **B**. Enjoy real foot comfort in Holeproof Wool Zealons. 75% soft absorbent wool combines with Zealon for guaranteed long wear. Wool Zealons are shrinkproof, machine-washable and never need darning. Choose stripes, jacquards or distinctive ribbed patterns in a host of modern colors. Long Length **12/6;** Short **10/6.**

STRETCH ZEALONS:

Lower **C** and **D**. Now in BRI-NYLON — Famous Holeproof Stretch ZEALONS. Choose from Australia's widest range of styles, patterns and colors, including the new "burnished tones". Holeproof Zealons s-t-r-e-t-c-h to fit all sizes, stay up neatly all day long. All sox processed with *Sanitized*, the built-in deodorant. **11/9.**

NEW "CUSHION-FOOT" SPORTS SOX with exclusive ankle support

With this new sports sox your ankles are actively supported by the exclusive built-in elastic which prevents leg fatigue, keeps sox up regardless how hectic the sport. "Cushion-Foot" protects heel and foot with maximum comfort without bulk. **12/6.**

AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST MAKER OF FINE THINGS TO WEAR . . . **HOLEPROOF**

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Pipes'll skirl on Cup Day

● There'll be a guid wee drap o' the heathered Hielans on the flats of Flemington on November 1, when the Centenary Melbourne Cup is run in the presence of Australia's Scottish Governor-General, Lord Dunrossil.

PIPE-MAJOR JOHN MACKENZIE, of the Melbourne Highlanders, who will be one of the six pipe-majors leading pipers at the Melbourne Cup on November 1. Like the Governor-General, Lord Dunrossil, John Mackenzie speaks Gaelic.

SIX massed pipe bands will honor the Governor-General with Highland pageantry.

Eighty pipers and 40 drummers will stride down the straight to their own stirring renditions of some of the most loved Scottish airs — "Bonnie Dundee," "Scotland the Brave," "Road to the Isles," and "Pibroch O'Donal Dhu."

Both Lord Dunrossil and the pipe bands will be attending their first Melbourne Cup.

In fact it will be the first appearance of pipes on a Melbourne metropolitan racetrack.

Down straight

The six bands—all A-grade members of the Victorian Highland Pipe Band Association—are from the 1st Royal Victoria Regiment, formerly the Victorian Scottish Regiment, the Melbourne Highlanders, the Victoria Police, the City of Hawthorn, City of Maryborough, and City of Bendigo.

The contingent will be led by its six drum-majors, who in turn will be led by one of Australia's most distinguished drum-majors, Scotsman Jamie Davies, who has recently been appointed honorary drum-major for all Victoria by the Victorian Highland Pipe Band Association.

It will pipe Lord Dunrossil down the straight, drawing up in formation at the Members' Stand, where the Vice-Regal party will pass between it and the Southern Command Military Band.

A piper from each highland band will then leave his ranks to pipe Lord Dunrossil across the lawn and into the Members' Enclosure.

The pipe- and drum-majors spent a Sunday morning several months ago sizing up the Flemington course before they decided on the complicated marching manoeuvres and the programme to be presented.

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

When the selections of Scottish airs, strathspeys, and reels were voted in, they had the entire score specially printed so that each band's rendition — which usually varies — would be standardised.

"We could have selected more difficult pieces that would have satisfied us more, but we confined our choice to the airs that would most please the public," said Pipe-Major Duncan McLennan, of the Royal Victoria Regiment.

Major McLennan's family has been an integral part of Highland piping since its inception in Victoria.

His uncle, the late Pipe-Major Lewis McLennan, in whose honor the Melbourne Highlanders wear the McLennan tartan, was the first pipe-major of both the Melbourne Highlanders and the Victorian Scottish Regiment, and the first pipe instructor of the Police Band.

Major McLennan has himself been a pipe-major for 30 years. He was with the Ballarat and Hamilton Pipe Bands before he joined the Victorian Scottish Regiment, which was recently disbanded, then reformed as the Pipes and Drums of the 1st Battalion Royal Victoria Regiment.

His son, Duncan, jun., will be playing on Cup Day with the Police Pipers.

Drum-Major Jamie Davies, who will be twirling the mace out in front of the contingent, will be the only Scot among the seven drum-majors. The others are all Australian.

The straight at Flemington will be dressed in a good selection of tartans on Cup Day. There'll be the McKenzie, worn by the Hawthorn and the Maryborough Bands, the McLennan on the Melbourne Highlanders, the Gordon on the Royal Victoria Regiment, the McPherson on the Police, and the Royal Stewart on the Bendigo Band.

DRUM-MAJOR Jamie Davies, of Geelong, who will lead the massed pipe bands at Flemington.

It will take the pipers and drummers longer than their wives to dress for this Cup.

Glengarries

It takes an hour to press and polish up the "full bull" —that's full ceremonial dress —and at least half an hour to put it all on. The men always check themselves from head to toe to make sure they have every piece in place.

The Police Band will not be wearing its tall "feather bonnets" — ostrich feathers which make up £50 of their £130 uniforms — because the other bands do not have them. All will wear the jaunty black glengarries.

THE VICTORIA POLICE PIPE BAND, Victorian champion drum unit, on parade at a recent Police Passing Out ceremony at Police Barracks, Melbourne. Members are wearing their £50 "feather bonnets"—of ostrich feathers—which they will replace with glengarries on Cup Day because the other bands do not have them.

Always look for the name

MORLEY

Velnit REG underwear

★ Easy to wear, easy to wash, never needs ironing, won't shrink.

★ Light in weight and will not irritate the most sensitive skin.

★ Although soft and absorbent, "Velnit" is extremely strong and durable because of the Interlock method of knitting which gives elasticity.

★ A large variety of styles for Men and Boys in "Velnit", also in the heavier weight "Fleecy Velnit".

Always look for the name MORLEY

EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE

Superfluous hair can be so offensive — unglamorous, too. But don't remove it the harsh way. Avoid razor rash and scratchy stubble — use new-formula VEET instead. New VEET is whiter, daintier than ever — faster, too! It's the modern cosmetic cream which stops quick regrowth by dissolving hair below skin level. Apply VEET, leave, then simply wash the hair away. Feel how soft, how smooth, your skin becomes! Don't be without this special beauty cream. It's safe for facial hair, too. 3/6 a tube; large size, 5/6. At all chemists and stores.

NEW VEET

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FESTIVE FLEMINGTON

Millions of flowers, £60,000 escalator, fabulous fashion, and gayest party round ever

By FREDA IRVING

● Flemington will greet the centenary of the Melbourne Cup with a freshly painted face, additional amenities, and millions of color-glowing flowers.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL Lord Dunrossil, and Lady Dunrossil, who will attend the Centenary Melbourne Cup.

IN the past two months 500 gallons of paint have given new color to woodwork in the stands and fences. And the Victoria Racing Club has soared to its greatest height of comfort for racegoers with a £60,000 escalator from ground floor to top deck—49 feet up—of the Members' Stand.

VICE-REGAL PARTY at Flemington. The Queensland Governor, Sir Henry Abel Smith, and Lady May Abel Smith (left) with the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks (right), and Lady Brooks.

The escalator, which will transport 8000 people an hour in gliding comfort, is probably the only exterior escalator in Australia.

In the traditional spirit of Melbourne's Centenary Cup Day, "Under The Elms" has been brought back to its full beauty and charm of the days when this spot—just past the winning post—was the meeting place for champagne and caviare lunches.

Lawns are glowing smoothly green under the towering old elms, garden beds have been planted with azaleas and other vivid shrubs, there are gaily painted seats under the shade of the trees, and the new Elms Cafe curves gracefully between this peaceful haven and the wide-flagged area leading to stands, betting ring, and finishing post.

On the railway platform entrance, new turnstiles, painted cool grey and blue, have been built for racegoers going to the Lawn stands and The Hill.

The red and golden roses—which are as much a part of Flemington's Spring Racing Carnival as the vividly green billiard-table smooth lawns and the famous Straight Six — were pruned with perfect timing to bring them into a riot of blooms by Derby Day.

Millions of other flowers will be at their peak of color in rounded garden beds, which look like great patchwork quilts on the lawns.

Ranunculi, poppies, pansies, stocks—packed in 850 giant window-boxes — will make glowing ribands of color at the front of the Members' Stand, along the Mounting Yard, and the Members' Enclosure fences.

Sharing color honors with them will be 400 pots of schizanthus and 300 pots of Primula obconica.

There'll be rich floral color inside the stands, too, with 400 pots of calceolarias and 400 pots of cinerarias in the committee rooms and public dining-rooms.

Even jazz and an Australian-made earth-moving-equipment exhibition will be taking part in the celebrations for the Centenary Melbourne Cup, which will draw all eyes and ears to Flemington on November 1.

For this Centenary Melbourne Cup is much, much more than Australia's premier race with the biggest stake ever — £25,000 and a gold cup.

It is the centre of the biggest hi-de-ho Melbourne, Victoria—and Australia for that matter—have ever seen.

Not even the Royal tour can top it in its cram-packed programme of festivities. And not since the Royal tour has there been such an outpouring of glamor—and lavish spending—among women.

Head of one top Melbourne couture house said:

"Women are really going to town—but elegantly and in good taste. Expense is definitely no object."

Big programme

And women will have plenty of occasions to display their spending.

From October 25 until November 5, there'll be not a day without a date . . . on most days several . . . revolving round the biggest date of them all . . . The Lawn at Flemington on Centenary Cup Day.

Melbourne itself, just as much as Flemington, will have on its best gala dress.

The City Development Association has timed its annual Floral Fiesta for October 28 to November 5.

Also there has been an unprecedented response from shops, business houses, banks and hotels, with planned floral displays in windows, foyers, window-boxes.

The foyer of The Hotel Australia will be a galaxy of roses, horseshoes, and blue ribbons as a gesture to the fiesta — and the Cup.

Most of the big hotels are having special gala nights with race theme decoration and menus on the big days.

Menzies, the Savoy Plaza and the Federal Hotels are producing a special Centenary dish to be called Chicken Manifold (after the V.R.C. Chairman, Sir Chester Manifold).

They plan to make the last evening of the carnival memorable with sombrero-hatted waiters attending masked guests.

Here are the official Cup carnival dates:

● **October 25.** Opening by the Premier, Mr. Henry Bolte, of the Melbourne Cup Exhibition in the Palmer Hall of the Public Library at 3 p.m.

The 1930 Melbourne Cup winner, Phar Lap, is being moved from the National Museum for the occasion.

There will also be an exhibition arranged by the Museum of Applied Science showing how the timing of races has changed over the years — from guess-work to electronic devices.

Fashion prize

● A wardrobe worth £200 will be the first prize awarded to the wearer of the best black-and-white outfit on Oaks Day at Flemington—November 3—during the V.R.C.'s Centenary Week Racing Carnival.

The black-and-white outfit can be in lightweight wool or any other fabric.

Four judges, headed by our Fashion Editor, Betty Keep, will circulate in different areas on the course. One judge will be on The Flat, one on The Hill, one in the Elms area, and the other in the Main Paddock and Members' Stands.

They will start judging at noon.

A judge will choose one person in a black-and-white outfit from each area. When they are chosen, the contestants will be taken to the Birdcage for the final judging, which will take place fifteen minutes after the Oaks Stakes.

The contest is being conducted by James Buchanan and Co., who are also giving the Black and White Scotch Whisky Provincial Cup for a race in which horses of country owners will compete on Oaks Day.

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FLEMINGTON RACECOURSE in its spring perfection of lawn and flowers, the setting for Australia's gayest racing carnival.

• **October 26.** The Black and White Provincial Cup dinner-dance at Ciro's organised by Your Opportunity Committee to aid Opportunity Clubs — social pipe-opener to the gaieties.

• **October 27.** One of Melbourne's all-time highs in massive dining-out nights with some 800 representative sportsmen from all over Australia, including racehorse owners, trainers, and jockeys, attending the Sportsmen's Association of Australia dinner at the Royale Ballroom, and 400 of their womenfolk dining at Menzies Hotel.

• **October 28.** Dinner being given by the V.R.C. Chairman, Sir Chester Manifold.

Traditional Naval and Military Club Ball at the St. Kilda Palais.

The nearly as traditional Derby Eve Ball to aid the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, this year being arranged by a junior committee at Sir Robert and Lady Knox's home, "Greenhowe," Toorak.

• **October 29.** Opening of the V.R.C. Centenary Cup Carnival, with Derby Day at Flemington.

• **October 30.** Jazz Festival at the Myer Music Bowl, from 2.30 to 5 p.m.

• **October 31** (one of Melbourne's most exhausting Cup Eve programmes in living memory).

Cocktail party given by the Governor, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks at Government House to welcome the Governor-General, Lord Dunrossil, and Lady Dunrossil, the Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, and Lady May Abel Smith, and the Governor of Tasmania, Lord Rowallan, and Lady Rowallan.

All these visitors, and the Commandant - General Royal Marines, General Sir Ian Riches, will stay at Government House.

Gala performance of "West Side Story" at the Princess Theatre, organised by the Sportsmen's Association to aid the Royal Children's Hospital and other charities.

It's specially timed to start an hour later than usual — at 9 p.m. — to enable audience members to have their dinner in comfort. After the show, the association will give a champagne supper.

Sweep draw

Drawing by Sir Chester Manifold of Tattersall's biggest-ever Melbourne Cup sweep—£120,000—at Tattersall's.

Crowning of Australia's Princess of Wool from entrants from all States, except Western Australia, at Victoria's National Trust home, "Como," South Yarra, by the Chairman of the Australian Wool Bureau, Mr. W. A. Gunn. This will be followed by a lunch party for 150, including Australia-wide representation of State Premiers.

Silks and Sashes Ball at the Royale Ballroom to aid the Victorian Eye and Ear Hospital.

• **November 1. CUP DAY.**

• **November 2.**

Kyneton Racing Club meeting with Invitation Stakes for interstate jockeys, preceded by a Civic Reception by the Shire President, Cr. George Metcalfe, and a lunch given by the racing club with the chairman, Mr. Pat Barry, as chief host, and followed by a club cocktail party at Zetland Hall.

Opening by the Chief Secretary, Mr. A. G. Rylah, at 11 a.m. of a field show in the 600-acre Yarra Bend National Park. Organised by the Made in Australia Council, it will continue on November 3 from 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.

Between 70 and 80 exhibitors of Australian earth-moving equipment will take part in this working demonstration, which will be co-ordinated so that a permanent park improvement project will result, with the groundwork done for a sports oval, roads, and picnic sites.

National Rose Show at Melbourne Town Hall, being officially opened at 3 p.m. by Lady Brooks.

Melbourne Club Ball at the Club, in Collins Street.

Navy Ball at the St. Kilda Palais, to aid the White Ensign Club and the Navy League Sea Cadets.

• **November 3.**

Oaks Day — traditional "Ladies' Day"—at Flemington.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Cr. and Mrs. Bernard Evans, will give a cocktail party for 250 in the reception room at Melbourne Town Hall.

• **November 4.**

Garden party given by the Victorian Government in the gardens of Parliament House for 1500 guests.

Australian Club Ball at the Club, William Street.

• **November 5.**

Final day of the Centenary Melbourne Cup Carnival. Australia's Princess of Wool will tour all areas of the course as the lodestone in a competition with prizes valued at more than £2000.

Anyone—dressed in wool—who identifies the Princess will be able to enter the contest.

They will be asked to judge the size of the crowd.

Only one thing is lacking this Melbourne Centenary Cup time — the Navy, which has broken with custom and will not mass in Melbourne on the first Tuesday in November for the first time in years.

Only the Captain and crew of H.M.A.S. Anzac will be there.

No mass Naval invasion is a sad lack, but there's just one thing everyone hopes will be missing too—stormy weather.

For once, everyone's hoping the Navy will keep that strictly to itself far at sea.

NEW ESCALATOR at Flemington. Just stepping off are Mrs. Robert Hunter, of "Northwood Park," Seymour, and Mrs. Rupert Steele. Behind them are Mrs. David Knox, Mrs. Bill Gluth. At back is Mrs. P. Grant Hay.

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Underarm chafe or prickly skin

nappy rash or after-shave chin

for fast relief beyond belief

Johnson's
medicated powder

STOPS RASHES . . . Exclusive Johnson's formula has two special antiseptics. Starts instantly to clear up heat rash, shaving rash and most externally caused irritations.

STOPS ITCHES . . . . New Johnson's Medicated Powder is the new pleasant way to relieve itches, prickles, even insect bites. It's the first truly effective medicated powder.

STOPS CHAFING . . . . Extra absorbent action dries moisture fast, soothes collar rub, girdle chafe, burning feet. Keeps feet and underarms cool, comfortable. Feels silky—smells fresh. Be sure you have Johnson's Medicated Powder for all the family.

Only 3/3d.

Johnson & Johnson

Worth Reporting

"WHY not make a good start to winter by knitting your own nightclub?" she asked.

Eccentric advice, perhaps. But then Hermione Gingold was described by a London columnist as "the most off-beat Englishwoman of our times . . . with a pulverising wit, a spectacularly unlovely face, and a voice that sings out like the final, whooping groans of an air-raid siren.".

Ten years ago Hermione left England and went to live in America, where she has become very successful (and very rich) with TV appearances, on the stage, and in films.

But a few weeks ago she was back in London to make a film with Gary Cooper and Deborah Kerr.

HERMIONE GINGOLD

At a welcoming Press conference, she chattered away:

- "Now I have a mink coat and a mink stole and I've furnished a penthouse and I've stashed away a lot of money for my old age next week."
- "The eagles are flying very low this winter."
- And, about a recent play: "The story was taken from the original Russian, and we had the greatest trouble getting it away from him."

ONE of the most fascinating modern inventions is the Musical Toothbrush (which should be on sale in Australia some day).

It sounds a sour note when teeth are incorrectly brushed.

Blueprint for growing old

IF you were "young, gay, and forty," you could stay that way for the next 20 to 40 years, said Dr. W. Matsdorf, Chairman of the Committee for Mental Health of the Aged, in Sydney recently.

So what have the forties to fear about their seventies? Nothing, according to Dr. Matsdorf, except that they've got to plan NOW.

Old age, it has been proved, tends to set in on retirement. So now's the time to use your leisure to learn a second job, a part-time one.

Take a technical college course—or any course—that will keep you in action long after you've been farewelled with that inscribed watch or silver plate.

If you're now married with children well into their teens, plan for a smaller home—preferably one in your own neighborhood — among old friends and activities.

A small home or flat close to shops, life, and interest is far better than stagnation in the prettiest of "old folk" cottage-type homes on quiet pastures.

In fact, action in old age is the key to health and happiness, says the doctor.

★ ★ ★

OUR New York office reports that bookcase-patterned wallpaper is now on sale —on elegant Fifth Avenue, of course.

It would be Terribly Awkward if someone wanted to borrow a book.

THE GARBO . . . still likes being a

Simplicity for Garbo

GRETA GARBO—now still likes being alone

And the pattern of h still maintains a calc simplicity.

When she goes out, sh most invariably unnotic recognised.

Her clothes are mor viceable than fashionab they are selected with Garbo visits Paris autumn, and shopping takes up a lot of her ti

And then there are th lar hairdressing appoint

Her fringed hairstyle parently easy to care for

"I roll the hair aroun ton-wool instead of roll that it stays flat," sa Alexandre, Garbo's haird

"That way it brushe straight. She likes it that . . ."

★ ★ ★

"MY wife economises year by buying the number of candles fo birthday cake," he said. And a very logical ec too.

YOUR BOOKSHELF *with Joyce Halstead*

"The Shepherd's Tune"

Francesca Claremont (Hodder & Stoughton).

The best thing that emerges from this novel is the genuine feel of the harshness of life in Provence, France, where there is a strong African streak in the people and their ways. Hard work and duty come first in their lives, religious beliefs are mixed with mysterious superstitions, harsh living calls for harsh means of punishment.

Nourade, the daughter of a small landowner, must accept without question her arranged marriage with a much older man—a suitable match—despite her love for Battista the shepherd, who plays his queer, haunting tune on his pipe. Battista is a lady's man, causing trouble wherever his flocks take him. In her new mountain home, intelligent Nourade soon learns whom to avoid, especially Lorenza, Italian wife of another farmer, who has designs on Battista, and tries to poison her hu band to make the way clear.

But Lorenza is the one who is poisone and Battista is found dead on a lone mountain path. For Nourade there a glimmers of hope, in the dawning love b tween her and her taciturn husband, their child is about to be born.

RUSSELL DRYSDALE, Art Gallery of N.S.W.

(Ure Smith).

Beautifully produced book to mark retrospective exhibition of paintings fro 1937 to 1960, with an introduction by art Paul Haefliger. This is a discussion Drysdale's work, on art generally, and art as it concerns Australia. He says Drysdale: "One can say that at moment his work is at least as Australi as anything that we possess—that is, painting." Excellent reproductions of pictures are given in color and black white.

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FRIGIDAIRE*

*Regd. Trade Mark

adds the LACE LOOK to the Sheer Look

to bring you the most feminine refrigerator ever!

Illustrated: 11.3 cu. ft. De Luxe 11

A magic touch of extra elegance to lift the world's most glamorous refrigerator to exciting new heights of beauty!

Remember how Frigidaire was first to lift the refrigerator out of the ordinary when it introduced Sheer Look, the world's most-copied styling? It's happened again with Lace Look, another Frigidaire "first" designed and destined to win the hearts of the world's smartest housewives. Packed with proven features, the new Frigidaire models are truly the most *practical* refrigerators on the market too! See them and you'll see why Frigidaire remains the world's best seller.

7 models in smart decorator colours at no extra cost . . . priced from as low as 119 gns. Match up with a companion colour-keyed Frigidaire Cooking Appliance. Choose from Ranges, Wall Ovens, Cooking Tops.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS HOLDENS ***Building more and better things for more people everywhere.***

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A Sherry with many virtues

True to type sweet sherry.

Always consistent through traditional blending and maturing.

Added enjoyment and satisfaction.

Buy a bottle today.

SEPPELTS
Sweet
SOLERO
SHERRY

SEPPELTS — THE SHERRY PEOPLE OF AUSTRALIA

● *Hostess the Duchess of Argyll with her two children—the Duchess of Rutland, formerly Frances Sweeny, and Brian Sweeny—and Marcelle the poodle, wearing diamonds.*

Let's throw a party said the Duchess

BLUE blood, money, and sheer merit mingled in heady proportions at the Duchess of Argyll's party at Claridge's — 71 for dinner, 200 more afterwards to dance.

There's a slight doubt about what the party was really for. The Duchess said it was a 21st birthday party for Brian Sweeny, son of her first marriage to American financier and golfer Charles Sweeny.

But Mr. Sweeny, in London with his wife, said, "My son won't be 21 till April. This is just a farewell party before he goes to America to work."

He's on good terms with the Duchess. "The Duchess and I have been in close contact over this party," he said. "A lot of our mutual friends have been invited . . ."

One might have thought, from the fussing and petting, that the party was for Her Grace's favorite poodle, which was leaping around the dinner tables as the guests tu into their lobster and grouse.

"A tremendous party—the best I have ever giv said the Duchess, fluttering a flame-colored fan.

Among those who came to dinner were the Dukes Duchesses of Bedford, Rutland, and Sutherland, B rietta Tiarks, Princess Margaret's friend Mrs. John W multimillionaire Mr. Paul Getty, and Mr. George W ham, the Duchess' 82-year-old multimillionaire father

As the dinner merged into the dance, Rolls-Royces Bentleys disgorged Viscount and Viscountess Lewis Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye, Lord and Lady M croft, Lord and Lady Melchett, Mr. and Mrs. G Cooper, Viscountess Tarbat, Miss Bobo Sigrist, the of Dudley, Prince Radziwill . . .

The rest of the season's hostesses will have to w hard to match this assembly.

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● *Mrs. Gary Cooper (left), Miss Lindy Guinness, and Lord Beatty, who recently married 19-year-old debutante and model Diane Kirk.*

● *George Sanders and his wife, formerly Mrs. Ronald Colman, added to the evening's glamor.*

● *Mrs. Henry Cubitt, member of a wealthy building firm, with the world's richest man, Paul Getty (centre), and racehorse owner More O'Farrell at their table in Claridge's ballroom.*

● *Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland, of Hollywood, were among the 271 guests at this first big party of the London season.*

● *Old-time heart-throb Douglas Fairbanks dancing with his daughter, Daphne. Daphne's coming-out party was attended by the Royal family. Her fiance, rich young David Weston, was also at the Duchess' party.*

● *Jean Sablon (right) greets his hostess. He came from Paris to sing for her guests, began with "These Foolish Things."*

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'Parasol' colours by Cyclax

Gay, pretty, carefree colours — created for this Season's smartest fashions, as flattering as your favourite parasol! "Rose Cha-Cha" — pretty, muted soft rose. "Summer Punch" — mocca toned sun-pink. "Here Goes!" — clear, light, vibrant red. All in creamy, stay-put Cyclax Colour-Creme base. Try them soon — it's summer from your very first taste! 9/3.

Finger-tips, too. Matching shades in brilliant long-wearing Colour-Creme Nail Enamel. Pearl colours too! From 9/6.

ACTUAL SAMPLE SIZE

SPECIAL LIPSTICK OFFER!

Set of three trial-size lipsticks for only 6/6

Here's an amazing offer! One each of these three new "Parasol" colours for only 6/6 — post paid! Fill in order form **and** address label — in **block letters** please — enclose postal note for 6/6 only and post coupon to Cyclax — P.O. Box 4664, Melbourne, C.1. Victoria. Offer closes November 30th.

ORDER FORM

Cyclax

P.O. Box 4664, Melbourne, C.1. Victoria.

Please send me 3 sample size lipsticks — "Rose Cha-Cha" "Summer Punch", "Here Goes!". I enclose P.N. for 6/6.

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ADDRESS .....

..... STATE .....

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CYCLAX
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HERE GOES! SUMMER PUNCH ROSE CHA-CHA

Cyclax *choice of Australia's leading mannequins and models*

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Prize baby (a bouncing bonny girl) wins £250

CHARLES LEE, of West Narrabri, who came third in N.S.W., is one of a family of six. Baby sister, Melita, slept in a stroller throughout judging.

WINS £250 — Yvonne Alison McKenzie, York St., Glenbrook, was unabashed at flashing photographers' bulbs after judges had named her N.S.W. winner.

BRUCE MARTIN, 18 months old, was second of the three finalists. He flew from Broken Hill to Sydney with his grandma, Mrs. R. Martin, for judging.

● The £250 State prize for the finest and healthiest baby in the New South Wales section of the National Baby Contest was won by Yvonne Alison McKenzie, aged six months, of Glenbrook.

YVONNE, the baby of a family of five, will now compete with the other State winners for the big national prizes.

All State winners are finalists for the national judging.

National prizes are: First, £750 cash, plus dream prizes each year till the age of 12, then a £500 secondary education bursary, paid as school fees.

Second £150 cash, third £100.

Counting the £250 State prize and the £5 area prize already won by the State winners, the total cash prizes for the national winners are: First, £1005; second, £405; third, £355.

Yvonne and the other two N.S.W. finalists — 14-month-old Charles Lee, of West Narrabri, and 18-month-old Bruce Martin, of Broken Hill—were as cool as movie stars as photographers' bulbs flashed at the judging in Sydney.

Yvonne smiled and cooed happily for her parents, Benita and John McKenzie, and grandparents Les and Edna McKenzie, while the judges were making their decision.

"She's a beautifully proportioned baby and so happy," said Matron E. M. Shaw, one of the judges, who for many years was matron of Crown Street Women's Hospital.

And Yvonne beamed approval of her own vital statistics — 16lb. 9oz. in weight, 26in. long.

At home in Glenbrook, at the foot of the Blue Mountains, Mrs. Benita McKenzie's mother was looking after the other four McKenzie children, Harrie, 3, Julie, 4, Ross, 6, and David, 7.

Yvonne, with blond hair and blue eyes, and looking pretty as a picture in a pink lace and muslin dress, was more interested in her bottle of milk than in fame as her mother said how both sides of the family believe in large families.

Mrs. McKenzie has four brothers and four sisters, and her husband is one of a family of three boys and three girls.

Said grandfather McKenzie, "I think every one of my new grandchildren is the best ever as soon as it arrives. At the moment, being the youngest, Yvonne is best of all."

"I'm very proud of all my children," said father John, who is a civilian maintenance carpenter for the R.A.A.F., "although Yvonne is the first one we have ever entered in a competition."

Yvonne's mother, looking slim and pretty in a red straw hat and a good five years younger than her 27 years, explained that she and John married young.

"I was 19, John was 20, and we don't regret having our family young. I'm not a good housekeeper, but I cope. To me, the cooking and the washing are the most important things."

She finds time to play tennis once a week, and does some knitting and sewing.

Yvonne weighed 7lb. 11oz. at birth, and was 20½in. long.

"And she has never been a scrap of trouble since she was born," said Mrs. McKenzie.

All three finalists in the N.S.W. section have blue eyes and fair hair, and 18-month-old Bruce Martin—runner-up to Yvonne—is fairest of the three.

First flight

Bruce, toddling up and down the hotel lounge on his sturdy, well-made little legs, had recovered from the aeroplane flight—his first—from Broken Hill.

"His mother was so disappointed not to make the trip," explained Mrs. Ruby Martin, Bruce's grandmother, "but she had an accident with the stove last Sunday and burned her face."

Mrs. Martin admitted that, like all grandparents, she and her husband spoil the Martin children, Bruce and his brother and sister, Jeffrey, 7, and Janis, 5. Bruce flashed his 18 dazzling teeth in an angelic smile, wiped his nose with a handkerchief, and toddled away from the interview.

Full of beans and very friendly, Bruce was soon making friends with everyone in the hotel lounge.

One minute he was obligingly blowing out matches for an enchanted male guest, the next he was playing peek-a-boo from behind a settee with photographers.

He has been walking for four months, and has a lively vocabulary already.

Now weighing 29¼lb. and 32in. long, Bruce is sturdy, without an ounce of surplus fat. "But he was a big baby at birth," explained his grandmother, "8lb. 11oz."

Placed third in the New South Wales judging, Charles Lee is part of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lee's "second family."

"People used to think we were joking," said Mrs. Hope Lee, "when we told people that we were going to start another family after we were 40.

"But we weren't, as you can see." She pointed to Charles, and to three-week-old Melita asleep in her stroller.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee, married 20 years, had their first four children within five years, and planned to start another family when the others were growing up. Youngest of the "first family" is Timothy, 11.

He and his brother, Richard, aged 18, love the idea of new brothers and sisters, and take Charles along in his stroller when they go to play football.

Mrs. Lee is now 42, and her husband is 47.

It was 16-year-old Darilyn who insisted on entering her youngest brother in the contest. His 15-year-old sister Jennifer is his godmother.

"The boys and the girls think it's fun to have more babies in the family," said Mrs. Lee. "We're often in a muddle, but who cares about that as long as everyone's happy, and all mine are.

"My husband came from a large family—12 in all. I came from a small one—only five."

Judges in the N.S.W. section were Matron E. M. Shaw, John Herder, one of Sydney's leading child photographers, and Sister E. Fry Brown.

Winning babies from all States will receive their £250 State prizes on National Baby Day in Sydney Town Hall on November 9.

Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, will be at The Australian Women's Weekly stand, at left of the entrance in the Lower Town Hall, to give advice to mothers.

For details of National Baby Day see page 23.

New South Wales area winners

(Prize, £5 each)

0-6 MONTHS	7-12 MONTHS	13-18 MONTHS
Sydney Met.		
Debbie Lee Manckton, Pleasant Way, Blakehurst.	Mark Francis Perry, Cumberland Rd., Auburn.	Kim Marie Cannon, 573 Boulevarde West, Sutherland.
Central Tablelands, Central Plains, Central Western Slopes.		
Yvonne Alison McKenzie, "Montrose," York Street, Glenbrook.	Douglas Ashley O'Brien, Box 131, Dubbo.	Shaun George Larkings, "Glenrovan," Tottenham.
North Central Plains, North West Slopes, Northern Tablelands.		
Christopher Michael Rogers, Castle Doyle, Armidale.	Charles Lee, Burigal Street, West Narrabri.	Sharon Angela Brown, George Street, Inverell.
Hunter and Manning, North Coast.		
Debra Jessop, Shelton Street, Charleston.	Deborah Barrie Marsh, Dumaresque St., Hamilton.	Phillip Charles Roser, Parker Street, Scone.
South Coast.		
Wayne William Shipton, Bega Street, Cobargo.	Caroline Elizabeth Procter, Hoskins Avenue, Kemblawarra.	Patricia Mary Corbin, Bilburra Avenue, Camden.
Southern Tablelands, A.C.T., Riverina, South West Slopes.		
Roslyn Soraya Haynes, Evans Street, Goulburn.	Rhonda Joy Badman, Audubon Cres., Goulburn.	Michael Paul O'Brien, Moran's Crossing, via Nimmitabel.
Western.		
Ann-Marie Lavers, Gypsum Street, Broken Hill.	Gregory Ian Cullen, Knox Street, Broken Hill.	Bruce Martin, Silico Lane, Broken Hill.

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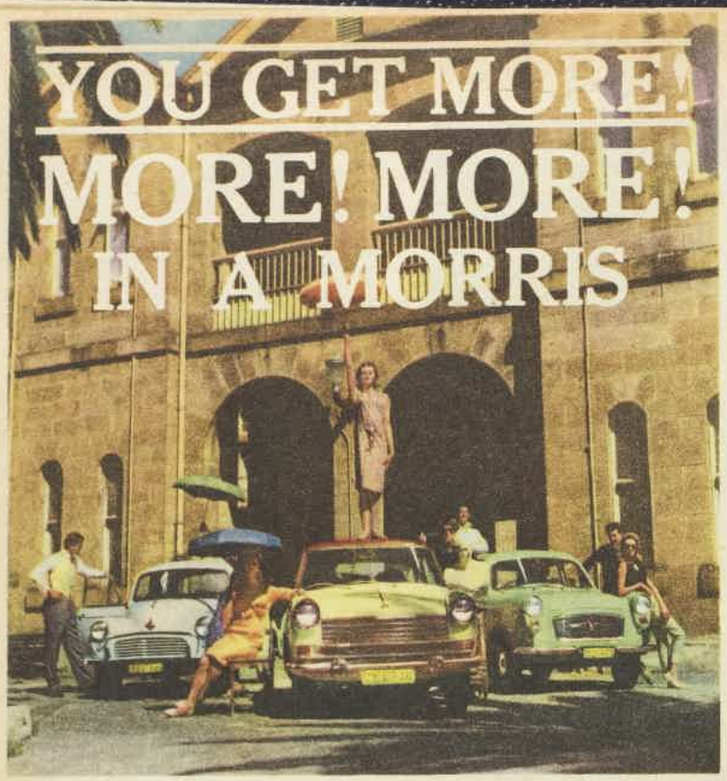
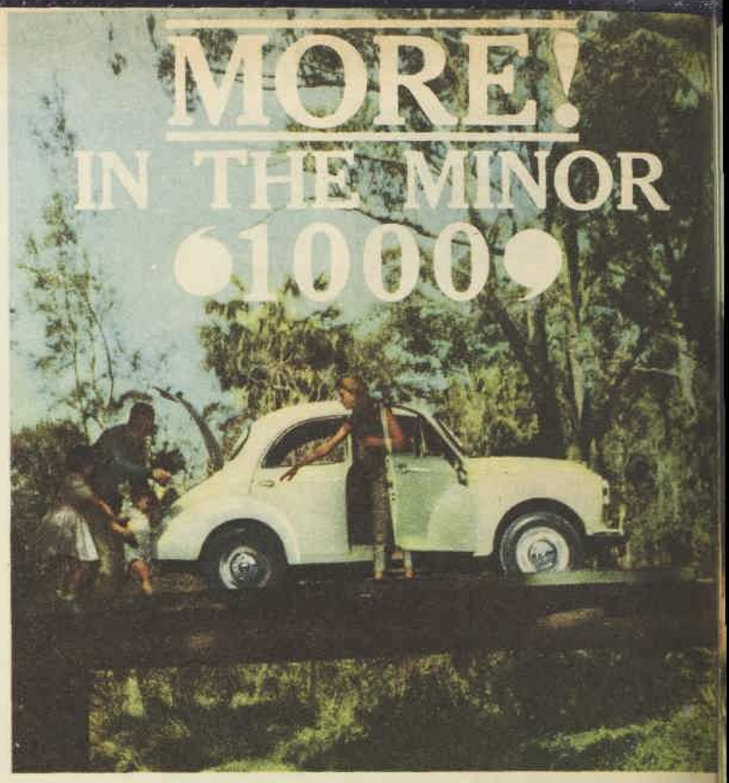
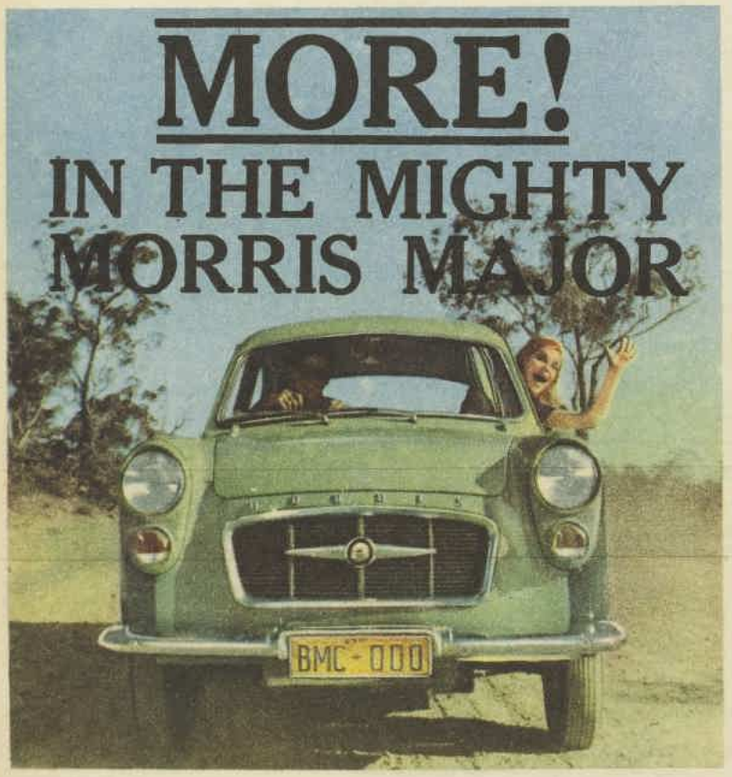


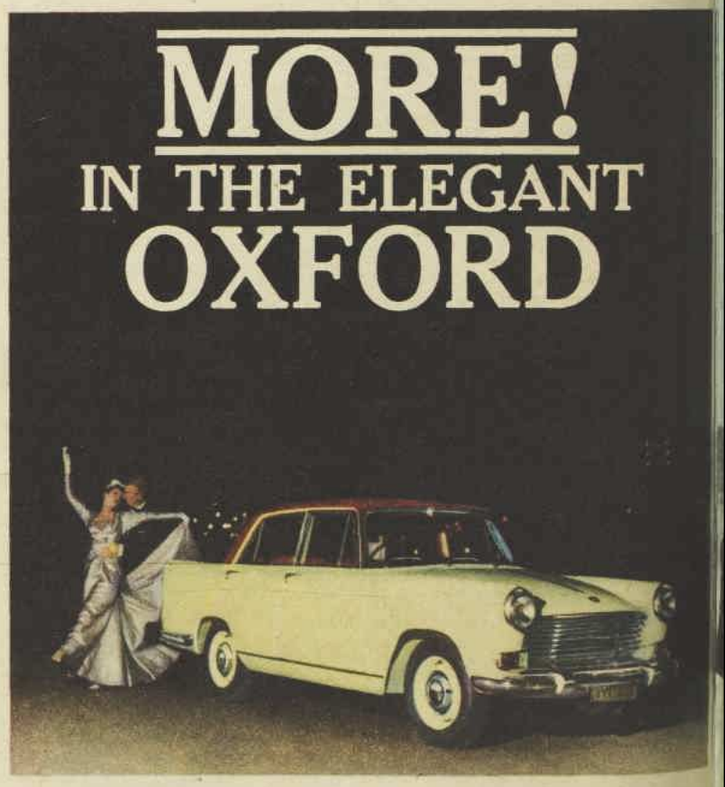
You get more in a Morris because Morris puts more in the cars. More of what you can't see by looking. Care, craftsmanship, a great tradition of motor engineering. Morris doesn't make one model and fit you into it. Morris makes a family of fine cars to fit the needs of your family. You will get a lot out of a new Morris. Morris put a lot in it!



THE BIGGEST LITTLE MOTOR CAR EVER BUILT NOW HAS EIGHT SPARKLING NEW FEATURES. POWERED FOR PEAK PERFORMANCE, CREATED FOR COMFORT AND DESIGNED FOR SPECTACULAR ECONOMY, THE MORRIS MINOR 1000 IS TRULY THE MOST SATISFYING SMALL CAR YOU CAN BUY. £873/1/- (TWO DOOR), £920/10/3 (FOUR DOOR), INCLUDING SALES TAX.



Everyone goes for the Morris Major, and how it goes for you! Men like the power, the pace, the hill-flattening performance. Women like the convenience of four wide-opening doors, a really big boot that takes all your luggage, the Major's nip and zip in traffic.— £997/10/- (Monotone) including sales tax.



Magnificently engineered, richly furnished and seating up to six comfortably, the Morris Oxford is an individual, individually styled, individually finished, individually built. Life begins at 40,000 miles in the beautiful Morris Oxford. Hard-driven tests **prove** that this great car only settles down when most others cars are settled. £1,160 inc. sales tax (Monotone).

Every Morris car is magnificently finished by the most modern painting machine in the Southern Hemisphere. The Rotodip provides seven skins of protection against rust and blisters under a BAKED ENAMEL finish that keeps the showroom lustre undimmed. A national distribution system of factory-approved spare parts makes upkeep of every Morris convenient and inexpensive.

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The puppy's had his day

• *"I must say I'm puppy-tired . . . chasing that kitten next door . . . and barking up the wrong tree . . ."*

and so...

• **The little dachshund's name is Windswept Lucky Star, but everyone calls him Otto — "for no particular reason," says his owner, staff photographer Ron Berg. Ron took these pictures while his daughters, Sue and Jan, put Otto to bed after a rather tiring day . . .**

• *"YAR-OOOOO . . ."*

• *"Hmmmm . . . they've left me something to guard . . . feels soft . . . wonder if I shook it . . . ?"*

. . . to bed

• *"But it's too hot for bedclothes . . ."*

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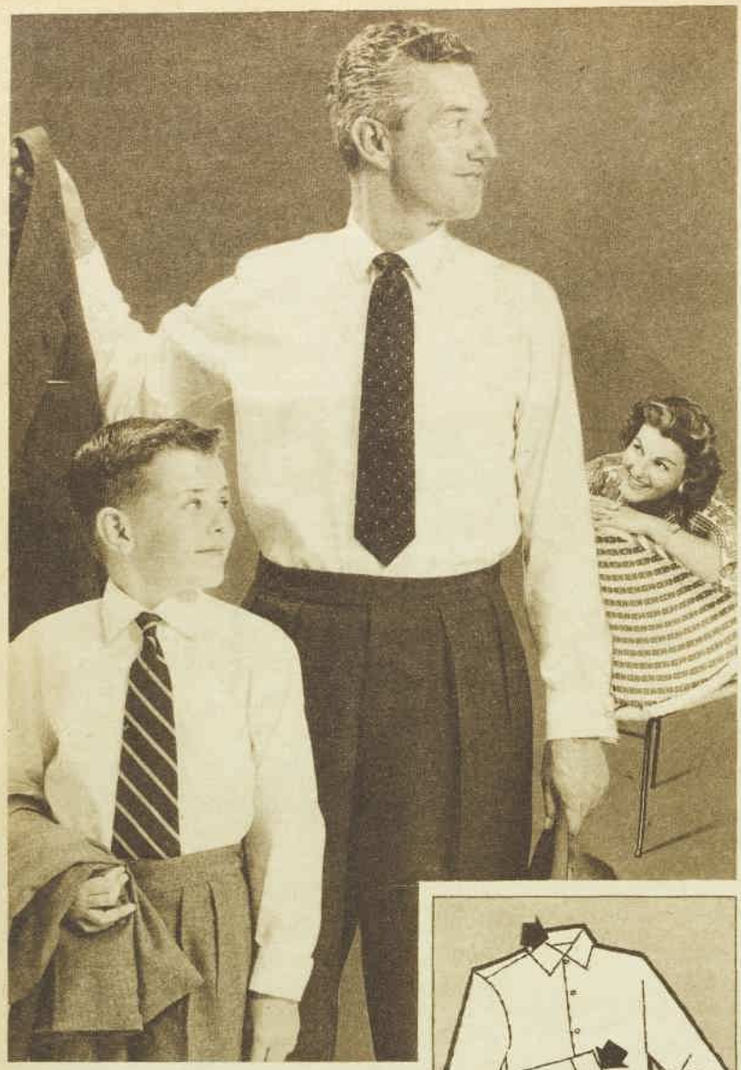

No half-clean collars and cuffs, with Sunlight's extra washing power

Extra dirty spots need Sunlight's extra washing power. With Sunlight you can be *sure* every stitch of your wash is clean as clean can be. Just a gentle rub with Sunlight before your clothes go into washer or copper means no dirty spots after. Sunlight is good, golden soap, known for years for its dirt-removing activity. Rich, faster-lathering Sunlight suds are good to your clothes and your hands.

Now in 4 handy tablets

PURE AND MILD AS A SOAP CAN BE

SU.218.WW143g

DOWN AGAIN! Sara quads Alison and Mark help Judy and Phillip up during their rather damp afternoon's skating at Homebush, N.S.W.

Quads on ice

● Mid-term treat for the 10-year-old Sara quads, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., was an afternoon's ice-skating at Homebush, a Sydney suburb.

FIRST STAGE. Mark and Phillip struggle with their skates alone. An attendant helps Judy, and Mrs. Percy Sara ties Alison's laces.

STAFF photographer Ron Berg picked up the quads, their mother, Mrs. Percy Sara, and big brother Geoff after school and drove to the rink.

The outing had been postponed once, because Alison broke her arm when she fell off a horse.

"For weeks they've been saying to Alison, 'It's your fault we couldn't go skating,'" Betty Sara said.

"I've got 63 silkworms," confided Phillip quietly, while Alison announced she was learning dancing. "I do the Irish and the tap," she said proudly, amid the screams of "I've never been ice-skating before," from the others.

Judy attracted Ron's attention for a minute to show him her new, short hair. "Everyone thinks I'm Alison now," she said.

When they arrived at the rink the quads were quieter. They tried on their boots solemnly, tottered towards the edge of the ice, and waited.

"I'm a bit scared," said Mark as he watched the professionals glide gracefully round the rink.

Even Geoff, who is nearly 14, and has been skating before at Prince Alfred Park, was shy of starting in front of the others.

Then they were off, holding on to the bar with grim concentration, and sliding awkwardly round the edge.

Alison was the first to fall, but it didn't deter her. She struck out determinedly and went about three yards before she landed on the ice again.

After some hesitation and self-consciousness — "Is everyone as bad as us at first, Mummy?"—they were all for it.

Mark showed no signs of fear as he shot across the middle of the rink, proud when he made it, game when he fell.

"This is much better to watch than 'The Three Stooges'" (their favorite TV programme), said Betty, as she watched her children slide, fall, pick themselves up, and start again.

Too soon it was time to go home, and the quads were reluctantly dragged off the rink.

"When are we coming back?" they all wanted to know.

And Betty Sara said, "It looks as though they'll have to start looking for some second-hand skates."

The children were quieter on the way home, ruefully feeling their soaking wet pants and skirts, but they agreed that it had been "terrific."

Phillip, Alison, Judy, and Mark are well-behaved children and get on remarkably well with one another. They each have their own friends and interests now and are growing more and more individual.

In summer, however, they have one interest in common —swimming. "They all love it, and are going to have lessons at school," Betty Sara said.

"LOOK, NO RAILINGS." Alison (left) and Mark stand firmly on their skates. Judy and Phillip (right) balance rather precariously. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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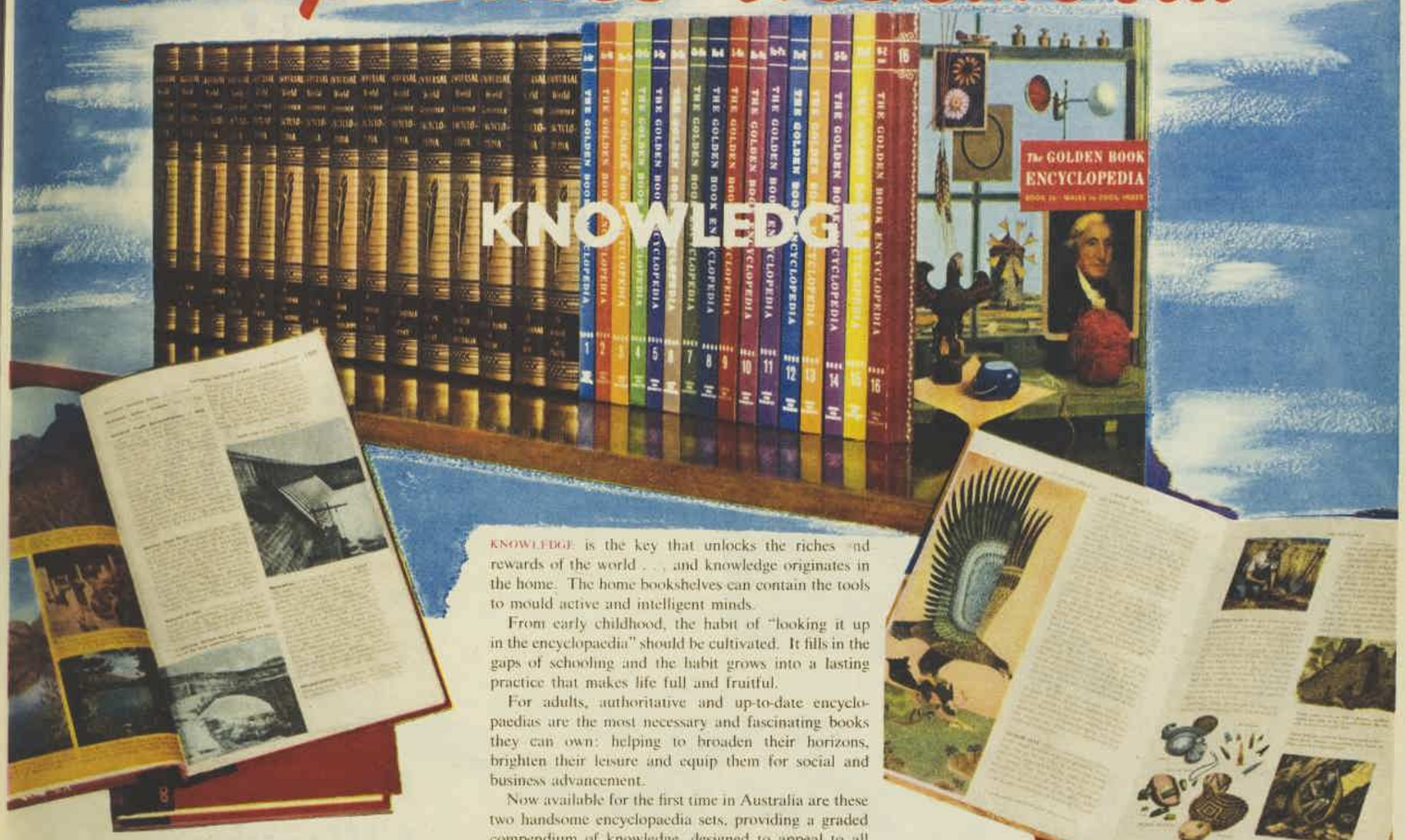
Can you deny your family this priceless treasure?...



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For adults, authoritative and up-to-date encyclopaedias are the most necessary and fascinating books they can own: helping to broaden their horizons, brighten their leisure and equip them for social and business advancement.

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No matter what the weather is . . .

International JAZZ Festival

Dizzy (The Dizz) Gillespie

ONCE upon a time Dizzy Gillespie had an ordinary trumpet.

Then, at a party one evening, somebody fell over Dizzy's trumpet and bent it . . . so that the bell pointed upwards.

Dizzy blew a blast on it, anyway—and he liked the sound that came out. He had all his trumpets made that way.

Now, a trumpet with the bell tilted upwards at an angle of 45 degrees is the trademark of The Dizz, the Daddy-o of Bop —Dizzy Gillespie.

The Dizz was one of the founders of the bop school of jazz and all that went with it — the bop talk, the beards, the berets, the horn-rimmed specs, the meerschaum pipes.

In the 'thirties and 'forties Gillespie belonged to various bands. It was then and there that his irrepressible sense of humor first brought him the nickname Dizzy.

The name stuck, but Dizzy himself kept on the move. He used to get bored with the swing of that era, and he tried to liven things up—like the "bad boy" in the class.

Finally, The Dizz and his fellow-rebels began to get together in Harlem basements and backrooms. They experimented all the time, trying to get out of the rut of what they called "Uncle Tom" and "Mother Goose" music.

Out of their private sessions came bop. For this sound the credit goes to Dizzy, Thelonius Monk (The Monk), the late Charlie (Yardbird) Parker, and Kenny (Klook) Clarke.

Dizzy Gillespie was one of nine children; his father was a bricklayer and leader of a local band.

He used to keep all the band's instruments in his house—and the kids began to display musical talent.

Dizzy was soon an expert on drums, piano, trombone, and trumpet.

His prowess on the horn won him a high-school scholarship when he was 14.

At 18 he left his home in Cheraw, South Carolina, and set off (with his trumpet in a brown paper bag) job-hunting in Philadelphia.

In the world of jazz he soon became known as a "character."

The Dizz was likely to turn up with almost anything on his head: miner's cap, guardsman's busby. But he was always losing his headgear, and eventually he settled for a beret he could stuff in his pocket.

The beret—sported also by The Monk—became the badge of the bopster. And the cult grew.

The fans copied Dizzy's mannerisms and his dress. They invented a language of their own — "Bells, Man!" "Felicitations," as a greeting, plus the now familiar gone, cool, and crazy.

Ten years of success — at something like £2000 a week — have smoothed Dizzy considerably, and his music is less frantic.

Nowadays he plays chess and collects meerschaum pipes and lives with his wife, Lorraine, in a block of flats he owns in Queens, New York.

NOTE:

AUSTRALIA'S Jazz Festival is being organised along the lines of established overseas festivals.

Each session will begin with a talk on the history and development of jazz by Eric Child, of the A.B.C.

At the end of the festival, an Australian jazzman will be awarded a scholarship to go overseas for more experience.

Promoter Lee Gordon plans to make the festival an annual event. This year, he is backed by a sponsoring committee of well-known men and women in every State. The committee is headed by Sir Kenneth Street.

Dakota Staton

DAKOTA is the name of an American State. It is an Indian word meaning "friend." It is also the name of a willowy, sultry-voiced singer: Dakota Staton (pronounced Stay-ton).

"In my case," she said, "it is a family name — girl or boy, it makes no difference."

Unlike the other Jazz Festival stars, who have travelled the world, this Australian tour is Dakota's longest trip away from home.

"I've appeared in the West Indies and Canada," she said, "but this is my first real venture abroad.

Dakota has been in show business for about 14 years, since she was seven.

"My two sisters and I were a child-singing trio. When they grew up and married, I continued as a 'single.'

"I used to go to high school by day and sing in a Pittsburgh night-club in the evenings."

That led to other nightclub engagements and concert tours of America.

"You cover a lot of territory," she said. "I'm not tired of it — oh, no— but every performer dreams of settling down and not having to be always on the go.

"I've settled down in a way. I mean, I'm married; five years I've been married."

Dakota's husband is Hajji Talib Ahmed Dawud, Iman of the Muslim Brotherhood of the U.S.A. — an American negro organisation.

"My husband is not concerned with show business or with my career in any way," Dakota said.

And her career is zooming. Nat "King" Cole has described her style: "She is a mixture of Sarah (Vaughan), Dinah (Shore), and Ella (Fitzgerald). And yet she remains completely distinctive . . ."

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it will be cool, man, cool

● Australia's first International Jazz Festival will be held at the end of October with a spectacular round-up of overseas and Australian star talent split into two companies.

In the A Company: Al Hibbler, Dizzy Gillespie and his trio, Jonah Jones and his quartet, Sarah Vaughan, and the Australian Bryce Rhodie Quartet.

In the B Company: Coleman Hawkins, Dakota Staton, and the Australian Port Jackson Jazz Band and the Three Out Trio.

A Company performs in Sydney, Stadium, October 28; Melbourne, Festival Hall, October 29. B Company: Melbourne, October 27; Sydney, October 29.

Sarah Vaughan

ADMIRERS call Sarah Vaughan "Sassy." She's the "High Priestess of Bebop" and the "Mistress Cool."

But she is also a jazz-age Cinderella.

When she was 15, Sarah was singing in a church choir. Another singer dared her to enter an amateur contest at the Apollo Theatre, in New York's Harlem.

Sarah—a toothy, scrawny teenager—took the audience by storm. She was so good that she attracted the attention of some of the jazz "greats."

Ella Fitzgerald took Sarah under her wing; she was also signed up by bandleader Earl Hines.

At the Apollo, Sarah met a handsome young trumpeter, George Treadwell. They were married in 1946. And George put his entire savings — about £4000 — into a campaign to turn his bride into a top star. It paid off.

Sarah's first record, "It's Magic," sold more than 2,000,000 copies. "I Cover The Waterfront" and "Don't Blame Me" became jazz classics.

The marriage broke up in 1956. By then Sarah Vaughan was rated one of the best jazz singers around.

Said one critic: "Her beat could be as steady as a bass fiddle or as unpredictable as an African drum. She could play her voice with the ease of an old-time tail-gate trombonist or sing as straight as a church soloist."

Sarah's voice range is two octaves. She is famous for singing in tones which do not fall exactly on the natural tones of the scale.

It is a technique that no one has succeeded in copying. By 1957 it was bringing Cinderella Sarah—daughter of a New Jersey carpenter and a laundress—about £3500 a week for nightclub engagements.

Now she gives concerts at Carnegie Hall several times a year. She has sung in Europe, England, and Canada.

She has remarried. Her husband, Chicago taxi-fleet owner Clyde Atkins, has taken over as her manager.

Wherever she goes "Sassy" Sarah Vaughan is a success, but she is still a small-time girl at heart.

Speaking affectionately of her parents, she says, "They were never afraid to give me a good whack when I deserved it. Mother still does. Only not so hard now."

Jonah Jones

JONAH JONES — a chubby little man with a wispy moustache — has been around the jazz world for 30 years, but it is only in the past five or six years that his name has gone up in lights.

For Jonah was a Jonah, dogged by bad luck. Every jazz group he belonged to seemed to hit the big-time (and usually quite soon) after he left it.

His first love was the trombone, but his arms were too short to take it up, so he settled for the trumpet.

Jonah played the trumpet with many bands that later became famous —Cab Calloway, Earl Hines, McKinney's Cotton Pickers — but the years went by, and Jonah kept on going from band to band.

In those days he was a strictly anonymous member of the Jones clan.

This was strangely contradictory, for in the trade Jonah was highly respected, and his career certainly had a romantic beginning.

In 1929 the riverboat Island Queen visited Jonah's hometown, Louisville. Jonah went aboard, and stayed to travel down to New Orleans, home of jazz.

He learned his trade from the riverboat jazzmen, classics like "St. Louis Blues," "Dippermouth," and "Muskrat Ramble."

After he went ashore, Jonah progressed from band to band. He toured Europe in 1954.

Back in New York, he decided to form his own band. He got drums, bass, and piano together. Then he realised he had to invent a distinctive sound.

So the muted jazz of Jonah Jones was born. Success was a long time coming—but today Jonah is one of the best-selling jazz performers in the record business. His schedule of personal appearances stretches five years ahead.

"I never thought I'd reach this height of popularity," he said. "If I'd been younger and not known how hard it can be, I might have got chesty. But now it's just nice."

Last year Jonah was invited to play in Monaco by Prince Rainier.

"A guy walked into the Embers, New York, where we were playing, and said, 'Here's a message for you, Prince Rainier wants you and your group to go over.'

"I thought he was putting me on, so I said, 'Sure, tell him we'll come on right over if he can get the bread together.'

"Then I found out he wasn't kidding."

So now Jonah's really on top. But he has a worry: his lip. Will it wear out? Blowing into a mute (for The Sound) is tough, because it takes twice as much air power as an unmuted instrument.

Jonah has to pace himself.

"People come in with requests," he says, "like 'I Can't Get Started' and I'm thinking of that F sharp on the end and I think, 'Man, you can request, but this is my lip, man!'"

Al Hibbler

"I'M Just a Lucky So-and-so"—that was Al Hibbler's first hit record. In real life, however, Hibbler's road to success was rocky enough to discourage a less determined (and talented) man.

He was born in a tiny cabin near Little Rock, Arkansas. Al was the fourth child in a family already struggling to make ends meet.

And he was born blind.

He began his singing career in a church choir. There his soprano voice caught the attention of authorities at the Arkansas State School for the Blind.

Al enrolled at the school and joined the glee club.

Whenever a band came to town Al was first at the door. During performances he would be close to the bandstand so he wouldn't miss a note.

Then his real career began. Friends encouraged Al to enter an amateur contest, He won first prize ten weeks in a row and a job as vocalist with a local orchestra. Later, he toured with Jay McShann.

At this time a young man called Billy Eckstine was singing with Duke Ellington's orchestra in New York. Al heard that Billy was going to leave, so he applied for the job, got it, and stayed with Ellington for almost nine years.

They recorded a lot of hits: "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "Danny Boy," "Trees."

But, in 1950, Hibbler left Ellington. He wanted to try to get to the top on his own. "Star billing" was elusive until he recorded "Unchained Melody" in 1955. The disc sold a million. Al Hibbler had reached the top.

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Dri-Glo's are stronger—last longer. Their luxurious pile is twofold yarn for longer wear, greater absorbency. At every stage of their making, Dri-Glo towels are double checked for perfect finish. Dri-Glo towels are far and away the best value towels in Australia!

Next week —turn to page 18 of this magazine for 'Mexicana'—another sizzling Dri-Glo towel!

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NATIONAL BABY DAY

Happy day out for mothers and babies

● All mothers and babies will be welcome to attend National Baby Day in the Sydney Town Hall on November 9. The winner of the £2860 National Baby Contest and all State prizewinners will be present. Travel is free, as set out below.

BABIES do not have to be entrants in the contest for their mothers to enjoy the wide variety of entertainment the day offers or the free train tickets.

The contest was organised by H. J. Heinz Pty. Ltd. in conjunction with The Australian Women's Weekly.

Here are programme details:

Day opens at 10 a.m. with a chat by compere Chuck Faulkner and a call for race entries.

10.30-11.45: Races — £5 prize per race. Total prizemoney £20.

(a) Crawling races up to 9 months—boys and girls.

(b) Crawling races up to 15 months — boys and girls.

(c) Toddlers' races up to 24 months—boys.

(d) Toddlers' races up to 24 months—girls.

11.45-12.30: Fashion Show by Sydney Snow Pty. Ltd.

12.30-1.15: Lunch period.

Entertainment to be provided by Punch and Judy shows, films, etc.

1.25: Arrival of the official guest, the Minister of Justice, Mr. N. J. Mannix.

1.30: Introduction of Mr. Mannix by Mr. J. A. W. Ross, managing director of the Heinz company, and introduction of Mrs. Betty Sara, mother of the famous quads.

Mrs. Sara will ask Mr. Mannix to present the prizes to the State winners.

Mr. Ross will announce the National winner, also the second and third prize winners, and ask Mr. Mannix to present the cheques.

2.00: Nappy-changing event for fathers. Prize—£10.

2.15: Nappy-changing event for TV, Radio, and Press personalities. Prize—trophy and £5.

2.30: Challenge nappy event by winning father and first Press, TV, or Radio personality. Trophy—Grand Champion.

2.40: Best-dressed-mother contest. Prize—£10.

This will be judged by The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Editor, Betty Keep, who will tour the hall to pick the winner.

2.45-3.15: Best-dressed baby. Three classes — boys and girls up to 9 months. Boys only — 9 to 18 months. Girls only — 9 to 18 months.

Prizes — £10 per section. Total prizemoney £30.

3.30: Close.

Free-travel trains

● Free tickets for all special "Baby Day" trains will be available at the stations named from 11 a.m. on November 1, and will be available for all mothers and their friends who wish to attend National Baby Day in the Town Hall on November 9. Timetables, both for the journey to town and home again, on the four main suburban lines, appear below:

No. 1 — SUTHERLAND - TOWN HALL TRAIN

To Town		Home Again	
Sutherland	9.21 a.m.	Town Hall	3.25 p.m.
Jannali	9.24 „	Central	3.28 „
Como	9.29 „	Sydenham	3.36 „
Oatley	9.32 „	Tempe	3.39 „
Mortdale	9.34 „	Arncliffe	3.41 „
Penshurst	9.36 „	Banksia	3.43 „
Hurstville	9.39 „	Rockdale	3.45 „
Allawah	9.41 „	Kogarah	3.47 „
Carlton	9.43 „	Carlton	3.49 „
Kogarah	9.45 „	Allawah	3.51 „
Rockdale	9.47 „	Hurstville	3.54 „
Banksia	9.49 „	Penshurst	3.56 „
Arncliffe	9.51 „	Mortdale	3.58 „
Tempe	9.54 „	Oatley	4.0 „
Sydenham	9.57 „	Como	4.3 „
Central	10.6 „	Jannali	4.6 „
Town Hall	10.8 „	Sutherland	4.11 „

No. 2 — PARRAMATTA via BANKSTOWN - TOWN HALL TRAIN

To Town		Home Again	
Parramatta	8.56 a.m.	Town Hall	3.17 p.m.
Harris Park	8.58 „	Central	3.20 „
Granville	9.0 „	Marrickville	3.30 „
Clyde	9.3 „	Dulwich Hill	3.32 „
		Hurlstone Park	3.34 „
Auburn	9.6 „	Canterbury	3.36 „
Berala	9.11 „	Campsie	3.38 „
Regents Park	9.14 „	Belmore	3.40 „
Birrong	9.18 „	Lakemba	3.43 „
Yagoona	9.21 „	Wiley Park	3.45 „
Bankstown	9.27 „	Punchbowl	3.47 „
Punchbowl	9.30 „	Bankstown	3.50 „
Wiley Park	9.32 „	Yagoona	3.52 „
Lakemba	9.34 „	Birrong	3.54 „
Belmore	9.36 „	Regents Park	3.57 „
Campsie	9.38 „	Berala	3.59 „
Canterbury	9.41 „	Auburn	4.6 „
Hurlstone Park	9.43 „	Clyburn	4.8 „
Dulwich Hill	9.45 „	Clyde	4.10 „
Marrickville	9.47 „	Granville	4.12 „
Central	9.59 „	Harris Park	4.14 „
Town Hall	10.1 „	Parramatta	4.16 „

No. 3 — LIVERPOOL via GRANVILLE - TOWN HALL TRAIN

To Town		Home Again	
Liverpool	9.16 a.m.	Town Hall	3.4 p.m.
Warwick Farm	9.18 „	Central	3.7 „
Cabramatta	9.21 „	Ashfield	3.16 „
Canley Vale	9.23 „	Croydon	3.18 „
Fairfield	9.26 „	Burwood	3.20 „
Yennora	9.28 „	Strathfield	3.23 „
Guildford	9.31 „	Homebush	3.25 „
Merrylands	9.33 „	Flemington	3.28 „
Granville	9.38 „	Lidcombe	3.31 „
Clyde	9.40 „	Auburn	3.34 „
Auburn	9.43 „	Clyde	3.37 „
Lidcombe	9.47 „	Granville	3.39 „
Flemington	9.50 „	Merrylands	3.41 „
Homebush	9.53 „	Guildford	3.44 „
Strathfield	9.56 „	Yennora	3.46 „
Burwood	9.59 „	Fairfield	3.49 „
Croydon	10.1 „	Canley Vale	3.51 „
Ashfield	10.4 „	Cabramatta	3.54 „
Central	10.15 „	Warwick Farm	3.56 „
Town Hall	10.17 „	Liverpool	4.1 „

No. 4 — HORNSBY via NORTH SHORE - TOWN HALL TRAIN

To Town		Home Again	
Hornsby	9.17 a.m.	Town Hall	3.22 p.m.
Waitara	9.19 „	Wynyard	3.24 „
Wahroonga	9.21 „	Milson's Point	— „
Warrawee	9.23 „	North Sydney	3.29 „
Turramurra	9.25 „	Waverton	3.31 „
Pymble	9.28 „	Wollstonecraft	3.33 „
Gordon	9.31 „	St. Leonards	3.36 „
Killara	9.33 „	Artarmon	3.38 „
Lindfield	9.36 „	Chatswood	3.41 „
Roseville	9.38 „	Roseville	3.43 „
Chatswood	9.41 „	Lindfield	3.46 „
Artarmon	9.43 „	Killara	3.48 „
St. Leonards	9.46 „	Gordon	3.51 „
Wollstonecraft	9.48 „	Pymble	3.54 „
Waverton	9.51 „	Turramurra	3.57 „
North Sydney	9.53 „	Warrawee	3.59 „
Milson's Point	— „	Wahroonga	4.1 „
Wynyard	9.58 „	Waitara	4.4 „
Town Hall	10.0 „	Hornsby	4.7 „

The leg-appeal lotion American beauties love

Walk. Stand. Pose. Dance little lady. So everyone's a-peepin? So what! Show them the cleanest pair of heels they ever saw and a pair of pretty feet that will set their eyes a-dancing. Clever little lady. She's a Pretty Feet gal. Pretty Feet, the lotion leg-conscious American women love. Pretty Feet—so kind, so gentle and harmless to healthy skin, yet so sure in use. See how it just rolls away hard, rough, ugly surface patches. How it acts instantly to get rid of tough, nylon-snagging bumps and bulges. How it hates hard skin! In no time at all you're all-over beautiful, from tip to toe. Suddenly your *feet* are your fortune. No wonder heads turn. Smart little lady . . . .!

8/6

Pretty Feet

Another fine S&N product

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FREE MOTHERCRAFT LEAFLET

● A leaflet dealing with infectious diseases common in childhood is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped addressed envelope is required.

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1 LAN-CHOO TEA is a blend of choice small-leaf teas, specially chosen because they infuse quicker and are full of rich tea flavour. LAN-CHOO is economical, too—you get more cups of full-bodied tea from every packet. That's value No. 1!

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NEWCASTLE: Corner King and Darby Streets.

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Pressed-flower pictures... charming Christmas gifts

● *Looking for "something different" for that Christmas gift? Attractive pictures and Christmas cards can be made with flowers from your own garden. Easy-to-follow instructions and sample Christmas cards are overleaf.*

● *Cornflowers, freesias, a pansy, grasses, maidenhair fern, diosma, a clover flower, and some leaves of the cassia tree.*

● *One pansy, various grasses, a jonquil, a clover flower, and some carrot tops form this attractive gift picture.*

● *Maidenhair and asparagus fern, freesias, grasses, sweet pea, cornflowers, and clover make this panel.*

● *Carrot tops have been used again here, with sweet peas, jonquils, pink heath, diosma, and various grasses.*

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HANDY ANDY

brings a SPRING FEELING to SPRING CLEANING

cleans at a touch
cleans just about anything

No need to tell *you* that spring-cleaning is just a nice way of saying hard work! You deserve all the help you can get. That's the reason behind this new-type cleanser, Handy Andy — one cleanser that does the work of a whole lot of other cleansers. From floors to finger-marks, walls to windows Handy Andy wipes the whole house clean. And does it easier — Handy Andy cleans at a touch! And being a liquid, Handy Andy can't dull, scratch or wear away the precious surfaces of refrigerators, baths, chromework. Put Handy Andy on your shopping list now, this year *sail through spring cleaning!*

In your kitchen. Handy Andy is specially good for cleaning the stove, floor, 'fridge, and woodwork and walls stained by cooking fumes.

In your bathroom. A quick wipe-over with Handy Andy gives a real spring face-lift to porcelain and chromework. Smells spring-fresh, too!

In bedroom and lounge. Handy Andy cleans walls at a touch. Gives windows and mirrors a crystal sparkle — never a streak or smear.

Straight from the bottle or mixed with water HANDY ANDY WIPES THE WHOLE HOUSE CLEAN

HA.12.WW144g

How to make pressed-flower Pictures

● ***Our delightful pressed-flower pictures and Christmas cards were made for us by Mrs. Hildegarde Jurtik, who came here from Germany eight years ago. Mrs. Jurtik works as a waitress, and does the flower panels in her spare time.***

"I went back to Stuttgart last year to visit my family," she said. "A friend of mine was making these pressed-flower arrangements, using German wildflowers. They were very popular in Germany, and my friend had to hire two people to help her keep up with the orders."

Mrs. Jurtik collects the grasses and leaves from the bush on weekends, and flowers from her friends' gardens.

"I've learnt a great deal about the Australian bush while I've been looking for sprays for my pictures," she said.

Instructions for making

For the pictures and cards you will need: Small pressed flowers, fine grasses and ferns, picture frames with glass and backing, and cardboard in various colors. A pair of long-handled tweezers, two fine watercolor brushes, resin glue, clear lacquer, and a roll of adhesive paper.

Preparing the sprays:

1. Use small, dainty flowers, fine grasses and ferns. They must be freshly picked, not limp and wilting.

2. Place the flowers in a book or magazine—a few between each page. Press them by putting a heavy weight on top of the book and leave them for 24 hours.

3. Remove the weight and leave the books in a dry place in your home. The atmosphere will dry out the flowers, so be careful not to choose a room like the kitchen, which may be steamy. The drying-out process takes about a week.

When the flowers are quite dry you should be able to lift them out without pulling them from the pages. If they stick to the book the flowers are not quite dry, so leave them for another day or so.

Making the pictures:

1. Choose some attractive picture-frames (narrow ones are best) and stiff colored cardboard on which to mount the flowers. Cut the cardboard to fit the frames exactly.

2. Before starting to make the picture, have a piece of paper the same size as the sheet of cardboard beside you. Using a pair of long-handled tweezers (these can be bought from any surgical supplier), lift the pressed flowers from the book one by one, and arrange a spray on the piece of paper.

3. When you have arranged a spray to your liking, lift up from it a single flower or stem of grass or fern, and using a fine watercolor brush and some resin glue (any large store supplies this) paint the back of the flower or stem with a thin coat of glue.

4. Lay it, glued side down on the cardboard, in the same position as it was on the paper. Continue in this way until the whole spray has been transferred from the piece of paper to the cardboard.

5. When the spray has been glued on, cover the base of the stems with an arrangement of ferns or grass.

6. Using another fine brush paint over the spray with clear lacquer. Be careful not to let the lacquer run off the flowers on to the cardboard. Leave to dry for two or three hours.

7. Put the finished panel into the picture-frame and attach the backing with adhesive paper.

The cards:

The Christmas cards are made in the same way. Using a folded square of colored cardboard, arrange the spray and when it is finished cover it with a piece of fine clear plastic or cellophane.

Decorate the finished card with gaily colored ribbon or an attractive gold border.

MORE IDEAS

● **Place the pressed-flower sprays under glass on your living-room table or on your dressing-table.**

● **Use them as decorations for a lampshade — between layers of transparent material, such as organza or nylon.**

● **To make a distinctive cover for your telephone directory or annual diary, paste a sheet of cardboard over the cover of the book, glue on a spray of pressed flowers, and cover with fine, clear plastic.**

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. . . and flower cards, too

● *To make these attractive and individual Christmas cards, follow the same procedure as you did with the pictures. Use a window of cellophane or fine, clear plastic to cover the spray. This preserves the flowers and protects them from too much handling. For these cards you will need, in addition to the materials used for the pictures, a square of folded cardboard, some cellophane or clear plastic, and ribbon to tie.*

● *Diosma, maidenhair fern, a violet, and a clover flower have been used to make this card.*

● *Cassia flowers and leaves make up this card. Notice the variety you can achieve with different flowers and arrangements.*

● *Freesias, clover flowers, violets, snowdrops, and various grasses have been used here.*

people in the know
sew with Super Sheen

Run a thread of Sheen thru your fingers . . . feel the smooth, silky finish, the fineness, the strength. Sew a seam and see how Sheen snuggles right down into the fabric with no puckering, letting the fabric take the wear and tear. A Sheen seam always looks neater, and will far outlast the garment! You don't have to be a professional dressmaker to know that good sewing starts with COATS Super Sheen size 50.

COATS Super SHEEN

SEW IT FOR GOOD WITH COATS

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Soft, absorbent undersoles keep your feet fresh—allow them to breathe

Sole Comfort. Seamfree 15 denier sheers with airy "Ban-Lon" Foot Comfort undersole 12/11

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S248

LETTER BOX

● *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.*

Mail privacy

I RECENTLY overheard a group of women discussing the subject — should husbands and wives open each other's mail? Most of the women said they wouldn't dream of opening their husband's mail and would be furious if he opened theirs. As there should be no secrets between married couples, I think it is quite in order to open each other's mail —business or personal.

£1/1/- to "Modern Wife" (name supplied), Mayfield, N.S.W.

Shy of beauty advice

WORKING as a beauty consultant in a city store, I've found that many women are too shy to approach the cosmetic department. Apart from budget reasons, why is this so? On many occasions, after chatting with a new customer, she'll say: "I've often wanted to ask you about a treatment for my skin, but I didn't like to." Our purpose is to help people, so don't hesitate to come to us.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Hoolahan, Norman Park, Qld.

They're needled

WELL, Mrs. E. Cazaly (Vic.), my grandmother can beat your record of having a needle in your arm for 30 years. She has had a needle in her finger for 48 years. At the time she refused to have it out, saying it didn't worry her, but even now whenever she bends her finger there is the needle. It pushes the flesh up about a quarter of an inch, and the strange thing is it never pierces the skin.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Holland, Kogarah, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH I can't claim a needle, I have something just as unusual—a piece of barbed-wire and a small sliver of wood embedded in my right arm. My sister has a number of tiny pieces of rock in her knee, and my father has fragments of shrapnel in his leg.

£1/1/- to "Sticks and Stones" (name supplied), Griffith, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I RAN a needle into my wrist when I was 18 and it's been there for 56 years.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Vanderfeen, Bendigo, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHEN working in a dressmaking factory as a young girl I ran a needle into my finger. It's been there over 30 years, and although I can feel it when I touch the finger it has never worried me.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Carey, Woodridge, Qld.

Those tactless hostesses

I FIND it very disconcerting to be asked out to dinner have the hostess discuss the price of the food she is serv One automatically feels one should leave some untouched, that one is wrecking the household economy accepting the invitation.

£1/1/- to "South Wind" (name supplied), Bundan N.S.W.

Training ships for hoodlums

A "TRAINING SHIP" is the remedy for our young h gans. English magistrates of the early 1800s did a to stamp out this menace by giving delinquent boys first warning or a birching, then—on the next offence—sen them to a Training Ship, where they learned to respect law. If rules were disobeyed the culprits were given a d with the cane. This cowed the toughest of them. Som our bravest wartime deeds were performed by men of land's Training Ships, so proving the need of good discip for wayward youngsters.

£1/1/- to "Grandma" (name supplied), Mt. Hawth W.A.

Church interval idea

WOULD it not help all churches if they had an inte during the morning service, during which the con gation could go out and take a stroll in the grounds or a cup of tea or soft drink served by the choir boys? ladies' committee could provide refreshments. I sugges interval of 15 to 20 minutes before the sermon.

£1/1/- to Mr. R. N. Carrington, St. Kilda, Vic.

Gaols too comfortable

I THINK it is dreadful the way prisons are b modernised, making things as comfortable as possible the prisoners. Why should they be made comfortable? M prisoners are better off in gaol than in their own homes days. What is the world coming to?

£1/1/- to "Let Them Suffer" (name supplied), Sheff Tas.

Strictly a snap-frozen boy

THE two children of a city friend visiting me for the w end watched me shelling peas, picked from the gar in silence. Finally, the boy turned to his sister and "They look just like the peas we get, but what a funny to wrap them—in little green jackets with zippers!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. F. Lobban, Oxford, Tas.

Ross Campbell writes...

GUEST ARTIST

MRS. HOPGOOD had dinner with us the other night.

After dinner she offered to dry the dishes.

My wife made half-hearted objections: "Oh, no, Nora, you go into the living-room and put your feet up. You've had a tiring day." But the guest insisted on taking a tea-towel.

She picked up a dinner plate that had just been washed and rubbed it with vigor.

I could see at once that she was heading for trouble. She was drying up impetuously without regard for the local rules.

The by-laws for doing the dishes are strict at our place.

They provide that (1) you will dry glasses first; (2) you will dry knives, forks, and spoons before plates; and (3) you will dry plates in order of seniority. That is, the plates washed first must be dried first.

Yet here was Mrs. Hopgood wantonly and recklessly reaching straight for the dripping, last-washed plates.

In an effort to save the situation I took a towel myself and started drying the glasses. My wife was struggling to control her impulse to speak frankly to Mrs. Hopgood.

At last it was too much. "Nora," she said sweetly, "would you mind doing the silver first?"

"Certainly!" said Mrs. Hopgood. She seized a handful of silver

spoons, dried them, and tossed them into the cutlery drawer.

It seemed, alas, that she could not do a thing right.

By-law 32 states explicitly: Thou shalt not chuck silver roughly into the drawer, because it causes dents.

I grabbed some forks and spoons hastily, and diverted Nora back to the plates.

"I tell you what," she said a minute later. "You finish drying and I'll put the things away."

"Thank you, that will be fine," I replied, knowing full well it would lead to chaos.

Putting away is a more refined job than washing or drying, so guests are often allowed to do it.

Last time Horrie Donkling put away we could not find the potato-masher for a week.

"Do the cups go in here?" asked Mrs. Hopgood, standing beside the broom cupboard.

"Don't bother doing any more," I said. "Why don't you go and look at TV with the children?"

This time she took the advice and left us to wash up in our own way.

Most houses, I think, have their special dish-washing methods.

I had a strange experience once in Melbourne. My hostess started with the dirty dishes on the right side of the sink instead of the left. She put the clean ones on the left side.

It was so different from what I was used to that I felt quite upset.

When you offer to dry up and your hostess says: "Oh, no! Please go and sit down," perhaps the best thing to do after all is to go and sit down.

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Complete push-button control over all household insect pests

Mortein PRESSURE ★ PAK kills flying insects quickly . . . guaranteed safe!

Mortein Pressure★Pak is more potently insect killing than any other insect spray known.

Mortein Pressure★Pak—like Mortein Plus—contains the costly non-poisonous ingredient Pyrethrum—a complex organic insecticide, to which flies never become immune. Pyrethrum is not only safe to use, it is also so powerful that it kills insects resistant to hazardous ingredients like D.D.T. and Lindane, which are often included to pep-up ordinary insect sprays. Mortein Pressure★Pak contains no such hazardous ingredients. It is so safe to use that it can be sprayed anywhere—even in the vicinity of food.

Mortein Pressure ★ Pak correctly used, is the most economical insect spray of all. Just 3 or 4 seconds spraying will kill all insects in any average-sized room. Available in 2 sizes, **8/3** and **14/3.**

Mortein ANT & ROACH KILLER keeps on killing crawling insects!

Mortein Ant and Roach Killer is used quite differently from Mortein Pressure★Pak. You do not spray it in the air as you do Mortein Pressure★Pak. Mortein Ant and Roach Killer should be sprayed onto surfaces and into cracks and crevices.

Mortein Ant and Roach Killer is safer to use than most push-button insect sprays, apart from Mortein Pressure★Pak; but it cannot be sprayed with the absolute safety of Mortein Pressure★Pak under all conditions of usage. Mortein Ant and Roach Killer should not be sprayed onto food stuffs; but it is perfectly safe to spray around sinks, stoves, skirting boards, in cupboards, under furniture and on carpets, etc.

Mortein Ant and Roach Killer is ideal for killing cockroaches, ants, carpet beetles, spiders and silverfish. A large can costs only **7/11.**

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Trust only Mortein PRODUCTS When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!

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The fashion a-b-C . . .

a *stands for Ahhhh, it's spring and the store windows have blossomed with all the glamorous new fashions.*

b *stands for Budget, and why doesn't a pound note stretch? It is smart to be chic; even smarter to be solvent.*

C *stands for Clothes—and for a lot of other things that are important to the fashion-conscious woman.*

● See-worthy clothes take time and ingenuity and initiative, plus, sometimes, some help. So here are 100 (old and new) fashion hints and thoughts and ideas for spring.

By DAWN JAMES

C stands for CHEAP

. . . and cheap clothes are not necessarily bargains. Often, paying a pound or two extra is an investment:

1. Cheap shoes and handbags are rarely worth while. They'll get shabby in no time.
2. Most stores sell low-priced stocking "specials," which are worth buying. Or, for spring and summer, consider the leg-tanning preparations on the market.
3. Cheap foundation garments (girdles in particular) are a false economy. They can ruin the hang of a slim-skirted dress.
4. If you make your own clothes, it is cheaper to buy good quality material. It will keep its shape, last longer, won't crease so readily.
5. Cheap costume jewellery looks exactly what it is. (Note: for the exception here, see "CASUAL.")
6. Inexpensive gloves—like suede-finish nylon and cotton—are a good budget buy.
7. Bargain dresses can be good, too. Before you buy, check the inside finish. If the seams are narrow and the material will fray, go somewhere else.
8. Scarves, headbands, belts are mostly inexpensive, and they'll help your accessory wardrobe.
9. **Prowl round the hat-bars in big department stores. Often 29/11 (perhaps a little more) is well spent. You can subtract the trimming—if the "line" is good—or add some of better quality. (See illustration, at right.)**
10. Cheap scent is never worth the few shillings it costs. This is one time it is essential to spend a pound or two and buy good quality perfume. Even if you can only use it occasionally it will give you a lift on a depressing day.

C stands for CITY

. . . and the career girl plans clothes and career with the same devoted care:

1. Keep a couple of ropes of pearls, clean white gloves, extra stockings in the office. You'll need them some time for an unexpected date.
2. Pastel dresses are extravagant for town wear unless made of washable material, but have one. No one can be practical all the time.
3. The jacket-and-dress ensemble is still the best buy for going-to-work-and-then-out-to-dinner. A linen suit with two skirts (one straight, one pleated) is worth considering, too.
4. A cotton shirt-dress is another classic that can be dressed up or down. Always keep your cottons looking crisp and not limp. It helps if you change immediately you get home.
5. Try to budget for at least one all-season dress—a dark-colored cotton with three-quarter or long-short sleeves. Pale colors look silly in showery weather.
6. Evaluate the clothes you already have. You might be able to change the look of a dress by removing sleeves, adding a collar (detachable type), changing the buttons.
7. Rearrange your budget to spend more on accessories; their value comes from the way they can change the "face" of a dress.
8. Don't choose everyday clothes in extreme styles. They're too easily identified—"Oh, she's wearing that again."
9. A proofed poplin coat is ideal for showery summer days. Have it in a gay color (no one has to look drab and dowdy in the rain). Team it with a matching poplin skirt for more wardrobe value.
10. **A basic slim-skirted dress sounds (and is) dull unless it is given its "different looks" with ingenuity. Cover it with a blouson drawstring top, an overskirt, a cardigan jacket, an Empire-line jacket edged with coarse cotton lace. (See illustration, at left.)**

C stands for CONVENTION

. . . and (although fashion is dull if it is predictable) there are times when it pays to follow convention:

1. Don't wear a winter topcoat over a summer dress.
2. Even if you are small, high-heeled sandals do not go with pants. But medium-heeled scuffs, yes.
3. Try not to mix too many colors in one ensemble.
4. Low necklines are not for the office.
5. **In the daytime, don't try to compete with the sun. Glitter jewellery is for after-dark. (See illustration, at right.)**
6. One fussy item is enough: frilly dress, simple accessories.
7. If you're a teenager, avoid black. There's plenty of time.
8. Wear frou-frou petticoats to parties, not to work.
9. Even if you don't wear gloves, do CARRY a pair.
10. And if you get tired of sticking to convention, let your head go (literally). Change your hairstyle.

C stands for COOL

. . . and you don't need money to look cool on a hot summer day:

1. **Think about long iced drinks and ice-blocks and the beach. Oddly enough, this does seem to help. (See illustration, at right.)**
2. Wear a clear color in your dress—not a dark print or red or black. They attract heat.
3. Choose a dress with simple lines: preferably a wide skirt, semi-fitted top, and sleeveless (which is fashion news this season).
4. Keep make-up to a minimum. Heavy layers of foundation, powder, and lipstick will only run and bead with moisture.
5. Before you leave home, rub your feet with cooling deodorant lotion or cream. Hot, tired feet mean a hot, tired face.
6. Keep jewellery to a minimum.
7. Stay out of crowded city streets; if possible, put shopping off till it is cooler. Don't exert yourself any more than you can help.
8. If it is very hot, put your wrists under the cold tap and let the water run for a few minutes.
9. Wear sandals and not closed-in shoes (but make sure your feet are presentable and well pedicured).
10. Keep your hair away from your face. Note: the new shingle cut.

C stands for COUNTRY

. . . and, even if you live miles out in the bush, fashion is still fun:

1. Build up a wardrobe of convertible clothes and separates, especially cotton shirts.
2. Buy a pretty parasol. It is newer for picnic races.
3. Avoid drab, muddy colors. You'll merge with the landscape.
4. Have a wardrobe of scarves—and wear them to protect your hair from the dust.
5. **There's a new version of the overall theme for teenagers: bib-fronted overalls now, made of check gingham. (See illustration, at left.)**
6. Have a couple of cotton dresses to wear into town. If everyone else wears pants, look feminine and be different.
7. If you can afford only one evening dress, have a long one. You'll feel more dressed up. Stick to a simple design (strapless, probably) and alternate a stole with a fichu top and detachable balloon sleeves in organdie.
8. Wear sensible, heavy shoes in the daytime, but NOT at night, even at home. Change into a pair of little-heel courts; with heavy shoes all the time you'll clump, not walk.
9. For the one good item in your wardrobe, have a coat in lightweight camelhair. It always looks right.
10. One piece of worthwhile fashion equipment is a sewing-machine. If you can't sew, try to learn.

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and 100 helpful hints

C stands for CASUALS

. . . and, for casual wear, separates come into their own. That's the easiest and most economical way to look different:

1. Invest in a button-fronted reversible (one side solid color, one side figured) cotton skirt. Wear it as a beach cape, too.
2. A summer-style "twinset" combines a sleeveless scoop-necked blouse with a matching long-sleeved shirt. They can be worn together or apart with skirts and pants.
3. Gilt jewellery doesn't cost much and looks good with casual clothes. (Clean the gilt with sudsy water; metal polish will take off the shine.) Pearls mixed with the gilt look effective, too.
4. Knitted cotton sweaters aren't expensive, launder easily, keep their shape.
5. With an old cardigan: cut off the rib at the front opening, neckline, and cuffs, and rebind securely with matching grosgrain ribbon. It is a useful summer dress cover-up.
6. Scarlet canvas flatties with strong rubber soles pay dividends—for the beach, for weekend shopping, in the house.
7. **Transform an old school panama into a beach hat. Cut the brim into jagged peaks, put a dent in the crown, replace the band with bright ribbon, and add fake "plaits" of raffia at the sides. (See illustration, at right.)**
8. Make a patchwork skirt out of old material scraps.
9. Well co-ordinated separates have a common color theme that is repeated (in its various shades) in every item: pants, shirts, shorts, skirts.
10. Turn two 18in. cotton scarves into a casual top. Put the scarves on top of each other. At the top, overcast the edges from the outside into the centre for 4in. (shoulder seam). Measure down each side 8in. (armhole), and then overcast the remaining 10in. (side seam).

C stands for CARE

. . . and taking care of clothes makes them last longer. Making them last longer saves money:

1. When you undress, hang clothes up immediately. They'll keep their shape much better.
2. Use padded coat-hangers. With wire hangers dresses and coats will acquire a built-in ridge at the shoulderline.
3. Keep your drawers and wardrobe tidy. Then you can see exactly what you have. Spring-clean now, at the beginning of the new season. Have winter clothes cleaned and put them away at the back of the wardrobe, or pack them in a trunk. (Watch out for moths, though. In summer, winter woollens need airing occasionally.)
4. Pander to your clothes. Wash and iron often. Keep shoes polished and cleaned and in shape with shoe-trees or tightly packed newspaper. Stop scratches on jewellery (even junk) by keeping it in a velvet bag or in cotton-wool; store stockings in plastic bags, and try not to be "too tired to bother" because it'll become a fatal habit.
5. Pearl-finished pastel shoes are fashionable this season, and the color sometimes scuffs off at the toes. You can disguise this by lightly dabbing on some color-matching pearlised nail lacquer. Watch shoe heels; have the leather tips replaced just before it is absolutely necessary.
6. **You'll have an enviable reputation for good grooming if you (straight away) replace missing buttons, mend split seams, sew up dragging hems, remove spots as soon as they appear. (See illustration, below.)**
7. Never ever wear white accents like collars and dickies and gloves more than once. Almost clean isn't good enough.
8. Don't wear an unlined straight skirt without a firmly woven (taffeta, for example) petticoat. Otherwise the back of the skirt will sag and "seat."
9. Always buy two or three pairs of exactly matching stockings. Then a ladder is not such a disaster.
10. Don't overload a small handbag; it will only keep popping open. If you need a big bag, buy a big bag. It will stay new-looking longer, won't lose its shape.

C stands for CREATIVE

. . . and that's what fashion should be — chic, and sometimes crazy:

1. **It's easy to make a cape cover-up for a bare summer party dress. Buy a yard of chiffon. Gather the raw ends into 3in. width and bind them with taffeta ribbon. Sew 1yd. of 3in. wide matching ribbon on to each end, and tie the ribbon in a bow at centre front. (See illustration, above.)**
2. Clip a pair of rhinestone earrings to the front of satin evening shoes. (Note: Clean rhinestone jewellery with liquid detergent and a soft nailbrush.)
3. Long white gloves give clothes a formal look. Wear a wide, plain gold bracelet outside one glove.
4. To wear with a wide-shouldered dress in a solid color: Buy—or make—a simple organdie collar (standing away from the neckline) and cover it with masses of tiny satin-ribbon bows.
5. In Paris, in the evening, they're wearing diamente headbands low on the forehead—a la Suzanne Lenglen.
6. Sew a mad bright patch on to the knee of a pair of old pants. Match it to a waist-length top.
7. If an old coat or dress is on its last legs, have it dyed a brilliant color.
8. Sew fake daisies here and there on an old skirt.
9. Give a little basic dress a new look by stringing an extravagant necklet across the shoulders like a mayoral chain. (And, since the necklet probably won't be long enough, stitch it by the clasps to the **shoulder-line** seam of the dress.)
10. Buy a pair of false eyelashes some time when you are (a) depressed and (b) solvent.

C stands for CRIME

. . . and it is easy enough to commit a fashion crime:

1. Don't be a haphazard shopper. Before you spend money, spend some time planning your purchases. If you feel low, buying that proverbial new hat is marvellous for morale. Arriving home to find the hat clashes with most of your wardrobe is **not.**
2. Hoarding clothes you don't really like because they might come in handy some day is a waste of wardrobe space. Sell them, give them to a charity, but get rid of them.
3. Buy clothes for the life you lead. If you're a career girl, and if you must splurge, buy a good suit or coat and **not** another evening dress.
4. **Never buy anything (especially hats) without checking your top-to-toe silhouette in a full-length mirror. (See illustration, below.)**
5. Don't go shopping with your best girl-friend. Her taste is naturally geared to what suits her.
6. If you see a femme fatale looking wonderful in rhinestone-spattered gold lame pants (or something equally insane), don't copy the idea—unless you have the figure and poise to carry it off.
7. Don't delude yourself—like buying a too-tight suit —unless you have the willpower to diet into shape.
8. Be brave. Don't buy a dress because "the color suits you, madam," if the style doesn't.
9. Don't buy something that definitely doesn't fit unless you can sew well. You'll spend a fortune at the dressmaker's. Wait till you can get the right size.
10. Buy clothes first, **then** accessories. With the wide color range now available, it is simpler to get a shade that goes with everything.

C stands for CAMOUFLAGE

. . . and most women have at least one figure fault. Fashion-conscious women know how to camouflage their faults.

1. Heavy legs—don't wear very pale stockings. Choose plain, classic shoes wide-cut at the throat. Pale shoes are best. They don't "break" the leg-line.
2. Large waist—**DIET** and **EXERCISE.** A small waist is important (except, of course, in the sack era). Meanwhile, don't draw attention to it with wide or contrasting belts.
3. Thick neck—avoid chunky necklets, high-necked dresses. V-shaped necklines will help give a slimmer look.
4. Too-short figure—stick to simple dress designs, small-scale accessories, don't cut yourself in half with too-vividly contrasting colors. And practise walking tall, with your head high.
5. **Too-tall figure—DON'T WEAR FLAT SHOES all the time. They merely look clumsy and they don't fool anyone. Avoid obvious hazards like small-patterned dresses and startling stripes. (See illustration, at left.)**
6. Low bustline—choose dresses with simple tops, lowish necklines, narrow belts. Wear a top quality bra.
7. Flat chest—blouson dresses, or the bulky-topped type (pleated or gathered from a yoke), are ideal.
8. Wide hips—to begin, try to balance the width at the shoulderline (otherwise you'll look like a triangle). Avoid too-full and too-narrow skirts.
9. Heavy arms—wear dresses with sleeves. Or, at least, with an elongated shoulderline to hide the top of the arm.
10. Round shoulders—avoid dresses with fichu-type neck-lines that emphasise the roundness, and try consciously to straighten your shoulders every time you think about it.

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LEAVES O' GOLD

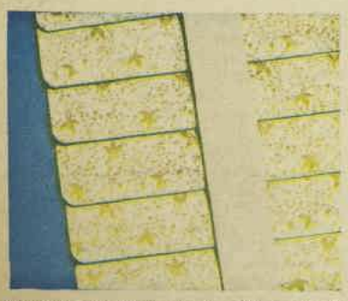
LEAVES O' LARKSPUR

PINK TERRAZZO

GREEN LINEN

LEAVES O' JONQUIL

Twi-Nighter venetians...always in step with fashion!



Illustrated is Luxaflex Leaves O' Gold, an elegant new pattern that blends perfectly with any decor. There are 10 other fashion patterns to choose from, plus 200 combinations of pastel and decorator colours.

Once more, Luxaflex brings you an exciting new trend in home decor—Twi-Nighter Patterned Venetians! Now you can use the looks of latest fashion fabrics to add a "so right" final touch to your rooms. And Patterned Venetians *stay* forever fresh and fashionable—each design is delicately captured in a smooth, enamel finish that cleans at a touch. These are today's most fashionable window coverings, expressed in the most modern of materials—aluminium and plastic. With Twi-Nighter, you have perfect control of light and air . . . famous "not just dim but dark" closing . . . and that cosy privacy that means so much in family living. Love modern decor? Then you'll love new Twi-Nighter Patterned Venetians—at your authorised Luxaflex retailer now! For helpful hints on home decor, ask him for your free copy of the Twi-Nighter Colour Brochure.

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At the sailing jetty Lady Bridget Binner greeted Hank with a superior air while Juliet, standing by, smiled demurely

Mr Jones and Juliet

JULIET lay in deliciously scented water, admiring her well-designed legs, reflecting that this tub in the blue guest-room at Hayefields was as big as Long Island Sound and not nearly so crowded: no sailboats. She closed her eyes and felt herself relax like a large sponge.

For everyone else this was just another gay regatta weekend; for Juliet, it would be undoubtedly the most important forty-eight hours of her whole life. From Newport to Nassau, from Bar Harbor to Palm Beach she had played Potter Thackeray delicately, skilfully, without mercy, and now, at last, she was about to reel him in and land him, gasping, on the safe shores of matrimony. By Monday morning Potter would be high and dry.

Suddenly she giggled; her worst enemy could never have accused Juliet Jeffry of dishonesty. Her motive was, in fact, as pure, clear, and cold as spring water: she was through with being poor.

Her life, all twenty-nine years of it, had been spent among people whose little luxuries alone would have fed her for a year—her family's friends, the girls she had gone to school with, the boys she danced, swam, ski-ed, laughed with. People who were charming, generous, amusing—and rich. She wanted no other kind; but she had finally, definitely come to the end of the secret and exhausting strain of making ends meet.

She scrambled, dripping, out of the tub. Any girl who caught Potter's attention was polished to a careless perfection, and perfection takes a little time. She was brushing her cloudy black hair when she heard Wendy Haye's light tap, and her hostess came into the room. Wendy's fresh, round-eyed face was as prettily uncomplicated as a nursery rhyme; her milkmaid's dress, embroidered with daisies, had probably cost the equivalent of six months' rent on Juliet's walk-up flat (at a good address).

"Darling, you got here!" Wendy touched Juliet's cheek. "Heaven to see you. Was it ghastly in the shop all week? Why you do it I'll never know!"

Because man cannot live on other people's bread alone, Juliet said silently. Aloud, she asked affectionately about Bruce and the baby, and then, casually, "Who else is here, pet?"

Wendy fell back on the bedspread, secure in the knowledge that someone else would straighten it. "Potter Thackeray came yesterday. And Lady Bridget Binner—"

"Bridget!" Juliet whirled. "You haven't asked that sabre-toothed title for this weekend? Oh, Wendy, no!"

"But, darling, why on earth not?"

Juliet pulled her slip over her head. Surely everyone east of the Rockies must be aware by now that Lady Bridget had had her large, relentless violet eyes on Potter Thackeray for months. Juliet set her teeth and, wise in the ways of guestmanship, emerged from the slip smiling.

"Sweetie, it's just that she's so transparent. I mean, for years she's been too frail to lift anything heavier than a telegraph blank, and now, all of a sudden, her muscles are rippling like moire, and she simply dotes on boats, and all because Pot—" She bit it off. Unwise, unwise. "Is that everybody?"

"No," said Wendy. "There's somebody named John Henry Jones."

Juliet stared. "Who?"

Wendy sat up, pink with outrage. "It's entirely Bruce's fault. He told me this Jones was a classmate; but when he said archaeologist and explorer, naturally I thought balsa rafts and bones and how perfect for Bridget. You know the British—always rushing up Mount Everest and running headlong into Dr. Livingstone—but, darling, it turns out he's a disaster.

"He doesn't know a soul, he doesn't play a thing, he doesn't even speak—he just observes, as though we were all extinct or something. It's too flesh-creeping. Come down as soon as you can, darling."

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An amusing short story by ELIZABETH DUNN

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SOMETHING LIGHT

Long, opening instalment of our entertaining five-part serial, the latest novel

BY MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

LOUISA Mary Datchett was very fond of men.

Not all women are, not even those to whom matrimony is the only tolerable state; for these often like men as husbands as other women like them as lovers, and others again as small boys. Louisa liked men. If a bus-driver halted for her at a pedestrian crossing, her upward glance was disinterestedly affectionate—there he sat, hot and conscientious, minding his own masculine business, no awareness of her save as a possible hazard to his time-schedule—and there stood Louisa liking him; and if on the island of her refuge she observed an old gentleman in a garish tie, striped red and yellow like a ripening pimento, her sympathetic imagination at once ranged over the whole field of English cricket and she mentally wished him on to a happy day at Lord's.

These examples, however, are merely illustrative. Most men were reciprocally aware of Louisa. If she paid for her rangy height by cheeks thin as a whistling boy's, if her fox-colored hair was turning like an autumn leaf—here a streak of cinnamon, there a dash of pepper—she had none the less only to stand still in any public place, at a bus-stop, or outside a telephone-booth, and as to Red Riding Hood up came a wolf.

Yet did she respond, and Louisa usually responded, how many a wolf turned nurseling! To be listened to (wife not understanding wolf), to be found employment (wolf out of work), to have musical instrument (wolf potential member of dance-band), got out of hock! It was extraordinary how swiftly they appreciated her special temperament.

Older acquaintances took it for granted. In June, '56, Louisa gave evidence as to character three times in one week. This was a record, but only in its own field; no one, least of all Louisa, ever counted the times she got suits back from the cleaners, washed socks, or carried prescriptions to the chemist . . .

Bachelors in lodgings going down with influenza employed their last spark of consciousness to telephone Louisa. Sometimes their landladies telephoned her. Publishers of books commissioned but overdue telephoned Louisa. She was constantly being either sent for, like a fire-engine, or dispatched, like a lifeboat, to the scene of some masculine disaster; and fond of men as she was, by the time she was thirty she felt extremely jaded.

"You know what?" said Louisa to the milkman. "I feel jaded."

"No one would tell it to look at you," said the milkman handsomely. (Louisa was wearing a rather rowdy housecoat, zebras on a pink ground, and the overnight skin-food gave her face a healthy shine.)

"I'll tell you something else," said Louisa. "I dare say I'm what suffragettes chained themselves to railings for."

"My auntie was a suffragette," offered the milkman.

"I dare say I'm even Bernard Shaw's Intelligent Woman, I'm the independent, self-supporting femme sole, up the Married Women's Property Act, and I hope Ibsen's proud of me."

"He'd be a fool if he wasn't," said the milkman.

"And I spend as much time running about for men as if I was a Victorian nanny."

"Why not take a spot of cream?" suggested the milkman.

"Thanks, I will," said Louisa. "And you might leave a yoghurt for Number Ten."

The milkman glanced at the neighboring door—not more than a yard away, in the converted house where dwelt Louisa—and cocked a deprecating eyebrow.

"To go down with yours as per usual?"

"Well, of course," said Louisa.

"This is okay with me 'n the dairy," said the milkman, "but you'll regret it at the month's end."

Louisa knew very well she'd regret it. Yoghurt for Number Ten (an indigent and vegetarian flautist) was becoming a noticeable item on her monthly budget, moreover his very gratitude was a nuisance, since besides teaching the flute he fabricated costume-jewellery out of beechnuts. Louisa had a whole drawerful: it attracted mites.

Standing cream-jar in hand, as the milkman clattered on, "It's not the suffragettes who'd be proud of me," thought Louisa bitterly, "it's the Salvation Army. I may be the modern woman, the femme sole with all her rights, and I'm very fond of men, but it's time I looked out for myself. In fact, it's time I looked out for a rich husband, just as though I'd been born in a Victorian novel . . ."

A rhythmic tapping on the party-wall called her back inside her room. Number Ten had formed the pleasant custom of thus conveying his morning greetings—usually with the opening phrase of a Beethoven sonata. Louisa, who wasn't musical, knew this only because she'd been told, and herself customarily banged back no more than "Rule, Britannia." She did so now—POM, pom-pom-pom! — set down cream-jar on sink, and returned to her meditations.

For once, rarely, contemplating an abstract conception: the position of the independent woman in modern society. Better their lot by far, Louisa was sure of it, than that of the timid Victorian wife trembling at a husband's frown. Better their lot, again, than that of the Victorian spinster, with no other economic resource than to become a bullied governess. Louisa had a higher opinion of women than might be expected; for those committed to any vocation, a genuine, wistful regard. If it was they who'd inherited the world the suffragettes fought for, that was fine with Louisa. But considering the average run of independent, self-supporting modern women—

Here Louisa broke off to consider the case she knew best: her own. The way she, individually, supported herself was as a photographer of dogs. (Originally, of men and dogs; but the men became more of a hobby; also dogs didn't need retouching.) A native of dog-lovers hadn't let her starve; but she noticed Number Ten's yoghurt on her milk bill. She was certainly independent, she hoped intelligent; and possessed only five pairs of stockings, two laddered.

Considering the average run of independent, self-supporting modern women, Louisa honestly believed they'd all be better off with rich husbands.

"And I'm one of the average," thought Louisa.

Her eyes travelled to the row of photographs adorning her mantelshelf. As though in summary of her career, they showed about two dozen men, all broke to the world and in pride of place My Lucky of York, champion greyhound '56 to '58, the best provider Louisa'd ever struck. Besides photographing him, she backed him regularly at short but safe odds.

Or used to; My Lucky had been retired after the last season.

"I need my breakfast," thought Louisa.

She always had breakfast. With a really good dinner in prospect, Louisa frequently skipped lunch, as after a really good lunch she could carry over, on cups of tea, till next morning; but she never went without breakfast. She instinctively agreed with the essayist Hazlitt that only upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal could one muster courage to face the day. She now turned on a tap, filled a kettle, lit a gas ring, laid the table, and reached down a coffee-tin, all without moving her feet. Such are the advantages, to the long-armed, of kitchenette-dinette.

Louisa's domain offered several other advantages: it was actually a divan-bedroom-bathroom-kitchenette-dinette. Except in very cold weather, fumes from the penultimate area warmed all dependencies. There was

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lap that let down over the bath, very convenient for roning or making pastry on, and plenty of room, in he bottom of the hanging-cupboard, for such essential tores as shoe-polish and sardines.

Some tenants found it a nuisance to be perpetually carrying down paper-bags of tea-leaves, potato peelings, and other organic matter besides, to be deposited n one of the communal dustbins by the area steps; but such was the "genre de la maison" and by a civilised onvention they never recognised each other when o engaged, particularly if on the way out in evening dress. Louisa didn't mind in the least, and it was nly because she'd temporarily run out of paper-bags hat her sink-basket now overflowed—and smelt a bit.

The table itself was gay with brightly striped oilloth, china of several patterns, and paper napkins dvertising cider. It was also, comparatively speaking, aden: marmalade and margarine elbowed a whole ntouched loaf (the sustaining rye variety, with poppyeeds on top), and there was even a half-slice of toast eft over from the day before, which Louisa inended to tidy up first. The cream was merely an xtra.

"What am I doing with cream, anyway?" thought Louisa. "I can't afford it, it was sheer greed . . ."

By a fortunate coincidence, however, she had promised to look in that afternoon on a producer of offeat plays recovering from bronchitis. She took just ne spoonful, neat, and set the jar on the windowedge outside to keep cool for Hugo.

The kettle boiling, she made her coffee and sat down. Iow good the bread and marmalade—marmalade asking the flavor of margarine—how good the taste f coffee.

"You know what?" Louisa addressed the absent ilkman. "I'm actually on velvet."

She chewed with conscious deliberation, making ach mouthful last as long as possible; was careful ot to lose any of the poppy-seeds. There was no

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Louisa gazed reflectively at the row of photographs. Of the lot, the dog had been the best provider.

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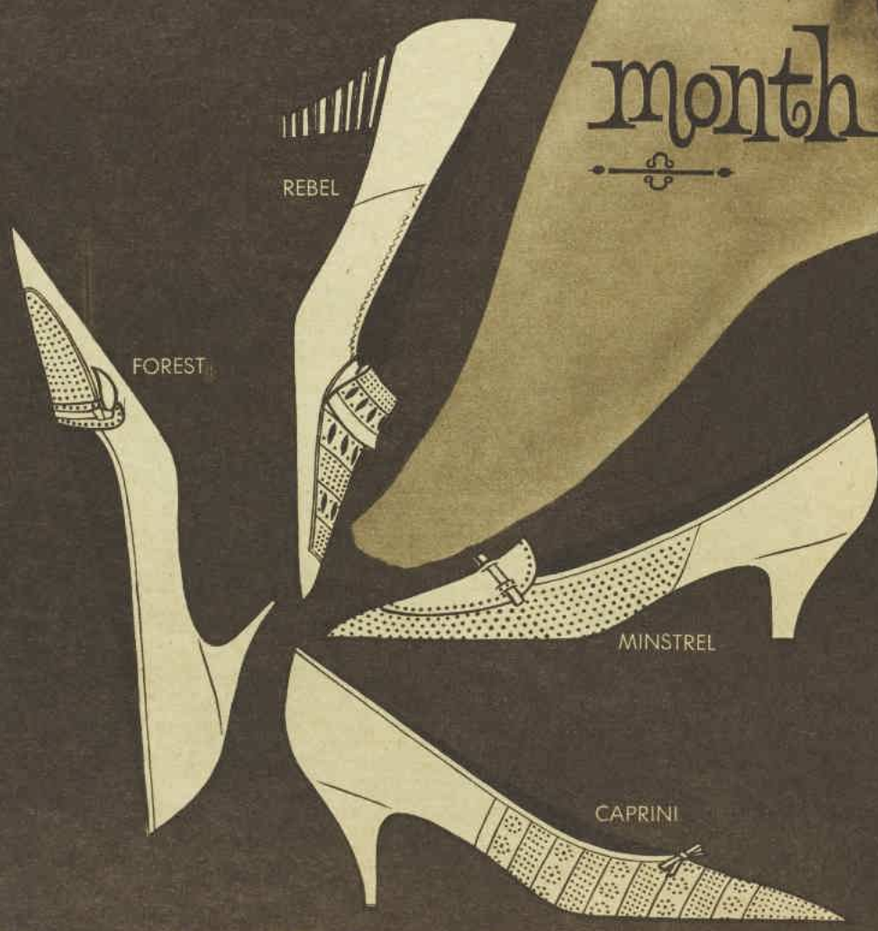

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Her biggest joy in life was to have some thirty or forty people to dinner....

THE PRESENTS

MRS. JAMES BROWN was well off and well known. Her husband, a kindly man, had held some important posts in the diplomatic service. When he died he left his wife a considerable private fortune and a well-established entry into the social world. Her friends were all somebodies, and it mattered little whether they were sweet and gentle or sour and bitter with tongues as sharp as knives, so long as they had wealth and position. Of course, Mrs. James Brown was elegant, kind, and charitable herself, not at all like some of her friends.

Gay and charming, she was the life of any party. Always in demand, and always ready to entertain, her biggest joy in life was to have some thirty or forty people to dinner.

She was a wonderful hostess—on these occasions all the preparations and food were organised by a well-selected team of servants, so that she could see to it that her guests had her whole attention. No one was ever left alone, and no groups were allowed to remain unbroken for long, however engrossed they might be in any particular discussion.

I have said that Mrs. James Brown was a kindly soul, and you can see that even in her parties this characteristic was well to the fore. She even used to explain that all her dinners were given to help someone—a budding artist, a musician who had to be introduced to the right people, or a young couple just arrived from abroad who didn't know anyone. So you see these evenings weren't just to give her pleasure.

Being a widow, Mrs. James Brown had a lot of time on her hands, but she didn't waste it by playing bridge or canasta. No, she took up charitable work, and very good at it she was. In fact, she was in great demand—was on many committees and had been asked to be on many more.

She was very generous, too, and gave away large sums anonymously. Naturally, she was much loved for her work, and since her appearance on any new charity was always followed by a large donation, she was much sought after.

It wasn't only in outside organisations that she was charitable, either. She was much too unselfish for that. So you will not be surprised to hear that she always had some poor unfortunate female under wing. There was a never-ending stream of these people, and it is very pleasant to be able to record how Christian Mrs. James Brown was in taking them in, just as if they had been her own daughters.

So much so that in gratitude the lovelorn girl or elderly penniless widow would look after her as if she had been the female's own mother. When they insisted on doing the cooking or the housework, Mrs. James Brown again showed how understanding she was, and instead of hiring her own domestic staff allowed them to do it—so they would not be hurt, as this was the only way they could repay her kindness.

I admire her for this; so many other people would not have had the sensitivity to realise that it is kinder to accept a gift than to refuse.

When I tell you that Mrs. James Brown never went to a concert, theatre, or restaurant except to take some less fortunate person than herself who could not otherwise have afforded it, I think you will understand that Mrs. James Brown never thought of herself or of her own pleasure, and was a very unselfish and wonderful person.

It is therefore quite incomprehensible how ungrateful and opposite in character her son became. But you must judge this for yourself.

He was in his thirties, married, and had three children. He had been brought up as an only child, volunteered into the Army at the outbreak of war, where he served efficiently and loyally but without particular distinction. On his demobilisation he could find no better job than secretarial work involving a certain amount of accounting.

Not brilliant, not ambitious, but steady, he settled firmly into the rut he had made for himself, contented with a small salary to which certain increments were added periodically on a time basis. He never considered making any attempt to gain a higher position in the firm for which he worked. They, in turn, were happy to have such a competent and passive employee.

He married as soon as he had saved £300. His wife, as unambitious as he, was a homely soul—her only wishes were to have children, and be unpretentious, and have a loving husband.

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BY DERRY LEMAIRE

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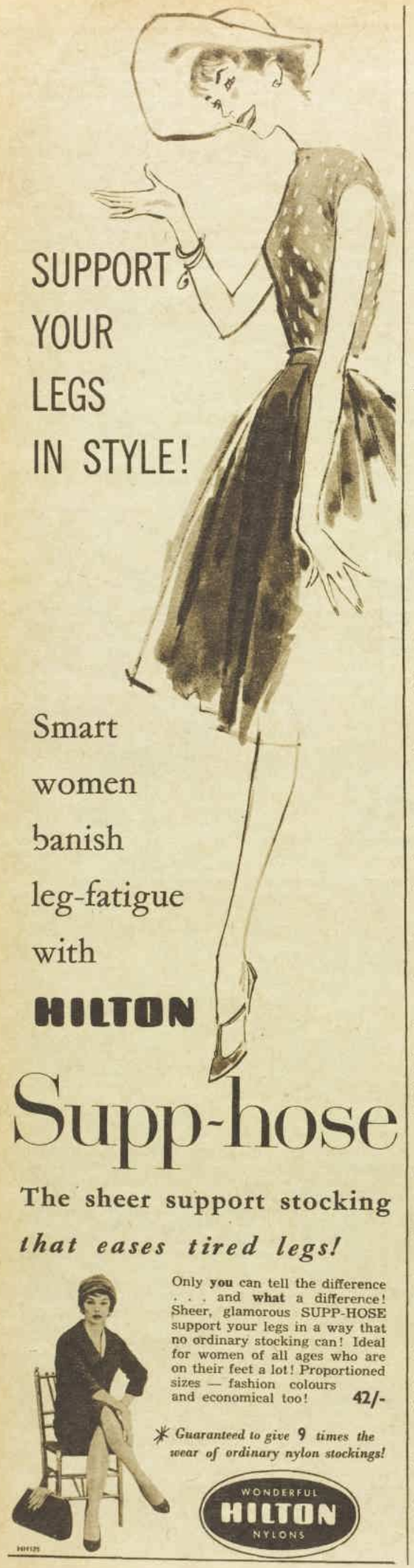

ONE LAZY DAY

Alison sat up in bed and listened uneasily to the noise downstairs.

A short short story

By Rosemary Alexander

GRANNY sowed the seeds of that memorable day, though family loyalty prevented her from hearing about subsequent developments. She was having tea with the Viners, and Alison had just that moment gone out to the kitchen for more hot water.

"How weary your mother looks!" Granny exclaimed, with a glare that reduced her granddaughters to the level of juvenile delinquents.

During the rest of the meal Jenny and Judy studied their mother surreptitiously. Was she, in fact, an overworked drudge sacrificed on the altar of their comfort?

Oppressed by this hideous idea, they meekly cleared the table. Granny beamed approval.

Later that evening Judy asked: "What would you like most in the world, Mother?"

"A week in bed," Alison answered promptly.

The girls exchanged glances. "I'm not sure about a week," Judy said. "But you can spend a whole day in bed."

"Tomorrow," added Jenny. "We'll do all the housework and cooking while you have a rest."

"But, darlings, I couldn't," stammered Alison, disconcerted at having her wish granted.

"Let them have a shot," their father chipped in. "They ought to be able to manage. It's Saturday. I'll be around to lend a hand."

Eager as setters, they waited for her decision. One completely lazy day. It was very tempting.

"If you think you could cope . . ."

"Of course we could. Promise you won't do a single thing to help. Promise you'll stay in bed whatever happens."

So, blissfully ignorant of all it might entail, she promised.

Next morning, soon after seven, furtive steps creaked downstairs. Alison yawned luxuriously and snuggled in bed.

Next time Alison woke, the clock indicated eight-thirty, and a sense of impending danger pervaded the air. Even making allowances for inexperience, the girls should have produced a cup of tea in an hour and a half. Had they electrocuted themselves? Unable to bear the suspense, she shook Ken's shoulder. "Do you suppose the girls are all right?"

"Why shouldn't they be all right?" he mumbled drowsily.

"I don't know. And can't you smell burning?"

That produced his finest no-panic manner. "Stay where you are, dear. I'll just go and investigate."

Bare feet slapped the linoleum, descended the stairs, and roughly twenty seconds later the calm was shattered by a reverberating crash. Alison leapt out of bed, thought of her promise, and reluctantly crawled back in again.

She strove to regain her tranquillity, but found it as difficult as trying to relax at a picnic on the slopes of Vesuvius. Almost an hour later Jenny deposited a slightly sticky tray on the eiderdown and triumphantly announced: "Breakfast, Mother. The second we've cooked. Daddy upset the first."

"Was anything broken?" murmured Alison.

"Not much. Just a cup and saucer and a couple of plates."

Alison stifled a groan, undeceived by the casual assurance. The sixth sense so highly developed in mothers warned her the best tea-service was now minus several irreplaceable pieces. Still, she did not want to cast a blight by criticisms when the tray, wobbling on her knees, had been prepared by loving hands. The toast, shrivelled into crisp curls, disintegrated at a touch, but the egg could have served as a missile.

Later she managed to doze for at least two minutes. Then a solicitous young voice breathed: "Are you comfy, Mother? Don't wake up. I'm just dusting your room. Oh, gosh!"

Deftly, the bedside lamp was caught before it reached the floor. Unfortunately, in the excitement, Judy's fingers went through the parchment shade.

Pillows were being energetically pummelled, windows flung wide, and a health-giving hurricane roared across the bed.

"Now you can go back to sleep," said Judy kindly. The door crashed behind her. Silence descended — silence more sinister than identifiable noise.

Towards the end of some sports commentaries that might have been in Hebrew, for all the impression they left, Jenny appeared with a watery salad lunch.

"What's been going on downstairs?" Alison inquired brightly.

"Oh, everything's fine." The downcast eyes, the evasive tone spoke volumes.

"I—I thought I heard some sort of commotion."

"Oh, that! Jenny upset the ink-bottle."

"Has it ruined the sitting-room carpet?" Carefully, she kept all trace of emotion from the query.

"Oh, no! There's hardly a mark, except for a blob in the middle of the hearthrug."

"I'd better come down," she suggested, but an anguished expression contorted Judy's features.

"No, Mother. Daddy's got everything under control. He's washing it now."

"But it weighs a ton," she groaned.

Judy brightened. "Yes. We discovered that when we put it in it the washing-machine. The works got jammed, so we're going to try it in the bath."

Alison listened to the ensuing hullabaloo, the lively conversation. "Are the colors starting to run?"

"Oh, golly, they are!"

"How on earth will it dry, Daddy?"

"Take it out in the garden."

"Why not hung it in the airing cupboard?"

"Because we can't wring the darned thing out. It'd flood the bathroom."

"What'll we do, then?"

"Chuck it out of the window . . ."

"No, no!" protested Alison, roused from her apathy. But a flat splosh from the garden told her it was too late to interfere.

"Oh, Daddy, it's fallen slap on your tulips. Crushed the lot. And we might just as well not have washed it. Now there's mud all over one side."

"Never mind. It'll brush off when it's dry. Here, grab the end."

Alison saw the inevitable sequence. "Don't hang it over the line," she called. But the warning came too late.

"Heave, ho!" yelled an enthusiastic voice, and her precious rug sank in a sodden mass on the rockery.

No desert wanderer sighting an oasis could have been more relieved than Alison when it was nearly five o'clock.

At precisely five o'clock Jenny began to make tea; at a minute past she cut the first, paper-thin, slice of bread; at two minutes past five the knife slipped, with disastrous consequences.

"It's all right, Mother," Judy insisted a few minutes later when she reported to her mother after Ken had hurried Jenny off to hospital for a stitch in the deep cut in her finger. "Just lie quietly in bed and I will bring your tea."

But Alison had lost her taste for a leisured existence. When they got home she had restored some semblance of order. The bloodstains were wiped from the sink, the rug draped round the boiler, and a hot supper simmered in the oven.

"Do you feel better for the rest?" asked Jenny as they crowded round the table.

"Did you enjoy your lazy day?" Judy asked anxiously.

Alison looked at the glowing faces, agog for her answer. What they had tried to express was so much more important than actual events. So important that the memory of her ordeal became insignificant.

"It was wonderful," she said with complete sincerity. "If Jenny hadn't cut her hand, I'd say it had been a simply lovely day."

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Continuing . . .

THE PRESENTS

from page 37

She had £3000, with which they immediately bought a house, mortgaged it to the greatest extent possible, and started their married life comfortably settled, but with all their income budgeted to the nearest penny.

Mrs. James Brown immediately took to her daughter-in-law, and the relationship could not have been better, anyway, to begin with. She helped them quite a bit, and every now and then, at Christmas or on a birthday, would give them a cheque for £200, for which they were very grateful, particularly at this time no salary increments had yet been received.

So good was the relationship, that it was seldom that Peter and Mary gave a dinner for any of their friends without also inviting Peter's mother. The three were, in fact, seldom seen apart, and there was never a decision made by the young couple which had not been influenced by Mrs. James Brown.

SHE, of course, insisted on the young people deciding for themselves, and wouldn't thrust herself in on their affairs — but, being an older and more experienced person, it was only right for her to put in a little suggestion here or a "well, it's none of my business, but if it was me . . ."

The result was perfection — the house, the interior decorating, the shrubs in the garden — even the gramophone records and Mary's dresses — were all the result of Mrs. James Brown's impeccable taste.

When young Margaret was born there was great rejoicing all round — and no grandmother could have been happier. In her eyes no baby had ever been as beautiful, as sound in health, or as good as her son's child.

Her visits increased, and she would put off all kinds of important engagements in order that she might sit in if Peter and Mary were going out. It did not matter how much Peter insisted that they could go out another night instead, Mrs. James Brown always put herself out for them.

She was most helpful, too, in bringing up the child, explaining with great patience exactly where Mary was going wrong. There were gentle little arguments about feeding and about clothes to be worn . . . sleeping hours, and the need to let the baby cry, and never to pick her up . . .

About this time Mrs. James Brown felt that she could best help the young family by buying clothes for young Margaret, and her annual £200 cheque was accordingly reduced to £150, and the child was given the best in baby wear to the amount of £50.

I believe that this was the starting point of all the trouble that followed. Peter and Mary didn't seem to appreciate the beautiful clothes that were being given to Margaret. They even insisted that they were a waste of money, as they were so good that the child only wore them once or twice a year, and that they could have put the £50 to much better use in paying off the washing machine (it had been bought on hire purchase chiefly to cope with the nappies). A most ungrateful attitude, you will agree, considering the very generous gift which was being made.

When young John was born Mrs. James Brown quite rightly felt she could reduce the cheque to £100, and bought clothes for him, too. A year later, at the birth of Tony, she reduced it to £50. Most ungraciously Mary made the suggestion that Mrs. James Brown's presents of clothes were quite unsuitable, and that she would like to choose them herself to an equivalent amount.

There were also some quite unwarranted arguments about the way to bring up children, at which Mary virtually told her mother-in-law that, right or wrong, she intended to bring her children up her way, and in this she was most unfairly supported by Peter.

Mrs. James Brown was quite naturally very hurt, but in her generous way gradually gave in, and, to show that she had no resentment, made a magnificent gesture. The following Christmas she presented Peter with a present of a small car, and knowing that if they had been given the money in lieu of Christmas it would have been spent on such unpleasurable things as paying the rates, grocery bills, kindergarten fees, and so on, added the proviso that the gift was made on condition that it was not resold.

Peter and Mary now showed their true feelings. Instead of being grateful, as any normal person would have been, they expressed deep resentment at the gift. There were some foolish reasons given, such as the difficulty of paying for the car's registration and insurance and upkeep; and something about it being better to have put the money spent on the car into a policy to pay for school fees.

Altogether a very unpleasant situation arose, and Mrs. James Brown was no longer invited to join in the activities of the young couple. When it came to buying some new curtains for the house, she didn't even know they had been bought until three weeks after they had been hung.

I know about it, because Mrs. James Brown had let it slip to me in the course of a general conversation about the lack of taste in the younger generation—she didn't mention any names, of course, but I knew she couldn't mean anyone else.

WELL, the young people became so impossibly selfish that by the time Margaret was six, Mrs. James Brown was forced into the decision that she had better not be so generous any more. However, she continued to give them presents, not so that her friends would realise that any estrangement was of her making, and that she was above any pettiness, but because, after all, it was the right thing for a mother to do, and Mrs. James Brown, as you know, was above reproach and very correct.

So now she always made a point of asking Mary exactly what she wanted for the children and allowed her to spend £25 as she wanted, and always gave Peter a cheque for a similar sum.

Funnily enough, Mary and Peter suddenly seemed to change their attitude towards Mrs. James Brown. In the course of the next year their relationships were back to normal and almost as good as in the first few years of their marriage.

So good, in fact, that Mrs. James Brown decided to forgive them for all past misunderstandings; and this shows how kind and open-hearted she really was—she gave them a Rolls-Royce for Christmas.

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TEN MENUS FOR—

THE MODERN HOSTESS

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,** Our Food and Cookery Expert

● This eight-page cookbook features alternate menus with recipes for five of the many occasions upon which the housewife plays the double role of cook-cum-hostess.

GOURMET DINNER

MENUS

In Summer

Fruit juice frappe.
Lobster Xavier.
Chicken saute with onion rings.
Bombe Alaska.
Coffee.

In Winter

Avocado appetiser.
Fillets of whiting bonne femme.
Duck a l'orange.
Green peas. Potatoes Parisienne.
Strawberry tortoni.
Coffee.

WHAT THE HOSTESS SHOULD KNOW

- Fruit juice frappe is spoiled by over-freezing; it should be just mushy, and eaten immediately after serving.
- Lobster Xavier can be partly prepared in advance. At the last minute reheat sauce, add egg-yolk, pour over lobster in shell and finish as directed.
- If tender young chicken is not available for the chicken saute, steam a whole chicken until almost tender before disjointing.
- Tiny macaroons are available in packages, or they can be bought by the dozen.

THESE gourmet recipes are not elaborate. They rely for success on careful attention to detail in the preparation and cooking of good quality ingredients. Quantities are sufficient to serve six.

FRUIT JUICE FRAPPE

Two teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups water, pinch salt, 1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, mint sprigs.

Mix fruit rinds with sugar, salt and water. Stir until sugar is dissolved, boil 5 minutes. Add orange and lemon juices. When cold pour into refrigerator trays, freeze to mush. Serve in stemmed glasses topped with mint sprig.

LOBSTER XAVIER

Two small lobsters, 2oz. butter, 2oz. small mushrooms, ½pt. cream, 1 scant teaspoon mixed mustard, salt, pepper, 1 egg-yolk.

Remove all flesh from claws and bodies of lobsters, cut into ½in. dice. Heat butter in pan, add peeled, sliced mushrooms, saute 1 minute. Add lobster meat, season with salt, pepper, toss lightly to mix. Add cream and mustard, simmer 5 minutes. Spoon lobster meat into lobster shells, add egg-yolk to sauce, pour over lobster meat. Place under hot griller for few minutes, serve at once.

CHICKEN SAUTE WITH ONION RINGS

Two tender young chickens, each about 2½lb., salt, pepper, ½ lemon, ½lb. good shortening, 3 medium onions, parsley-potato balls.

Disjoint prepared chickens, season with salt, pepper, rub skin with cut lemon. Melt shortening in large pan. When hot and bubbly, but not brown, add chicken pieces and brown them quickly on both sides, taking 10 to 12 minutes. Add onions, sliced into rings, cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring lightly several times. Cover pan, continue cooking about ¾ hour, or until chicken is tender when tested with fork. Transfer to heated platter, spoon pan juice over and garnish with potato balls rolled in parsley. (See Potatoes Parisienne in winter menu.)

BOMBE ALASKA

Three egg-whites, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 9in. square or circle of sponge cake about 1in. thick, sherry, 1 block hard-frozen ice-cream, coarsely chopped walnuts.

Prepare meringue first. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, continue beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture holds its shape; fold in flavoring. Place cake on bread-board covered with grease-proof paper. Sprinkle cake with sherry. Place ice-cream on top so cake extends ½in. all round beyond ice-cream. Cake needs to be trimmed to suit shape of ice-cream. Cover entire surface of ice-cream and cake with thick layer of meringue, drawing meringue well down on to paper-covered board all round to make completely airtight. Sprinkle top with chopped walnuts. Place in very hot oven just long enough to tint meringue light brown. Serve at once.

Note: Board, paper, cake, and meringue are poor conductors of heat and so prevent ice-cream melting, but it is essential that the ice-cream be hard-frozen at the start.

Continued on page 43

● All spoon measurements are level and the eight liquid ounce measuring cup is used in all recipes in this cookbook.

***LOBSTER XAVIER** and strawberry tortoni are just two of the taste-treats to be found in the recipes from the gourmet dinner section on this page. Recipes are planned to serve 6.*

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***DUCK A L'ORANGE** is the main feature of the winter menu in the gourmet dinner section of this cookbook. The recipe for this dish is given below.*

GOURMET DINNER

From page 41

Here are the recipes for the winter menu:

AVOCADO APPETISER

Three avocados, lettuce leaves, 1 cup vinaigrette dressing.

Select avocados which are soft and evenly green all over. Cut unpeeled avocados in halves, remove large stone. Cut thin sliver from each half so it stands evenly. Place each half on lettuce leaves on individual serving-dish. Fill centre cavity with prepared vinaigrette dressing, serve with small spoon at side.

Vinaigrette dressing: To ¾ cup French dressing add 1 teaspoon each finely chopped green olives, capers, chives, parsley, gherkins, and 1 finely chopped or mashed hard-boiled egg-yolk.

French dressing: ½ cup vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ cup olive oil, mixed and shaken well together.

FILLETS OF WHITING BONNE FEMME

Six fillets whiting, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons finely minced shallot, 2oz. finely chopped, peeled mushrooms, ¾ cup fish stock (made from bones and heads if available), ½ cup dry white wine, 1 bay leaf, 3 or 4 sprigs parsley, 1 sprig thyme, extra 2 or 3 tiny mushrooms, extra butter and some white roux (i.e., equal parts butter and flour blended smoothly together).

Wash fillets well, dry on absorbent paper or clean cloth. Dust both sides with salt and pepper, rub in well. Place in generously greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle with shallots, mushrooms, cover with fish stock and white wine mixed together. Add bay leaf, parsley, thyme. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven for 10 minutes after liquid comes to simmering point. Lift fillets carefully on to heated serving-platter, top with extra mushrooms cooked in butter. Cover, keep hot. Strain cooking liquid into small saucepan, cook quickly until reduced to 1 scant cup. Add extra ½ cup white wine, bring to boil, thicken with white roux to consistency of medium thick cream. Pour over fillets, serve at once.

DUCK A L'ORANGE

One 4lb. to 5lb. duckling, salt, pepper, 2oz. good shortening, dry white wine, ½ wineglass cognac, juice 2 oranges, thinly sliced peel of 2 oranges, orange wedges, cress.

Wipe duckling with damp cloth. Truss, rub surface with salt and pepper. Place in baking dish with shortening, roast quickly in hot oven for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking for 1½ to 1¾ hours, basting several times with white wine. While duckling is cooking, cut thinly sliced peel of 2 oranges into very thin strips. Drop into boiling water for 2 minutes, drain, dry on absorbent paper or clean cloth. About 20 to 30 minutes before cooking time is completed, remove duck from dish, skim fat off sauce. Return duck to dish, add cognac and flambe by setting cognac alight. Just before serving add orange juice to sauce, simmer 10 minutes. Carve duckling and arrange on heated platter, pour sauce over, sprinkle with strips of orange peel. Garnish platter with orange wedges, cress.

PEAS A LA FRANCAISE

Two pounds young peas, 1 lettuce heart, 12 button onions, salt, pepper, 1oz. butter.

Shell and wash peas; wash lettuce, shred finely. Peel and wash onions. Place shredded lettuce in pan, add peas and onions. Barely cover with water, season with salt. Simmer until all liquid has evaporated and onions are tender. Add butter and pepper, shake gently until butter is melted, serve.

POTATOES PARISIENNE

Three cups potato balls (made with melon baller), 3 dessertspoons good shortening; 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons chopped parsley.

Stand potato balls 1 hour in cold water. Drain, dry on absorbent paper or clean cloth. Place in heated shortening in heavy pan, cover and cook gently 30 to 40 minutes, shaking pan occasionally to cook evenly. Just before serving add salt and parsley, toss lightly to mix.

STRAWBERRY TORTONI

Quarter pint cream, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg-white, 2oz. crushed macaroons, ½lb. strawberries.

Whip cream lightly, add sugar. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and ¾ of the crushed macaroons. Divide mixture between 6 small sweets dishes. Sprinkle with balance of crushed macaroons, top with a layer of strawberries.

Continued overleaf

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HOSTESS COOK BOOK

FORMAL D

MODERN TABLEWARE sets off dishes selected from menus below. They are pineapple-mint cocktail, Mexican chicken, melon glace meringue, apple cheese savory plate, and coffee.

TWO

HERE are the recipes for the summer dinner for two shown at right.

GRAPEFRUIT SUPREME

One large or 2 medium grapefruit, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dozen large grapes, maraschino cherries.

Peel grapefruit, remove white pith, divide into segments. Skin each segment, cut into small pieces. Place in bowl, sprinkle with sugar, place in refrigerator to chill. Just before serving time divide between 2 stemmed glasses, top each with peeled, halved grapes and maraschino cherry.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

One dozen oysters, 1½ dessertspoons butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped shallot, 3 dessertspoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ¾ cup milk, 2 tablespoons tomato juice, ¾ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, lemon, parsley, extra butter.

Grease 2 large scallop shells, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Melt butter, add shallot, saute 2 or 3 minutes. Add flour, salt, and pepper, cook 1 minute. Add milk, stir until boiling. Cool slightly, add tomato juice. Beard oysters, place half in each shell, add layer of breadcrumbs. Pour sauce over, top with remainder of crumbs mixed with cheese. Dot with extra butter. Bake in moderate oven until bubbly and brown on top. Serve garnished with lemon and parsley.

FILET MIGNON

Two pieces fillet steak cut about 1in. thick, 2 large mushrooms, melted butter, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1oz. chopped ham, ½ teaspoon grated onion, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, little beaten egg-yolk.

Wipe steak with damp cloth. Mix breadcrumbs, cheese, ham, onion, and parsley. Bind with beaten egg-yolk. Fill into mushrooms (washed and stems removed). Brush all over with melted butter. Bake on greased sandwich-tin in moderate oven until tender. Grill steak 10 to 15 minutes, according to thickness of steak and preference. Turn frequently. Serve each portion of steak topped with a stuffed mushroom.

BAKED TOMATO HALVES

Wash and dry 2 firm tomatoes. Cut in halves crosswise, place cut side up on greased oven-tray. Spread with thin layer of crushed garlic, salt and pepper, sprinkle with melted butter. Bake in moderate oven approximately 10 minutes. Sprinkle chopped parsley on top of each before serving.

Note: Stuffed mushrooms, scalloped oysters, and baked tomatoes are cooked in oven at same time.

BUTTERED PEAS

One cup shelled peas, ½ cup warm water, ½ teaspoon salt, sprig of mint, 1 teaspoon butter, pepper.

Place washed peas in small saucepan with warm water, salt, mint, and butter. Cover, simmer gently until water is evaporated and peas are tender. Add dash of pepper and extra nut of butter. Shake over low heat until butter melts.

SOUFFLE POTATOES

Thinly peel 2 medium-sized starchy potatoes. Cut into thin, even, crosswise slices less than ⅛in. thick. Soak 15 minutes in iced water, dry thoroughly. Drop into hot fat, cook 3 or 4 minutes, then transfer quickly into deep, very hot fat. Potato slices should then puff up. Drain on kitchen paper, dust with salt and pepper.

MELON GLACE MERINGUE

One medium-sized cantaloupe, ¼ cup sherry, ice-cream, 2 egg-whites, ½ cup icing sugar.

Cut melon in halves, remove seeds. Scoop out flesh with melon-baller, clean out shell. Soak melon balls in sherry 2 hours. Fill shells half-full with soaked melon balls. Prepare meringue: Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, and continue beating until very thick and sugar is dissolved. Cover each serving of melon with generous scoop of hard-frozen ice-cream. Cover entire surface with meringue, bring it right to edge of shell. Pack prepared melons firmly in deep tin of crushed ice, and brown meringue lightly and quickly in hot oven for 2 or 3 minutes. Serve immediately.

Note: When melons are out of season use papaw or fruit salad and serve in ovenproof dishes.

Continued overleaf

MENUS

In Summer	In Winter
Grapefruit supreme	Pineapple-mint cocktail
Scalloped oysters	Prawns Louisiana
Filet mignon	Mexican chicken
Buttered peas	Cream cheese pancakes with cherry sauce
Souffle potatoes	Apple cheese savory plate
Baked tomato halves	Coffee
Melon glace meringue	
Coffee	

WHAT THE HOSTESS SHOULD KNOW

- Tinned crabmeat, tuna, or chopped, shelled prawns can be used to make scalloped seafood for the summer menu if oysters are not available.
- If mushrooms of suitable shape for stuffing are not obtainable, saute 3 or 4 large flat mushrooms in a little butter, place in a small shallow ovenware dish, and top with the breadcrumb mixture. Bake as directed, and serve a spoonful on top of each piece of steak.
- Quick-frozen peas are a boon. No preparation and very little cooking are necessary, and you can depend on both color and quality.
- When making melon glace meringue be sure the ice-cream is hard-frozen, and do not leave in oven more than 2 or 3 minutes.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 2, 1960

Teenagers' WEEKLY

TEENAGERS IN SMASH-HIT—pages 6, 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Child endowment injustice

WHY does the Government withdraw child endowment when children reach 16, the age when many of us are continuing our secondary education? Even if tuition is free, there are still many expenses such as school uniforms and text-books. High-school children should be given the endowment until they are 18. Free milk should be continued in high schools too. — *"Teen Scholar," Brisbane.*

Holidays for all

HOW about following America's plan and having summer camps for schoolchildren in Australia? It would be a great boon for mothers, and the children would meet new friends and participate in different sports.—*Jean Gordon, Bexley, N.S.W.*

Territory teen

MY home is at a gold mine, ten miles out of Tennant Creek, which is almost in the centre of the Northern Territory. As I work five days a week in the office here and go out most of the weekend and spare nights, I don't have time to get bored. In between dances, parties, attending the Church club, and watching or playing sports such as soccer, basketball, tennis, go-kart racing, and swimming (we have a pool at the mine) I go sailing with my father on the Attack Creek, 40 miles north, or the Caramen waterhole, which is a bit closer. It is great fun sailing round and sometimes it's hard to imagine that we are really Territorians — *J. H. Turner, Tennant Creek, N.T.*

Tit for tat

IF boys persist in writing nasty comments about the changing shades in some girl's hair, the girls will continue to criticise the amount of goo—which looks like a combination of axle grease and sump oil—that boys pile on their hair. I pity the barbers of some of these boys. Fancy having to wade through all that mess before reaching the "genuine article." — *"Protesting Female," Bankstown, N.S.W.*

Privacy, please

ALTHOUGH I am nearly 14, my mother insists on opening my letters for curiosity's sake only. If she doesn't open a letter before I arrive home, as soon as I do open it, even if it is personal, I am made to show it to Mum and Dad. I don't think it's fair. — *"Resentful," Newcastle, N.S.W.*

Turkey twin

I HAVE always been a great though amateur fan of heavy eyeshadow, much to my mother's disgust and the mirth of the rest of the family. While on a holiday on my uncle's farm I arrived at the table dressed to kill, and looking, as I thought, very dashing; plastered all over my eyelids was my newest blue eyeshadow. The family took it in their stride, but my uncle blinked, gaped, and then burst into a roar of laughter. He unceremoniously bundled me outside "to see my twin." There in the yard stood a large turkey which stared at me and began to "gobble-gobble-gobble" and to my horror and amazement fluttered blue eyelids at me. "That's what you look like!" spluttered everyone. Now, whenever I feel like wearing eye-shadow, I think of the blue-lidded gobbler and shamefacedly hide my "blue-horror." — *"Turkey Gobbler," Ivanhoe, Vic.*

D.J.s are a joke

SURELY this disc jockey job is overrated. They play the current records or predictions which THEY think will reach the top of the national chart. But really the popularity of records is decided by the teenagers who listen.—*John Quinlan, Mosman, N.S.W.*

Drummer girl

I AM 16 years old and would love to learn to play the drums—it would be fun and a good way to let off steam. However, my family and some of my friends think it is a big joke and say that drums are definitely a boy's instrument. I would be interested to know if there are any female drummers, because if I do learn to play I would like to be in an all-female dance band. — *"Teen-Beat," West Brunswick, Vic.*

Wise words

A GIRL should hang on to her youth, but not when he's driving. — *Jan Conley, Glen Iris, Vic.*

Stop screaming

RECENTLY I attended a teenage rock-'n-roll show, where the girls screamed until they could hardly speak. I don't know what they see in screaming. Surely they can sit down and clap. It's appreciated just as much. — *Glenys Martin, Como, N.S.W.*

Glenys Martin

Get a gun, girls

FOR five years now I have travelled as far north as Townsville and as far south as Melbourne following the different Prize and Queen's Shoots and have only met nine women shooters. Why aren't there more of us? Is it just because the .303 looks big and heavy or are you afraid that it might kick your shoulder when you fire it? It doesn't hit you if you hold it properly. Why don't you give it a try, girls? I really enjoy it and have made hundreds of friends. —*Phyllis Robertson, 20, Goondiwindi, Qld.*

Sample sizes

COULDN'T the manufacturers of lipsticks provide sample sizes priced at two or three shillings? With so many different shades we teenagers find it difficult to decide which color suits us best and cannot afford to pay 10/- to 15/- for a lipstick, only to find it unsuitable. — *Helen Giller, Kogarah Bay, N.S.W.*

Against dancing

WHY do boys fall for this dancing business? It's a game for suckers. What is the use of traipsing round the floor with a girl? I was forced to go to one social by my friends, and I shall never go again. All I saw was a lot of boys and girls skidding round and bumping into each other. Afterwards I asked the boys if they had enjoyed it. Most of them said "not much." I have opportunities to learn to dance, but I refrain because I feel self-conscious whenever I try. People tell me that I will change my mind soon; I don't think so. My older pals (aged 16, 17, 19) all think that dancing is not a good way of courting a girl. Boys should wake up to how silly they look out in the midst of a turmoil of frilly skirts, sliding on a slippery floor. — *"War Dancer," Coff's Harbour, N.S.W.*

Jenny Prindall

Beach customs

I RECENTLY arrived here from the United Kingdom. On my way to Australia I spent a month in France with a friend, and while I was at a beach one day I was requested to leave because of my brief swimsuit. In Britain you can wear what you like to the beach. I have been told that some Australian beaches are strict on the dressing of swimmers. Why aren't people allowed to wear what they like at the beach without being told to leave? — *Jenny Prindall, Seaholme, Vic.*

Fun to mix

I'M not a teenager but a parent who thinks it's pitiful the way boys and girls at dances keep on dancing with the same partners all night. I feel sorry for them. We had much more fun when I was young, dancing with EVERYBODY. — *"Ex-Debutante," Ashgrove, Qld.*

A friendly hint

AS a shop assistant, I often come into contact with New Australians who, after having been in Australia for ten years or more, bring their children to translate for them. Why don't they try to speak for themselves and in doing so make friends with Australians? —*"Friendly Aussie," Swan Hill, Vic.*

Life in the bush is hard—but wonderful

• "Would I find life in the country hard?" asked Dorothy Newton (T.W., 14/9/60). She has lived in the city all her life and longs to leave it for the country. The boys and girls from the bush think it's the only life worth living.

LIFE in the country, I can definitely say, is wonderful. I am 16 and I've lived in the country all my life and I love it. I live on my parents' dairy farm and get up at 5.30 every morning to help milk 56 cows and feed 16 small calves and two horses by hand. During the day I help around the farm, ploughing and suchlike. I go to a dance every Friday night and on weekends I go horse-riding or swimming. I also help my mother with the cooking and washing.—*"Blondie," Dayboro, Qld.*

I HAVE lived on a farm ever since I was born and I have never been bored. There is always some work and fun, ploughing in the winter, harvesting in the summer, the lambing season in early spring, and milking the cows all the year. The healthy fresh air and the good old country life is the life for me.—*P.C., Tenterden, W.A.*

GO bush! The isolation soothes the tattered soul, the roar of the flooded river is music after the droughts and dust and fires. A good slab of corned beef makes hard work easy and the people tougher than the conditions. Of course it's worth while. You learn to love the lonely miles. You save money because you don't spend it. People don't get old—they haven't time. The wood fires are warm and the brown crusted bread is sweet.—*"Want to go back," Cannon Hill, Brisbane.*

I LIVE on a sheep station in N.S.W. and I know the men on our station work extremely hard. It's difficult for a girl to obtain work in the country, unless her parents own a station or work on one. There are only a few positions for girls —a children's governess (which is probably the best position, as this allows time for a large amount of riding outside school hours and at weekends), a domestic help or a station owner's secretary. There is no demand for jillaroos. — *"A Southern Tablelander," Queanbeyan, N.S.W.*

I LIVE on a farm and get up at 6 a.m. and milk 60 cows twice a day and help to feed them. I still find plenty of time to play tennis, sew, read, help in the house and garden. I am secretary of our local Junior Farmers, which takes up a lot of time. I also find time to go to the pictures once or twice a week and go to dances. Working on a farm is certainly not easy but you do have quite a bit of spare time. — *Rita Nowland, Jerry's Plains, via Singleton, N.S.W.*

CERTAINLY life in the bush is hard, but there is none so rewarding. Droughts and floods can cause all the havoc they want, but after each bad season there comes another so rich and fruitful as to compensate more than ever for the bad times. I am never so proud as when I can say to someone, "I come from the bush!" — *Gail Hawthorne, Linville, Brisbane Valley Line, Qld.*

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20 WAYS TO KILL A ROMANCE

• Do any one of these things and your romance will start a slow puncture. Try two or three and it will fizzle out like a wet bunger. Do the lot — wow, your romance will be in R - U - I - N - S around you.

Ten for BOYS

1. Toot your car horn when you arrive to collect her—and don't get out and open her door. Let her climb in somehow. Don't think of putting the hood or windows up, let the wind muss her hairdo.

2. Take her to a party, introduce her to all your gang, get her a drink, and really look after her . . . for an hour. Then disappear and talk sport or cars with the fellas for the rest of the evening.

3. Flirt with every girl in the room. And when some of your friends start taking some notice of her, act jealous. She'll soon realise that you, only you, are allowed to be the centre of attention.

4. Insist on leaving early because you've got to go so far out of your way to drive her home. Then let her overhear you telling the hostess you'll be back to the party later.

5. Phone her at the very last minute to ask her out that night. Be surprised when she refuses. And astounded if she already has a date. Be petulant.

6. Be selfish. Cancel your picture date because you've got a splitting headache—then let slip a few days later that you sat up for hours watching television ". . . which was much better than the dopy film we were going to see."

7. Blow your trumpet loud and clear. First time you meet her parents, or any of her acquaintances, make sure they know you're the bright, white hope of your firm. Be a brash young man in a hurry.

8. Make money matter. Flash the most expensive cigarette lighter and tell her how much it cost. Talk about your rich relations, how much you spend each week on your car. Sound like Mr. Midas on the make.

9. Be bad tempered and snappy. Always lose your temper with waitresses, garage attendants, lift drivers. Demand service loudly and rudely. Be Mr. Big.

10. Be a bad sport. Moan about your sore wrist or ankle when her kid brother beats you soundly at tennis. Mutter, "I play so much cricket, I never have time for tennis—brats' game, anyway."

Ten for GIRLS

1. Namedrop. Talk about the glamor boys you've been out with. How they went to the best schools, drove rakish sports cars, and always took you to glamorous nightclubs.

2. Overdress for an informal party given by his friends. Act sooooo sophisticated and bored all evening. Yawn. Make malicious remarks about every girl in sight. Be catty.

3. Announce "I luv Bach (or Picasso)", just when they're all getting steamed up about Brubeck (or "Mad" magazine). Imply that anybody with a contrary opinion is a fool.

4. When you're introduced, nod to the hostess and the other girls and make an eye-fluttering bee-line for any or all of the boys. Be the life of the party. Insist on being the last to leave.

5. When he phones, be eager, always available and rearing to go. Laugh too much at his corny jokes and agree with every single opinion he expresses. Gush.

6. Play hard-to-get. Invent mythical dreamboats who pursue you hotly. Ask his advice about getting rid of them. Complain about the phone ringing incessantly with boys just panting to speak to you.

7. Never show any signs of affection for your parents. Treat them off-handedly in front of him. Apologise for your home in such a "bourgeois" suburb.

8. Criticise his clothes, his friends, his "attitude to life." Find a vulnerable spot and nag, nag, nag. Compare him unfavorably with anyone else's boyfriend.

9. Act emotional. Burst into tears. Weep and say, "You don't really love me. Why should you? I'm ugly and awful." Or be possessive. Start talking about spring weddings and admiring engagement rings.

10. Be cynical and tough. Bristle with independence. Be a tough cookie in a tough world. Ask the price of everything. Tell him he has been robbed. Be patronising.

All this may sound a bit exaggerated — but some people behave like this most of the time, and most do a few of these things some of the time. Do you?

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ALTER YOUR SHAPE

● Dissatisfied with the shape of your face? Well, there's no need to rush off to a plastic surgeon.

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How to get glamour hairsets for 4d.

1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.

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IT'S A CRIME TO BE FAT!

By a former TWO-TON TESSIE

● My schoolmates thought it was funny. "Get on to Two-Ton Tessie, will ya." "Hiya, fattie, when are you joining a circus?" That's what I used to hear, day in, day out.

MAYBE they didn't know they nearly broke my heart every time they laughed at me. Maybe they wouldn't have cared if they did.

I was fat all right. Much too fat, but according to my parents it was just "puppy fat" that I would lose when I was a few years older.

A few years older! I couldn't stand the thought of being made continual fun of for another few years.

At times I felt so desperate I didn't know what to do. I lost my sense of humor, which was my only asset. I became bitterly resentful because my parents refused to take me seriously when I begged them to take me to a doctor.

Oh, yes, they loved me all right, and encouraged me to go out and have fun with my friends.

"It's natural"

I used to tell them I was going swimming with the other girls, but my bathing suit never got wet. I never had the courage to put it on. I couldn't face being a butt on the beach as well as at school.

I knew, of course, I wasn't the only fat girl in Australia, and there must be thousands in the same position right now — all wondering what they can do about it, or sneaking into chemists, trying to buy reducing pills which the chemists won't sell them.

I can remember how many times I tried, only to be told with a superior pat on the head: "Go away, child. You'll be all right when you lose your puppy fat. It's quite natural to be fat when you're young."

If only adults could realise what a major crime it is to be fat when you're young!

All girls like boys, but boys don't like fat girls. They're too afraid their mates might laugh at them for taking out a fat girl, no matter how much they might secretly like her for other things — an understanding nature or a sense of humor.

So the fat girls stay on the outer and the thin girls lap up all the admiration.

I'm nineteen now, engaged to be married, and nobody calls me "Fatty" any longer.

But I didn't just "grow out of it." I lost my fat the hard way.

I couldn't diet because I had to eat the same food as the rest of the family, so I bought every magazine I could find on exercising, and I started exercising.

Lost a stone

Each morning I would lock myself in the bathroom and go to work. For the first few weeks it was terrible. I ached in every bone, but I would have cut out my tongue before I'd tell my family what I was doing.

I touched my toes twenty times morning and night. I did side bends till my head could nearly reach my waist.

I stopped eating cakes and biscuits and sweets between meals, and in three months I'd lost a stone. That's when I really felt it was all worth while.

And what did my parents say? "You see, dear, we told you you'd lose your puppy fat when you grew a little older."

If they only knew the tortures I went through to get rid of that excess weight.

But, oh, the indescribable joy of being able to buy a bathing costume and walk on the beach along with all the other girls. To actually have a boy whistle at me . . . that was the ultimate!

So let me make this plea to all parents of fat children: Please listen to them if they ask for help. Being overweight is a major problem for them — so don't dismiss it as just "puppy fat."

Face the problem with them and encourage them to overcome it. And if they're seriously overweight, take them along to your doctor for his advice.

TEEN TALENT

THE story on this page is the first "Teen Talent" contribution chosen for publication.

The author is a 19-year-old Sydney girl who asked that her name be withheld because she didn't want to hurt her parents. ("They're really swell folks, but they just didn't understand.")

Next week we will publish another "Teen Talent" contribution — a short story by a Melbourne girl.

In "Teen Talent," the accent is on "talent." All contributions are welcome — but they must be of interest to teenagers, and up to publication standard.

All short stories, articles, poetry, drawings, or photographs submitted must be original and bear the full name, age, and address of the author or artist.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

Address contributions to Teen Talent, Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

BEATNIK — by Lovell Jones

"Okay, you get an audition. Maybe they'll dig your steely grey eyes and square-cut jaw."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4915254

The Twist

—it's the latest dance craze (and weight reducer)

From our New York office

● The Twist is the hottest craze in America since the hula-hoop rolled across the Pacific from Australia.

TEENAGERS are dancing it—and their middle-aged parents are doing it to reduce the tell-tale poundage about their middles.

The dance was introduced on Dick Clark's famous TV show by Chubby Checker, a bouncing 19-year-old song-and-dance boy from Philadelphia.

Within days it spread like wildfire throughout the country.

And when Chubby's disc "The Twist" hit the market, it raced to the top of the charts.

The Twist is a rhythmic, spontaneous, exuberant frolic which can be performed either solo or in pairs. In fact, any number can play.

If you haven't a copy of Chubby's recording (it's now available in Australia on H.M.V.) you can take any bouncy, four-beat number and perform The Twist to it.

Chubby Checker is really Ernie Evans, an irrepressible musician who reminds a lot of people of "Fats" Domino. In fact, that's how he got the name "Chubby Checker." Mrs. Dick Clark pinned that on Ernie as a pun on the name "Fats" Domino when she first saw him perform on her husband's show.

Chubby was a schoolmate of Fabian's in South Philadelphia High School, where they both entertained the rest of the kids in the weekly assemblies.

After school, Chubby worked in a butcher shop and entertained the customers with impromptu songs and dances. The owner of the shop, far from annoyed, induced Chubby to cut a record, "The Class," written by another young Philadelphian, Kal Mann.

This led to a long-term contract for Chubby with Parkway Records, who issued his No. 1 hit parader.

Now Chubby gets requests to do The Twist wherever he goes. As a consequence he has lost nearly a stone in weight since the dance became a national craze.

Many women's reducing salons and reducing clubs have taken up The Twist as a reducing measure. It's more fun than ordinary exercises and a lot easier than dieting.

Chubby is not only a singer and dancer of note, but a clever impersonator. On his first record, "The Class," he impersonated Elvis Presley, the Everly Brothers—and, of course, his near-namesake, "Fats" Domino.

CHUBBY CHECKER (centre) teaches singer Conway Twitty (left) and compere Dick Clark how to do The Twist before appearing on TV.

1. *Stand facing your partner. Boys and girls do same steps separately.*

2. *Slowly twist body to left, standing on your toes, knees bending.*

3. *Keep weight on left toes, knees bent, and extend both your arms.*

4. *Straighten up as you twist back to the right, still on your toes.*

5. *Bend knees again, weight on right toes as you twist to the right.*

6. *Straighten up, twirl hand above your head. Repeat till exhausted!*

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Teenagers in smash-hit

TEENAGE cast of "Birdie" gives wardrobe mistress Marilyn Putnam a never-ending job—they're always coming out at the seams. Here she measures Karin Wolfe, 16, for a re-fit while Dean Stolberg, 15, complains about a shoe that is now too small.

ROMANCE flourishes in the dressing-room. Lada Edmund, 14, who has a crush on Dean, inscribes a message of love on the cast's souvenir hatbox.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

BY BILL SAWYER

● *Sandra, employed as a model by Major Scott, one of the Top Ten designers, has all the sketches of the new collection snatched from her as she is delivering them to the Major's flat. While describing the thief to the police she remembers that the first finger of his right hand was only a stump. The Major is furious, blames his assistant Jenkins for sending a girl. He suspects Sandra, and calls a detective agency. NOW READ ON . . .*

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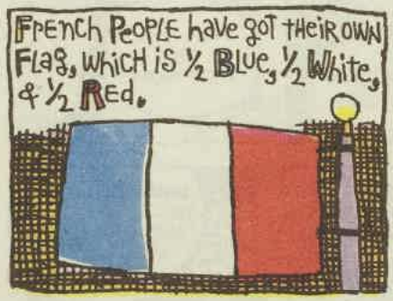
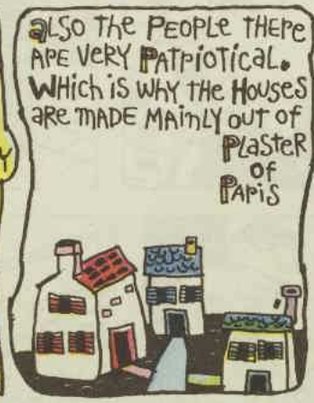
JACKY'S DIARY

by Jacky Mendelsohn Age 33½





Necks week i will tell you more about France... As soon as the Teacher learns some more & tells us.

Your Ami, Jacky.
MORE FRENCH.

TIZZY By Kate Osann

BUTCH

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4915258

● Planeteer Chris Welkin, the Sheriff, and schoolteacher Bessie McGonigle are looking for Koot, the bullet-proof monster from Rigel, who has carried off Adam Peevy, Bessie's boy-friend. Meanwhile, in the woods, where Koot has carried Adam, they are having a talk about Bessie—Adam accuses Koot of being in love with her. At this point, Bessie finds them. Adam shouts to her to run off, but Bessie stays, declaring that Koot is gentle, and that no one understands him. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

CONTINUED

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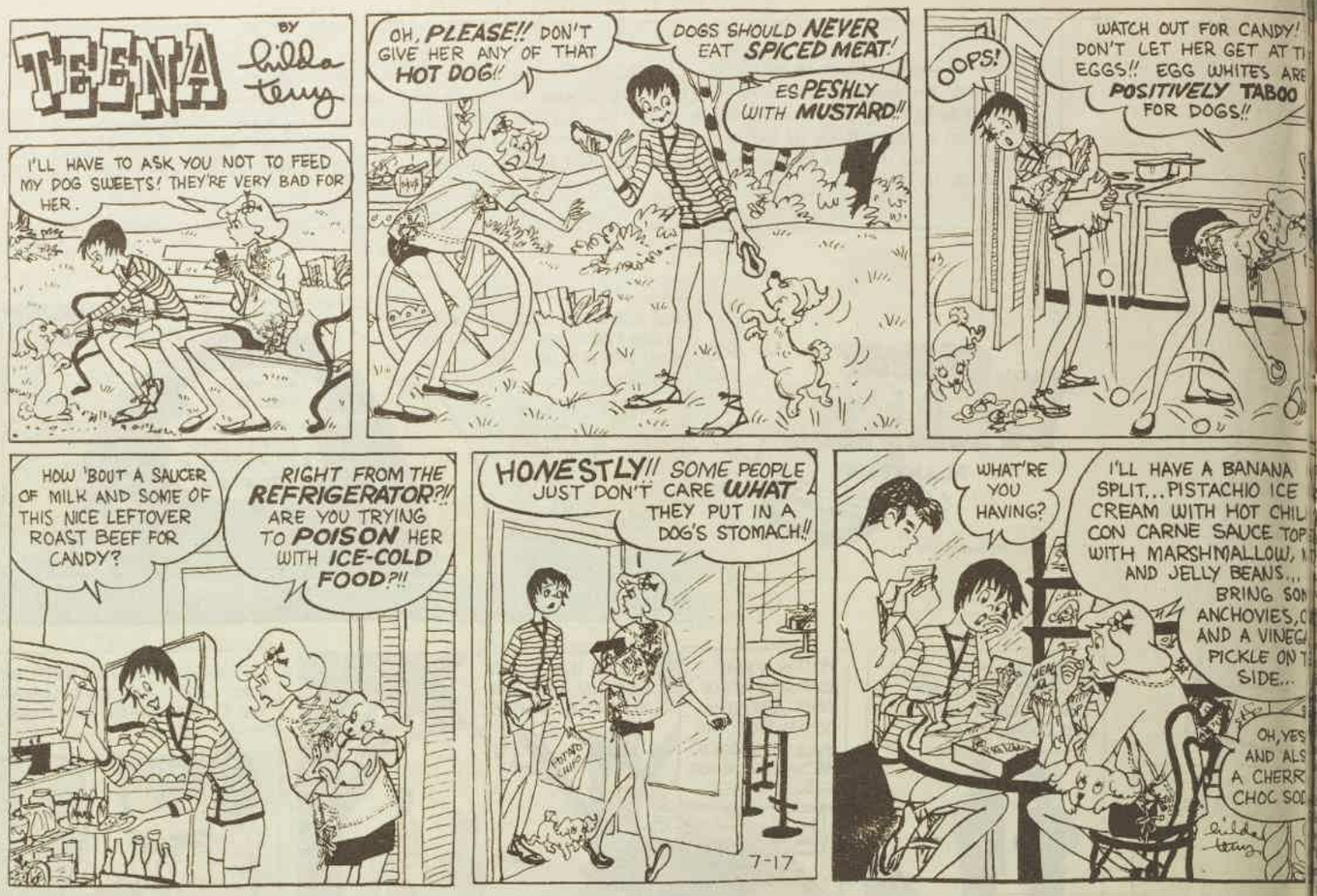

MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, on an expedition near Mt. Arat, finds the well where the feared "demon photographer" lives. In his camera he has already "imprisoned the souls" of Mandrake's companions Narda and Lothar. Mandrake climbs down the well to investigate, and at the bottom discovers a well-furnished room with the photographer poised ready to take his picture, and HIS soul. NOW READ ON . . .

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4915260

The smashingest smash on the New York stage today is "Bye Bye Birdie," a musical comedy about teenagers and a rock-'n-roll star. Most of the cast are between 11 and 19.

Story and pictures by Robert Feldman

"Bye Bye Birdie," playing to seated and standing iences in the Martin Beck Theatre, is booked solid for ıths in a season in which even Vivien Leigh flopped.

LED as a breezy original, the usical comedy is providing a board to fame for 20 genuine les of *teenus americanus* who backbone of the cast.

le of the play derives from a char- med Conrad Birdie, a rock-'n-roll ho is called up for military service companiment of enthusiastic farewells ns.

e the fact that Birdie plays a guitar, deburns, brandishes his pelvis, and vokes a hound dog, the management ow assures me that any resemblance ain ex-G.I. is entirely coincidental.

ading roles in "Birdie" are played ts, including handsome Dick Van Birdie's hot-shot manager and Chita s his secretary. The guitar-strum- l himself, whose part is relatively portrayed with a physical and moral Dick Gautier.

cookie" mood of the show is set early st act, when 17 teenagers, each occu- cubicle in what resembles a gigantic ym, exchange telephone calls in ous song, crossing wires and legs and erything but hanging by their toes nprovised phone boxes.

The stars have individual dressing-rooms, as stars always do, but the young sprouts share a large room under the stage—boys and girls together. In one corner is the sewing machine of the wardrobe mistress, Marilyn Putnam, who has become mother-confessor, confidante, and adviser to all the kids.

A dark-haired girl, slim and pretty as a pin-up, tripped gaily down the ramp, humming. When she saw Miss Putnam she slowed to a walk, assumed a tragic pose, and said: "I'm woozy and weak all over. I think it's hunger." Getting no reaction, the girl began to change into her first-act costume.

"Karin's on a diet," explained Miss Putnam. "It has been going on a whole day. She went on a picnic Sunday, and on Monday night she couldn't zipper her dress. I grabbed a tape-measure, and darned if she hadn't put on two inches—in one day."

Karin Wolfe came out and Miss Putnam asked her what she had eaten at the picnic.

"Not much," said the 16-year-old. "A quart of orange juice, three hamburgers, some cherry pie, some lemon meringue pie, then, of course, some potato chips." She hesitated. "I think the dress shrank," she said.

Like their acting colleagues in other shows, the cast of "Bye Bye Birdie" has fielded a team in the Broadway softball league. Despite an excess of youthful exuberance, the "Birdies" lost their first game—against the hardened "delinquents" of "West Side Story."

But the Birdies had a legitimate excuse. "There are only seven boys in the cast," complained the team captain, Gary Howe, "so we had to use girls to fill out the team. Boy, were they lousy!"

Most still at school

Almost all the teenagers are still at school, and most of them go to the Professional Children's School in midtown Manhattan, where their classes are adjusted to fit their working schedules. Though they attend only four hours a day, they must pass the standard examinations.

Most of them are earning more money than they ever have before (they receive the Actors' Equity minimum of 110 dollars—about £49—a week) and they take a serious attitude to their work.

This includes at least one chore not usually required of adult actors—the pre-show "warm-up." Adult singers can usually go on stage cold and belt out a song with reasonable pitch. But young voices are different. So, before each curtain, Dori Davis, the voice coach, leads the teenagers to a murky corridor in the bowels of the theatre.

When the kids get started, however, even the thick stone walls and heavy fire doors can't contain the cracked but resounding "may-ah may-ahs." The noise filters up to the theatre lobby, giving the paying customers a preview of the best songs of the show.

"It's the most unusual overture in show business," Miss Davis said.

ON OUR COVER, three little "Birdies" make up their faces for one of the ballet scenes.

***WARM-UP** is needed for youthful voices before each show. From left: Dean, Vicky Belmont, 14, Lada, Peggy Anne Green, 16, and Jessica Allbright, 18, follow the beat of vocal coach, Dori Davis (standing), as they practise below the stage.*

***DRESSING-ROOM** is shared by boys and girls, with a decorated sheet down the centre as a concession to modesty. Lee Howard, 19, and Gary Howe, 14, play "Peeping Tom" to tease Vicky, Karin, Jessica (standing), and Lada, but the girls ignore them.*

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Lonely boy

"I AM a boy of 16 doing my fifth year at high school and will be going to a job in the Public Service next year. I belong to two different youth groups of mixed membership. My problem is that I am nearly always lonely inside, even in company, and I feel I would like very much to have a girl who wanted to know me and I could talk to and confide in. Incidentally, I am quite happy at home and have many interests and also a number of boy-friends. I don't make new friends very easily and in everything I lack self-confidence and have an inferiority complex (I know this, as I have heard my mother and father discussing it on my last visit to the doctor). I have been to three school socials and two dances this year (I have never been really interested in girls before) and at these functions I was the perfect wallflower. It took me all my courage to talk to, let alone dance with, the girls. I forgot the steps (I am not a good dancer, anyway) and could not think of anything to say. I used to be a bit of a "funny man," as this, I thought, was the only way to get into things at school, and now I can't shake the reputation. I feel everyone thinks that I am just good for laughs. I don't get very much money at all, and my actual feeling when a girl looks at me is: 1, I get extremely nervous and agitated; 2, I can't think of a thing to say; 3, I can't remember a thing. The result of all this is that I either look or walk away. The only reason I wrote is that this affects me all the time and my school marks are dropping off."

"So Lonely," Vic.

It is a rare human being who is not generally "lonely inside" most of the time — at least until he meets his opposite number, marries, and settles down.

Some people never find the person who takes the "lonely inside" feeling away. They spend their life looking.

But it makes it easier to bear when you are at ease in company, and you obviously are not. Just for a start please save up your pocket-money and have some dancing lessons. The shy, sensitive person is helped by nothing so much as an expert skill, and dancing is a good one to start with. If you're a good dancer, girls will be anxious to dance with you, you will enjoy it more and be confident about asking girls to dance with you.

There is nothing worse than being shy and forcing yourself to go to things like socials and dances, unhappy about your ability to dance as well as other people.

Dancing well would overcome your talking problem to a large extent, too, because when people dance well, it's the music, not the talking, that's absorbing. Do try to save up and have dancing lessons as soon as your exams are over. Before, if you can, so you will be able to enjoy the end-of-the-year parties.

I think your main trouble is that you are only just at the start of the next phase of your life — the one where you become romantically interested in girls and want one for yourself. As it develops, you'll find girls are not so terrifying.

I don't know whether it would be a comfort to you to know, but shy girls feel exactly the same as you do about boys. They are simply dying to get them to know them better, but become so agitated when a boy takes any notice of them that, like you, they just walk off in the opposite direction or pretend not to see them.

I can't tell you really how to get over this feeling of agitation except by taking three deep breaths (this really helps), forcing yourself to keep on course, and relying on a really nice smile to get you past the obstacle.

A smile says a great deal and can do much to help anyone through life. Try it. After a bit you'll get to feel you can say something too—a stock remark like "Isn't it a wonderful day," or "Hi," and you'll find that before long your general feeling is better.

I think you sound as if you are well on to the way to a happier life with your friends and interests as long as you don't worry about it all too much. Worrying only puts things off. You just have to accept a situation and make the best of it. When you do this, you wake up one day and find that things have improved and that lonely feeling is not as bad as usual.

Oh, to be taller!

"I AM 14 and only 4ft. 11in. tall, but my measurements are 32-24-32. Is there anything I can do about this please? I am very self-conscious about it."

"Shorty," N.S.W.

Your letter puzzles me. You are well-proportioned and developed, but I suppose your problem is that like all short girls you want to be taller.

You can't do anything to make yourself grow taller, but you can look taller. To do this, do exercises and learn to stand tall, walk tall, and sit tall.

One of the best ways to get this happy state is to get a ruler, or the handle of a broom and hold it behind your back, as low down as possible. Then, bare-footed, walk round on your tiptoes for 10 minutes every morning and afternoon. It does wonders for posture.

Home "not happy"

"I AM nearly 16½, and my parents allow me to go out one night a week for three hours. I get driven there and picked up. I was recently asked to a ball and, very excited, I asked to go. I was refused and told I was too young. Please could you tell me if I'm too young and should I be allowed more freedom on weekends and not get picked up? Our home is not a happy one, as I'm an only child and would love to have a brother. My mother and father constantly tell me I'm too young to come home with a boy on my own. This is making me hate them. My girl-friends of 15 and 14 both have as much freedom as I do, and when 16 they will get more than I do now. I feel I have missed out on too much."

M.A., N.S.W.

I think your mother and father are absolutely right. You are very lucky to have parents who think enough of you to go to the trouble of teaching you how to behave and escorting you to social occasions.

I know it is difficult to believe parents are acting for your good, but parents are really sadly misunderstood.

Just imagine how they would feel if they could see that remark of yours—"our home is not a happy one" because you are an only child and would love to have a brother. Did you ever think that this superficial grief of yours may be a very real and deep one to your parents? Probably every time you carry on about wanting a brother you make them feel awful. Probably if your home is unhappy, it is largely due to you. You should work at making it happier.

I think you have sufficient freedom at your age, and I do think 16½ is too young to go to a full-scale ball. I have no doubt your parents would have a number of reasons for their refusal.

They probably thought first of all that you were too young yet to cope with such a grown-up social event and really enjoy it; they may have thought you should be a better dancer before you go to a ball; and they may have not been able at the time to stand the expense of getting you suitably dressed.

Any of these things—or all of them combined—could be the real reason why they refused you permission to go, but I'm sure you believe they refused you permission deliberately to make you miserable. It's really not fair on parents for you to think that way. They wouldn't enjoy your misery or the general turn of behaviour that has followed.

I may be being hard on you and you may not be letting it make any difference to you, but you sound a very normal girl to me, so I bet your parents are paying dearly for their refusal.

Remember that basically they are refusing for your own good, so that they can be certain in their own minds that you grow up to be a well-mannered young woman, equal to all occasions and one people will be glad to know.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

"Do you have a casual formal?"

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

IF you're looking for an idea for that summer party, why not try a ranch night?

It's very easy to arrange, and loads of fun.

First you'll need a fire for your barbecue, and a record-player with plenty of Western records.

And when you're sending out your invitations, burn the edges of the paper. A heated steel knitting needle pressed around the edges will do the trick.

Ask your guests to come dressed cowboy-style — blue jeans and checked shirt—and to add to the atmosphere the girls could plait their hair.

Add corn on the cob (and the kitchen skewers to stick it on) to the ordinary barbecue food.

And to make your party a genuine, 100 per cent. Western do, have square dancing after the food.

Square dancing is on the way back, and is loads of fun even when you're learning. You can get records complete with instructions, or books about square dancing from most libraries.

Be in it—it's simple. Start planning now for a fun-packed night in the real old-style Western way.

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Fashion tricks with . . .

BUTTONS

by Dawn James

● ***Buttons are useful for fastening things. But they can be decorative, too. If, like a lot of people, you save "spare" buttons—get them out. And work on a simple fashion sum: old buttons plus old dress equals new look.***

A — *Make a criss-cross pattern on a bell-shaped skirt with multi-colored buttons. Enclose the button-lines on each side with braid to match.*

B — *Buttons, buttons everywhere. All colors, all sizes, sewn on to a simple skirt in a (preferably) neutral shade.*

C — *Tiny buttons, matched in color and size, outline a monogram on the pocket of a simple shirt-dress.*

D — *Pocket again. This time, matching buttons in graduated sizes on ONE pocket of a gathered skirt.*

E — *Take a length (about 1yd.) of stiff petersham ribbon. Sew on matching buttons at ½in. intervals. On one side, for the fastening, leave off the button and make a buttonhole to the waist-size.*

F — *Miniature pearl buttons are massed close together for a party-time accent on collar and cuffs.*

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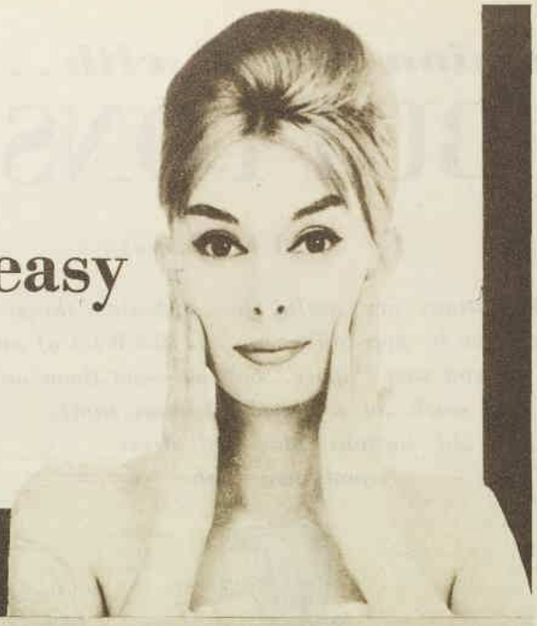
Facelift in five easy stages



By Carolyn Earle

● Strong sunshine and drying summer winds are trying to young exposed skin. But you can beat the heat and give your face a fresh lift by following this easy 5-stage beauty treatment.

Wash face and neck, cream lightly with the fingertips.

Massage in cream before starting on the next stage.

STAGE 1: Wash your face and neck thoroughly with lukewarm water and oatmeal soap. Work the lather well into the pores, rinse with clear water and pat dry. Now apply cleansing cream generously but lightly with your fingertips. Tissue off.

STAGE 2: Massage. If your cleansing cream is "liquid" and fluffy enough to be easily absorbed by the skin, use it for the massage. The right consistency is extremely important.

Massage movements are easy to learn, and once grasped will remain with you through a lifetime of beauty treatments. The basic principle is to work upwards on the face, up and round on the neck, taking care not to stretch the skin anywhere.

All the face-patting movements are done with the fingertips—the middle two fingers of each hand lift cheeks with a series of brief upward strokes. To treat the jawline, the hands, held palms downwards, slide under the chin.

STAGE 3: Now your skin is scrupulously clean, warm, and glowing. The next phase of the facial is the pack. Apply it, if you possibly can, in a reclining position and stay put for a while.

Shop around for the pack that is best suited to your skin; otherwise use a good all-purpose pack. Soak gauze or cotton-wool in cool water, or eye-lotion if your budget runs to it, and cover your eyes.

Allow about 20 minutes for the pack to "take," and you'll find music helps you to relax.

STAGE 4: Remove the pack with cotton-wool pads wrung out in warm water, and wash your face and neck thoroughly with a small sponge.

STAGE 5: Pat dry and apply skin freshener all over the face and neck. This closes the pores, refreshes the skin, and leaves it smooth to the touch. Choose a skin-freshener if your skin is dry or normal, an astringent lotion if your skin is oily

Apply face-pack, cover the eyes with pads, and r-e-l-a-x.

Remove pack with cotton-wool, wash your face and neck well.

Dampen cotton-wool with skin-lotion and pat briskly all over.

A GUY PUTS A MISS INTO MOON MISSILE

● I'm tickled pink with the "space" the editor gives me each week; nevertheless, I've decided to conquer the real thing.

IN other words, as well as being bestial I'm going to be celestial!

And I don't believe in monkey-business, or barking up the wrong tree with space dogs. No. I know how to put a human into the ether (most girls reckon I've always been able to put them **under** it!).

My system doesn't involve man-handling a rocket to the moon, though. I pick a girl for my lunar lark.

How do I really put Miss into missile? Five—four—three—two—one — blast off! . . .

There's no trouble getting a lass to make my flight. I make the rocket in the shape of a sheath dress (or whatever fashion is the passion) and tell her that if she tries it on she'll be really out of this world.

Before she realises she (or)bit off more than she can chew she's off on the do-or-**Dior** attempt.

No technical problem of getting off the ground stands in the way of my girl space traveller (perhaps I could call her an astrosort!).

What better launching-platform could there be than a high-heeled shoe?

Why, on some of the stilts I've seen, she could be half-way up there without taking a tootsie from terra firma.

Then, the problem of giving her enough atmosphere to keep breathing is easy to overcome.

I'll give you the (oxy)gen! I choose a nagging girl and put a boy in the capsule with her. He'll soon give her the air!

What about gravity? Well, that doesn't bring about my girl's downfall, either. Everyone knows that no woman ever realises the gravity of any situation.

Other scientists (I mightn't be a Werner von **Brawn**, but I'm von big ham!) have had trouble finding suitable propulsion for a moon rocket. Not with my way, however. It's a **real** "gasser." I find my flighty filly a sugar-daddy. There's no fuel like an old fool, as the saying goes!

The traps of travelling through space's light-years I treat with scorn, too. I use a girl over 21. After all, the ones that age I know all go pretty **light** on their years!

And what happens when my lass makes it to her destination? I must confess that at this stage I haven't been able to **planet!**

It's a silly idea, you say? Nonsense. It would be invaluable. For thousands of years there's been a man in the moon, and the thing's been made out of green cheese. Wouldn't it be a better sight if, with a shapely sort sitting there, it was made of green cheese-cake?

—Robin Adair

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LISTEN HERE
—with Ainslie Baker

● Instrumentals of all kinds have had a great run this year, and the absence of a vocal didn't stop "Walk, Don't Run" from getting to the top.

MORE serious instrumentals, such as "Theme From A Summer Place" and "Greenfields," with the accent on grace and melody, proved big sellers.

Even the current craze for cavemen-stone-age pops has taken an all-instrumental turn. The specially named **Piltdown Men** offer two loud, thrashing numbers, "McDonald's Cave," "Brontosaurus Stomp," on a Capitol 45. This McDonald is some sort of ancestor of the one who had a farm.

Then those "Tequila" boys, **The Champs,** are on the scene again, this time with their first LP, "Go, Champs, Go" (London). The five Americans, who started out as a group five years ago, provide plenty of fresh and lively material, with "El Rancho Rock," "Tequila," and "Robot Walk" among the more familiar.

Local talent: If you're one of those fans **Booka Hyland** made with his first, highly successful disc, "Sweet Thing," you have been waiting for his next one. It's a Lee Gordon 45, "We've Got Something Going," which has been described as a big-beat shuffler with a melody, and "Right Time."

ANOTHER of Sydney's bright little singing starlets, **Judy Cannon** was Rex's choice for their cover version of the delightful "If She Should Come To You." The other side of this 45 introduces **Les Meade,** who is already well known in Perth, with "My Fickle-Minded Heart," his own composition. He will have a single of his own out pretty soon.

Pops: A nice little serving of the indestructible **Perry Como** is available on an R.C.A. EP, "Como-tion." Being Perry, the commotion is fairly mild, but you get a good sample of typical Como with "Ko-Ko-Mo," "Far Away Places," "Glendora," and "Hoop-Dee-Doo."

Judy Cannon

SINCE his overnight success with "If I Had a Girl" just on a year ago, 20-year-old **Rod Lauren** hasn't had too much luck. He tries something just a little different this time, though still in the light romantic style, with "Wild Imagination" (R.C.A. 45). Orchestra and chorus are conducted by Shorty Rogers. Flip, "The One-Fingered Symphony," has a Marty Paich backing.

FOR 12 up-to-the-minute hits, Popular Record Club's "Tops In Pops" LPs are right out on their own. The newest, No. 12, takes in ones like "Yogi," "The Twist," "Mission Bells," etc. It's the **National Singers U.S.A.,** as usual.

A KIND of reference library of Country and Western music on the one LP comes from R.C.A. with "The Pick Of The Country." Twelve outstanding artists in this field are represented with songs of their own choices. **Eddy Arnold** decided on "Bouquet of Roses," **Jim Reeves** on "Four Walls," **Pee Wee King** on "Slow Poke," **Don Gibson** on "I Can't Help Loving You," **Jimmie Rodgers** on "Waiting For a Train," and **The Browns** on "I Hear a Bluebird Sing."

Show tunes: An early helping of "West Side Story's" vivid and exciting music is on offer in instrumental form with an R.C.A. LP confusingly (it would be pretty difficult to dance to) entitled "Dance Music From West Side Story." But the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra make it, and side two—a splendid "Porgy And Bess" selection — is first-rate listening.

Jazz: When the record clubs put out "Dance To The Duke" (W.R.C.) and "Louis Armstrong Jazz Classics" (P.R.C.) at the same time, "jazz greats" collectors are faced with an embarrassment of riches.

Ellington and band (Paul Gonsalves, Clarke Terry, Cat Henderson, etc.) offer an interesting and classy eight-item programme, including "Things Ain't What They Used To Be," a composition of the Duke's son, Mercer Ellington.

Album titles can sometimes be misleading, and you could find yourself preferring to listen to Ellington, and dance to Louis. The **Armstrong** disc offers the conventional six-tracks-a-side, including "The Saints," "Mahogany Hall Stomp," "Savoy Blues." All are original American Decca recordings, but unfortunately no dates or players are listed.

Classical: Ever had a suspicion that you might be a split personality? Then R.C.A. has an LP that should be just your fare. The modern you will have the pleasure of listening to **Ferde Grofe's** brilliantly colored "Grand Canyon Suite," while the other you is catered for by **Beethoven's** symphonic work "Wellington's Victory." They are played by **Morton Gould** and His Orchestra.

IDEAL for those who like to hear better-class music in small doses is Popular Record Club's LP "25 Great Musical Moments." The International Philharmonic Orchestra, under the conductorship of **Hans Weber,** over such favorites as Tchaikovsky's "Capriccio Italien" and Chopin's "Grand Polonaise."

WORTH HEARING

MENDELSSOHN: "Midsummer Night's Dream" music

MENDELSSOHN was unlike most important musicians of the past in that he was born into a wealthy family and had lived a life that was, though relatively short, happy, prosperous, and productive.

His qualities as a composer were perhaps what one would expect from this: there is nothing tragic or tortured about his music; it is all elegant, facile, and good-natured.

At its best his music has also a romantic, enchanted quality, and we find his music at its best in his incidental music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," a play that Mendelssohn loved from boyhood.

He was only 17 when he wrote the overture; he added the rest of the music 17 years later. Several of the pieces are very well known, especially the overture and the Wedding March, but a recent and very interesting recording by the London Symphony Orchestra under Peter Maag gives the music complete (Decca).

— Martin Long

TV success for brothers

● The De Kroo Brothers, Leo and Doug, are easy-going guys who left their home in Perth to find singing success waiting for them in Sydney.

THEY'VE been here 11 months now and are doing very nicely, thank you.

The boys have had one record released, "On The Job Too Long," another coming up soon, and plenty of appearances on television shows, "Bandstand," "Six O'Clock Rock," "Teen Time," "The Bobby Limb Show," and "The Youth Show."

With TV they've built a solid following of fans in the Sydney area, and in our recent pin-up poll they were not far behind Col Joye.

Before they started singing full-time, Leo, who is 18, worked as a musical instrument repairer, and Doug, 19, was a motor spare-parts salesman.

Then they won an A.B.C. talent quest held in the West, singing a rock number they wrote themselves, "Head Over Heels" (which is the flip to "On The Job").

That was all they needed to encourage them to try their luck in Sydney, and their gamble has certainly paid off.

● In the pin-up overleaf, Doug is on the left.

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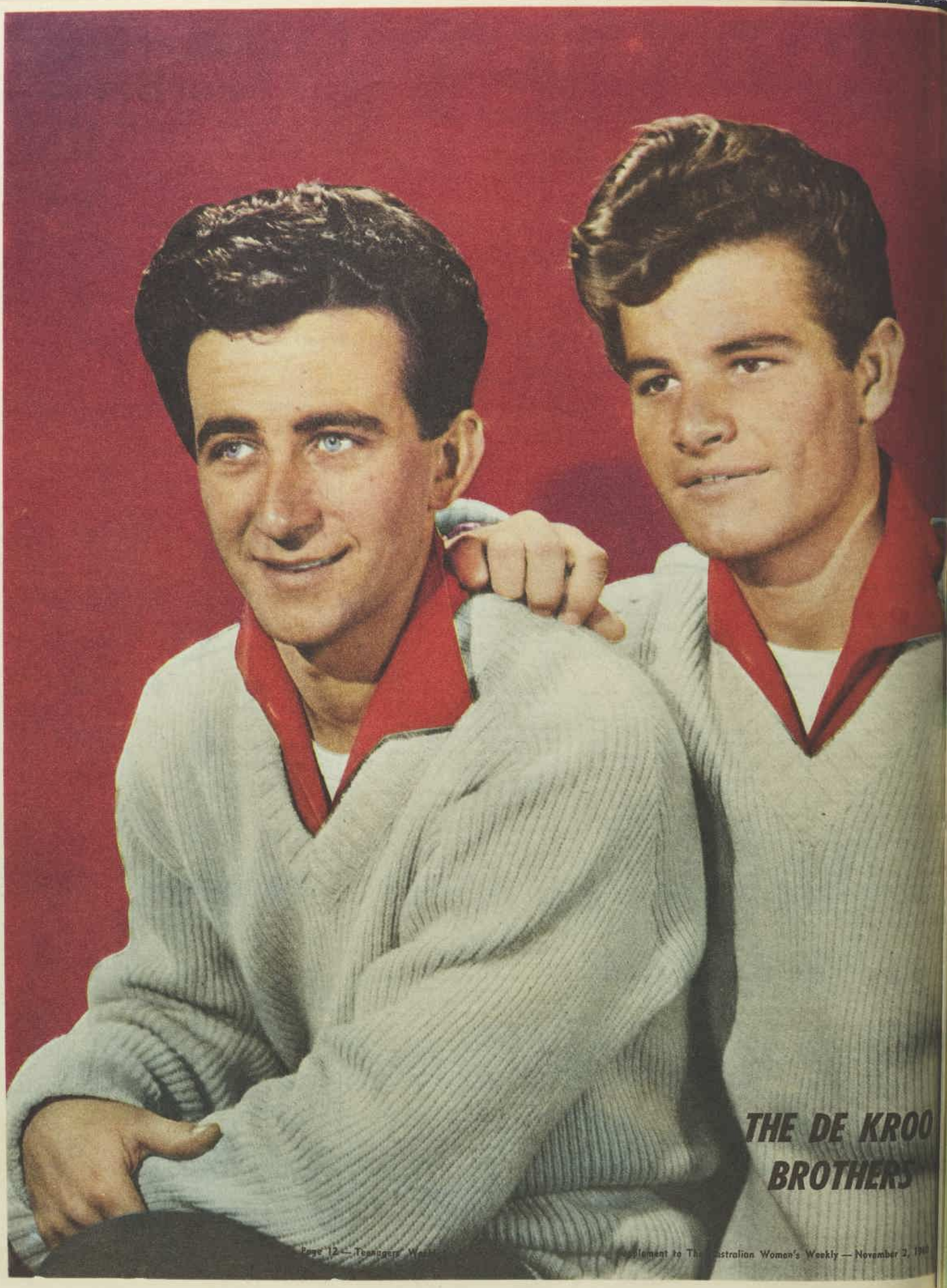

THE DE KROO BROTHERS

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NNERS FOR . . .

R TEN

QUANTITIES given for these recipes can be altered to suit requirements. They include avocado oyster appetiser, fish amandine, and tournedos Labiche, with accompanying vegetables.

MENUS

In Summer	In Winter
Hors d'oeuvres	Celery anchovy with poppy seed wafers
Avocado oyster appetiser	French onion soup
Cream of almond soup	Fish amandine
Fish fillets Chesterfield	Tournedos Labiche
Chicken a la Marengo	Carrots Broussard
Fried bread cubes	Green peas
Green peas	Wafer cream a la Carmen
Peach apricotine	Coffee.
Coffee	

WHAT THE HOSTESS SHOULD KNOW

- Avocados must be fully ripe to be edible. They are ripe when the flesh yields slightly to finger pressure.
- Fish fillets Chesterfield can be prepared in advance and reheated in oven before serving.
- Tournedos are small, boneless pieces of beef. If you are on good terms with your butcher it may be possible to buy pieces of "oyster blade" steak, which comes in small squares, each about 5oz. or 6oz. in weight. They are tender, juicy, and full of flavor, and can be used instead of fillet steak for the tournedos Labiche.
- The pulp of cooked, dried apricots or tinned apricots can be used instead of apricot jam for sauce apricotine.

RECIPES are given below for the summer dinner menu for ten.

HORS D'OEUVRES

1. Toast fingers, edges dipped in mayonnaise, then in sieved, hard-boiled egg-yolk. Anchovy fillet placed on top, garnished with red pepper.
2. Tiny balls of softened cottage cheese rolled in poppy seeds, chopped walnuts, or chopped parsley.
3. Wedges of pineapple, wrapped in bacon, secured with cocktail stick and grilled.
4. Whole shelled prawns placed on croutes spread with tartare sauce tinted pale green.
5. Savory crackers or bread croutes spread with soft cheese mixed with chutney; top with anchovy.
6. Walnut halves sandwiched with any soft cheese spread.

AVOCADO OYSTER APPETISER

Five ripe avocados (½ for each serving), 1 cut lemon, 2½ to 3 dozen oysters, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons tomato sauce, 3 teaspoons horseradish sauce, 1 scant dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt to taste, parsley.

Cut avocados in halves with stainless knife, remove large stone. Rub all over with cut lemon to prevent discoloration. Arrange one avocado half in each serving-dish. Fill centre with 3 or 4 chilled, bearded oysters. Coat lightly with cocktail sauce made by combining all ingredients. Garnish with parsley. Can be served in small glass dishes or on bed of lettuce on small flat plates.

CREAM OF ALMOND SOUP

Three large onions, 4oz. good shortening, 1½ cups almond meal, 2½ pints milk, 1½ cups cream or evaporated milk, salt, cayenne pepper, chopped toasted almonds, paprika.

Saute finely chopped onion in shortening until soft and yellow, but not brown. Stir in almond meal, add hot milk gradually, then cream or evaporated milk. Season to taste with salt, cayenne pepper. Heat almost to boiling point, serve in heated bowls. Top with finely chopped toasted almonds, sprinkle with paprika.

FISH FILLETS CHESTERFIELD

Ten small fillets flathead (or whiting if available), lemon juice, 1 to 1½ cups shelled, chopped prawns, salt, pepper, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, fat or oil.

Remove all bones from fish fillets. Brush with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt, pepper. Place small quantity of chopped prawns on broad end of each fillet. Roll up towards narrow end, secure with cocktail stick. Dip in egg-glazing, coat with breadcrumbs. Deep-fry golden-brown. Serve hot with lemon and parsley garnish.

CHICKEN A LA MARENGO

Two large chickens, 6 tomatoes, ½ cup tomato puree, 1 cup white wine, 1 cup white stock (made from giblets), scant ½ cup cooking oil, 1½ dozen tiny white onions (pickling size), ½lb. small mushrooms, 2oz. butter, 2 cloves garlic, 1 or 2 tablespoons flour, pepper, salt, chopped parsley.

Cut cleaned chickens into neat joints. Heat oil in large pan, add chicken pieces 3 or 4 at time, cook until golden-brown. Remove and drain. Sprinkle remaining oil in pan with flour, allow to brown. Add sliced peeled tomatoes, tomato puree, crushed garlic, wine, and stock. Stir until sauce comes to boil; season. Saute peeled whole mushrooms and whole onions in butter. Divide chicken pieces between 2 saucepans or ovenware dishes. Add half sauce, mushrooms, and onions to each dish. Cover closely, simmer gently over low heat or in moderate oven 1½ hours. Lift chicken pieces on to hot dish, garnish with mushrooms and onions, pour sauce over. Sprinkle with parsley, serve with fried croutons.

PEACH APRICOTINE

Five large slipstone peaches, 2 trays vanilla ice-cream, ¼ pint whipped cream, sauce apricotine.

Sauce Apricotine: Mix 4 tablespoons apricot jam with 4 tablespoons water. Bring to boiling point, rub through fine strainer and flavor with 1 tablespoon rum (or more or less according to taste).

Skin peaches, split in halves, and remove stones. Place one half on each serving-dish, add square of ice-cream. Trickle sauce apricotine over, top with small spoonful of sweetened whipped cream.

Continued overleaf

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Formal dinners

From previous page

. . . FOR TWO

PINEAPPLE-MINT COCKTAIL

One cup tinned pineapple pieces, 4 tablespoons sherry, chopped mint.

Chill pineapple. Spoon into 2 stemmed glasses, add sherry to each, sprinkle with mint.

PRAWNS LOUISIANA

One dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, ½ cup cooked rice, ¾ cup shelled prawns, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk or cream, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato juice, salt, pepper, dry breadcrumbs, parsley.

Cook onion in shortening until soft but not brown. Add rice, prawns, evaporated milk or cream, Worcestershire sauce, tomato juice, salt, pepper. Fill into 2 greased ramekin dishes, top with breadcrumbs, dot with extra shortening. Brown lightly in moderate oven. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

MEXICAN CHICKEN

One small young chicken, 2 tablespoons oil, ¼lb. tomatoes, 1 tablespoon tomato puree, 1 tablespoon flour, ¾ cup white wine, ½ cup stock, 1 green pepper, 1 chopped onion, 1 tablespoon shortening, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped shallot.

Joint prepared chicken, brown well in hot oil in heavy saucepan. When well browned, pour off excess oil. Add skinned chopped tomatoes, tomato puree. Sprinkle with flour, stir to mix, add wine and stock. Cook sliced pepper and onion in little good shortening until onion starts to color. Add to chicken, season with salt, pepper, add shallot. Cover, simmer until chicken is tender (1 to 1¼ hours). Arrange chicken pieces on serving-dish, spoon sauce over.

CREAM CHEESE PANCAKES WITH CHERRY SAUCE

One cup pancake batter, 2oz. cream cheese sweetened with little icing sugar, sugar for dredging, ½ cup tinned or cooked cherries, ½ cup syrup from cherries, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, lemon wedges.

Stone and chop cherries. Blend arrowroot with cherry juice, add cherries, bring to boil, stirring all the time. Simmer 2 minutes, add lemon juice, cover, and keep hot. Using pancake batter, make 4 or 5 pancakes in usual way. While hot spread with cream cheese, roll up, dredge with sugar, keep hot. When ready to serve, pour cherry sauce over, add lemon wedge on the side.

APPLE CHEESE SAVORY PLATE

Wash, dry, and polish a red-skinned apple. Leave unpeeled, cut in wedges. Remove core cleanly, dip in lemon juice to preserve color. Arrange on serving-plate with wedges of sharp cheese. Add few salted almonds, muscatels or raisins.

. . . FOR TEN

CELERY ANCHOVY

Eight celery hearts, 4 small tins anchovy fillets, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 tablespoon white-wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon peanut oil.

Wash celery hearts, leaving on some of root so sections will not separate when sliced. Cut off most of green tops, cut lengthwise into wedges. Cover with ice water; chill. Place anchovies in pan with butter, garlic, vinegar, oil. Cook, stirring constantly until smooth.

To Serve: Place celery on cold platter. Heat sauce, pour into individual dishes, serve very hot with very cold celery. "Dunking" is the method of eating.

POPPY-SEED WAFERS

Four ounces shortcrust pastry, grated cheese, beaten egg, poppy seeds.

Roll pastry thinly, cover half with cheese. Fold other half over, roll again. Brush top with egg, sprinkle with more cheese, then with poppy seeds. Cut into strips 2in. long and 1in. wide. Bake on flat trays in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes.

FRENCH ONION SOUP

Eight onions, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 3 pints boiling stock, 3 or 4 bouillon cubes, salt, pepper, 5 slices toast, ¾ cup grated cheese.

Peel and slice onions, saute in shortening until browned. Add stock, bouillon cubes and seasonings; simmer 30 minutes. Sprinkle cheese on toast, place in hot oven until cheese is melted and browned. Cut into 1½in. squares. Place 2 squares in each soup plate, pour hot soup over.

FISH AMANDINE

Five fillets bream or whiting, flour, hot butter or oil, salt, pepper, ½ cup blanched almonds, lemon, parsley.

Wash, dry fillets, remove skin, rub with cut lemon. Dust with seasoned flour, brown quickly on both sides in hot butter or oil, remove. Add almonds to fresh heated butter, cook until browned. Arrange fillets on dish, pour butter and almonds over. Garnish with lemon, parsley.

Continued on page 49

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TV PARTY

MENUS

In Summer

Chilled Vichyssoise.
Stuffed-egg savories.
Danish open sandwiches.
Creamed chicken puffs.
Pineapple neenish tarts.
Walnut maple cake.
Coffee.

In Winter

Chicken Jambolaya.
Pretzel pops.
Crabmeat bacon rolls.
Cream cheese spread with potato crisps.
Apple blossoms.
Chocolate fudge cake.
Coffee.

WITH the hostess especially in mind, we have planned the TV party menus above to serve eight.

CHILLED VICHYSSOISE

Six leeks (white part only), 1 medium onion (or use 5 or 6 spring onions), 2oz. good shortening, 5 medium potatoes, 4 cups chicken stock (or use packaged clear chicken soup), 1 teaspoon salt, 2½ cups milk, 1 large tin evaporated milk, chopped chives or chopped parsley.

Slice leeks and onion thinly, saute in shortening until soft. Turn into large saucepan, add peeled diced potatoes, chicken stock, and salt. Bring to boil, simmer 45 minutes. Rub through strainer, add milk, bring slowly to boil. Cool, stir in evaporated milk. Reheat but do not boil again. Cool, then chill thoroughly. Serve in cups, sprinkle with chopped chives or parsley.

STUFFED-EGG SAVORIES

1. Six hard-boiled eggs, 3oz. or 4oz. shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 3 dessertspoons mayonnaise, 12 small strips red pepper.

Cut shelled eggs in halves lengthwise, remove yolks. Mash yolks in bowl, pound with finely chopped prawns, butter, salt, cayenne pepper. Fill into egg-whites, rounding the mixture well up on each half. Spoon little thick mayonnaise over top of each, decorate with a strip of red pepper.

2. Six hard-boiled eggs, 3 tablespoons creamy mashed potato, ½ cup finely chopped ham, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 dessertspoon scraped onion, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, paprika.

Cut shelled eggs in halves lengthwise, remove yolks. Mash yolks, mix smoothly with mashed potato. Add ham, mustard, onion, mayonnaise. Spoon into egg-whites, piling high in centre. Dust lightly with paprika.

DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES

Allow 3 or 4 open sandwiches per person.

BREADS: Yardstick bread, cocktail or hamburger rolls, Vienna loaves, malt or rye bread, milk loaf, brown, white, or wholemeal bread.

Cut bread into slices ¼in. thick, then into squares or rounds. Spread lightly with butter, cover with any of the following fillings:

Continued on page 41

WHAT THE HOSTESS SHOULD KNOW

- For cooler weather or if preferred, the Vichyssoise can be served heated.
- To hard-boil eggs for stuffed-egg savories without discoloring, avoid overcooking; 8 to 10 minutes is sufficient. Plunge eggs into cold water immediately they are cooked.
- For a TV party serve Chicken Jambolaya in coupes with dessertspoon for eating.
- Savory crackers can be used in place of potato crisps for the cream cheese spread.
- Avoid soft, "runny" foods, anything that drips or oozes sauce, gravy, or cream, and that squashes when bitten into. After all, only half the viewer's attention is on the food!

SELECTION OF DISHES from the bridge-table interlude are spiced pineapple juice, ham and cheese bake, iced curry salad, and pineapple trifle. They are in the summer menu.

TV SUPPER PARTY includes glasses of icy Vichyssoise, stuffed-egg savories, Danish open sandwiches, creamed chicken puffs, pineapple neenish tart, walnut maple cake.

BRIDGE LUNCH

MENUS

In Summer

Spiced pineapple juice.
Ham and cheese bake.
Iced curry with mango chutney and green salad.
Pineapple trifle or ice-cream with chocolate-peppermint sauce.
Coffee.

In Winter

Hot tomato juice cocktail.
Melba toast baskets with bacon and cheese.
Tuna mushroom savory.
Orange chiffon pie or walnut macaroon cream.
Coffee.

TWO tables of bridge, with an interlude for lunch, is a popular type of party. Menus above serve eight.

SPICED PINEAPPLE JUICE

Two tins pineapple juice, juice of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar, piece of stick cinnamon.

Place all ingredients in saucepan, bring slowly to boil. Simmer 3 minutes, strain and chill. Serve in glasses with sugar-coated rims, decorate with mint sprigs, thin lemon slices.

HAM AND CHEESE BAKE

Eight slices day-old bread (brown or white, or 4 slices of each), 3oz. softened butter, 1½ cups minced ham or ham sausage, 1 large tomato, ¾ cup grated processed cheese, 1½ pints milk, 3 eggs, 1 scant teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon grated onion, sliced, stuffed olives, parsley.

Spread bread on one side with softened butter. Cover one half of slices with ham, then with sliced, peeled tomato, then grated cheese. Place remaining slices on top, pressing down firmly. Trim crusts slightly, cut each sandwich diagonally into halves, then into halves again. Arrange cut side down in ovenware dish just large enough to hold them. Beat eggs, add milk, salt, mustard, onion, and any remaining ham. Pour carefully over and round sandwiches, bake about 1 hour in moderate oven or until set. Serve hot, with garnish of olives, parsley.

ICED CURRY

(With mango chutney and green salad)

Four cups chopped, cooked chicken (or use rabbit, veal, or lamb), 1 cup chopped peeled apple, 1 tablespoon finely chopped white onion or shallot, 1 cup cooked rice, 1½ cups mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon curry powder (or more or less according to taste), lettuce, salad greens, parsley, mango chutney, lemon wedges.

Combine chicken, apple, onion or shallot, and rice. Blend curry powder smoothly with mayonnaise, stir into meat mixture, toss well to mix. Chill. Spoon into lettuce cups, top with a spoonful of mango chutney. Serve with green salad, garnish with parsley and lemon wedges.

PINEAPPLE TRIFLE

One 8in. sponge cake (a day or two old), ½ cup sherry, 1 tin crushed pineapple, 1 packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 cup syrup from pineapple, 1 cup hot water, ¾ pint thick custard, 1 cup crushed macaroons, ½ pint whipped cream, chocolate sprinkles or grated chocolate.

Cut sponge into small cubes. Divide between 2 serving-dishes, sprinkle each with half the sherry. Heat syrup from pineapple, mix with hot water. Pour on to jelly crystals, stir until dissolved. When quite cold and thick, but not set, spoon over cake. Chill, cover with pineapple, then with custard mixed with crushed macaroons. Decorate with chocolate sprinkles, serve with cream.

ICE-CREAM WITH CHOCOLATE-PEPPERMINT SAUCE

One large block ice-cream, 6oz. chocolate peppermints, 3 tablespoons cream.

Break chocolate peppermints in halves, place in small jug or basin. Melt over gently boiling water. When melted and smooth, stir in cream. Serve over ice-cream while sauce is still warm and melted.

Continued overleaf

WHAT THE HOSTESS SHOULD KNOW

- An alternative sweet is given in each of these menus above so the hostess can choose the one which best fits her plans.
- The hot savory before the main course in each menu is optional, and can be omitted without upsetting the balance of the menu. If it is left out of the winter menu serve green peas or baked tomato halves with the tuna mushroom savory.
- To sugar-crust the rims of glasses: Dip rims of glasses in slightly beaten egg-white in shallow saucer, then dip in castor sugar. Leave glasses standing upright to dry.

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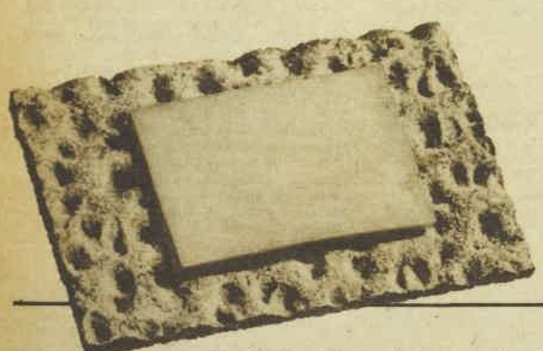

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BRIDGE LUNCH

from previous page

HOT TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

Two and a half cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ½ teaspoon horseradish sauce, 3 teaspoons lemon juice, dash Worcestershire sauce, dash paprika, sprinkling celery salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, chopped parsley.

Combine all ingredients, heat without boiling. Serve in hot beakers, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

MELBA TOAST BASKETS WITH BACON AND CHEESE

Eight thin slices fresh bread (crusts removed), melted butter, ¾ cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, 3 chopped bacon rashers.

Brush bread on both sides with melted butter, press into large muffin-tins or individual pie-tins, leaving corners protruding slightly. Bake in slow oven until crisp and lightly colored. Sprinkle base of each case with some of the grated cheese, using about half. Remove rind from bacon, chop coarsely, cook in its own fat. Divide between bread cases. Beat eggs, add milk, salt, mustard, and cayenne pepper. Pour carefully over bacon in each bread case. Top with remainder of grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven until set and lightly browned on top. Serve at once.

TUNA MUSHROOM SAVORY

Three 7oz. tins tuna, 1 8oz. tin mushrooms in butter sauce, 3 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 4 cups diced cooked potato, 3oz. good shortening, ¾ cup sliced onion, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard, 3 cups milk, 1-3rd cup mayonnaise, 1 or 2 packets potato crisps.

Combine flaked tuna, mushrooms, Worcestershire sauce. Cook onion in melted shortening until soft and yellow but not brown. Blend in flour, salt, mustard. Add cold milk, stir continuously until mixture thickens and boils. Remove from heat, stir in mayonnaise. Place half potato in base of greased ovenware dish. Top with half tuna mixture, then half sauce. Repeat 3 layers. Reheat in moderate oven. About 10 minutes before serving sprinkle top with crumbled potato crisps.

ORANGE CHIFFON PIE
(in cornflake crust)

Cornflake crust: 1 cup crushed cornflakes, ¾ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup melted butter.

Combine sugar, cornflakes, melted butter, reserving little of mixture for top. Press remainder firmly into 8in. tart-plate, covering base and sides. Chill.

Orange chiffon: 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup orange juice, pinch salt, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, extra ½ cup sugar, 4 or 5 crystallised cumquats (if available).

Soak gelatine in cold water. Mix sugar, orange juice, salt, beaten egg-yolks. Stir over gently boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add orange rind, lemon juice, gelatine, stir until dissolved. Stir while cooling over ice or iced water. When beginning to thicken fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Turn into cornflake crust, sprinkle reserved crumbs on top. Chill until set. Decorate with sliced or chopped cumquats, serve in wedges.

WALNUT MACAROON CREAM

One and a half cups orange juice, ¼ cup lemon juice, sugar, ½ pint cream, ¼ cup icing sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1-3rd cup chopped walnuts, 1-3rd cup crushed coconut macaroons, cherries or strawberries, mint sprigs.

Mix orange and lemon juice, sweeten to taste. Pour into refrigerator trays, filling only half-way. Freeze to mush. Whip cream with icing sugar and vanilla. Fold in walnuts and crushed macaroons. Pour over orange-lemon mixture. Freeze until firm. Serve decorated with cherries, mint sprigs.

READER'S RECIPE WINS £5

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. K. Gourlay, 9 David Ave., Sandy Bay, Hobart, for the following recipe:

PINEAPPLE MACAROON SHORTBREAD SLICES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup apricot jam, 1 small tin crushed pineapple (drained well), extra 4oz. sugar, 4oz. desiccated coconut.

Cream butter and sugar together, add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, press mixture into well-greased shallow tin. Spread over thin layer of apricot jam, then top with pineapple. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar. Fold in coconut, spread on top of mixture in tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. When cold cut into slices to serve.

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TV PARTY *from page 47*

DANISH OPEN SANDWICHES (continued)

1. Shredded crabmeat or tuna moistened with mayonnaise.
2. Thin spread of Danish blue cheese, topped with thin slivers of cored red-skinned apple, unpeeled, dipped in lemon juice.
3. Layer of finely shredded cress or lettuce, layer of sliced salami, then slices of white onion.
4. Lettuce leaf, slice of ham or pressed ham, and slice of fresh pineapple.
5. Sardines or kipper snacks, mashed with lemon juice, mayonnaise, pepper.

CREAMED CHICKEN PUFFS

Puffs: 2oz. butter or substitute, ¾ cup boiling water, ¾ cup plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs.

Melt butter in water, add flour and salt all at once, stir vigorously. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture forms a ball. Remove from heat, cool slightly. Add eggs one at a time, beating vigorously until mixture is smooth. Drop from teaspoon, 2in. apart, on greased oven-tray. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat, cook 20 to 30 minutes longer. Cool on cake-cooler. When quite cold, split puffs, remove any moist centre. Fill with creamed chicken.

Creamed chicken: One cup diced cooked chicken, 1 tablespoon finely chopped olives, 3-8th cup finely chopped celery, ¼ cup finely chopped toasted almonds, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, scant ½ cup thick white sauce, ¼ cup mayonnaise.

Combine all ingredients, mix well. Fill into puffs, serve cold garnished with parsley.

PINEAPPLE NEENISH TARTS

Pastry cases: 3oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. cornflour, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon water.

Sift flour and cornflour, rub in butter. Add lemon rind, mix to dry dough with water. Roll thinly on floured board, cut into rounds with fluted cutter. Line shallow patty-tins, bake in moderate oven until lightly colored.

Filling: 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon sherry, 1 or 2 drops almond essence, crushed pineapple drained from syrup, small quantity white icing and chocolate icing.

Combine crumbs, coconut, and icing sugar. Add condensed milk, egg-yolk, sherry, and almond essence; mix well. Place teaspoonful of pineapple in each pastry-case, cover with filling, levelling off on top. Leave 1 to 1½ hours to dry out a little. Ice half of each with white icing, the other half with chocolate icing.

WALNUT MAPLE CAKE

One-third cup butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1-3rd cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup chopped walnuts.

Cream butter, vanilla, and sugar thoroughly. Add egg-yolks and milk. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, then walnuts and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in greased ring-tin in moderate oven 45 minutes. Cool, cover with coffee frosting, decorate with walnut halves.

CHICKEN JAMBOLAYA

Two rashers bacon, ¼ cup chopped onion, 1 cup skinned chopped tomatoes, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 cups cooked rice, 2 cups coarsely chopped cooked chicken or other meat, chopped parsley.

Remove rind from bacon, chop into small pieces. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Remove bacon, add onion and cook until lightly browned. Stir in tomatoes, water, paprika, salt, and bacon. Bring to boiling point, simmer gently 10 minutes. Add rice, chicken. Simmer further 10 minutes. Keep hot over boiling water until required. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

PRETZEL POPS

One dozen 1in. cubes of cheese, 1 dozen 1in. cubes of pork luncheon sausage (or tinned pork luncheon meat), thickly sliced stuffed olives, 2 dozen pretzel sticks.

Secure slice of stuffed olive to top of each cube of meat or cheese by pressing pretzel stick through the olive slice and into cheese or meat.

CRABMEAT BACON ROLLS

Two tablespoons tomato juice, 1 beaten egg-yolk, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, pinch salt, dash of pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped celery leaves, ½ cup flaked crabmeat, 12 small strips bacon.

Mix tomato juice and egg-yolk. Add crumbs, salt, pepper, parsley, celery leaves, crabmeat. Roll into finger lengths. Wrap each roll in strip of bacon, fasten with cocktail stick. Place on oven-tray, bake in moderate oven, turning frequently until browned lightly.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Cases: Two ounces cornflour, 2oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to dry dough with egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Cut with fluted cutter, line shallow patty-tins. Prick with fork, bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes.

Blossoms: Two ounces butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 drops almond essence, 4 tablespoons sugar, 4oz. marzipan meal, 1 egg, 3oz. self-raising flour, glace cherries, 1 cup apple pulp, sweetened cream or mock cream.

Cream butter with lemon rind and almond essence. Gradually add sugar, continue beating until creamy. Add egg; mix well. Fold in marzipan meal and sifted flour. Pipe into large roses on greased oven-tray. Press piece of cherry on top of each, bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on trays. Assemble as follows:

Fill cold cases with apple pulp, spread cream over top. Press an almond rose on top of each.

CREAM CHEESE SPREAD
(On potato crisps)

Two 4oz. packets cream cheese, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, potato crisps.

Soften cheese, blend with onion and Worcestershire sauce; spread thickly on potato crisps.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¾ cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1¼ cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3oz. semi-sweet chocolate pieces.

Cream shortening and sugar until soft, white, and fluffy. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Stir in melted chocolate, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in 2 greased 9in sandwich-tins in moderate oven 30 minutes. Stand in tins 2 or 3 minutes before turning on to cooler. Join with frosting.

Fudge frosting: 2 cups sugar, 2oz. semi-sweet chocolate pieces, 1 tablespoon liquid glucose, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Cook sugar, chocolate, glucose, and milk together, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Cook until syrup forms soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from heat, add butter, cool to lukewarm. Add vanilla, beat until creamy and spread between layers of cake.

FORMAL DINNERS . . . FOR TEN
Continued from page 46

TOURNEDOS LABICHE

Ten pieces fillet steak (each sufficiently large for 1 serving), 10 thick tomato slices, salt, pepper, mushroom sauce, 10 toasted or fried rounds of bread.

Mushroom Sauce: Half bunch shallots, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups beef stock, ¼lb. mushrooms, ½ cup red wine, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Make sauce first. Chop shallots and garlic finely, saute both in shortening until soft and yellow but not brown. Add flour, mix well, stir in stock, continue stirring until boiling and slightly thickened. Add peeled sliced mushrooms and wine. Simmer 8 to 10 minutes. Cover, keep hot. Fold in chopped parsley just before serving.

Prepare meat. Grill steak to taste, place on greased oven-tray in very moderate oven. Grill or lightly fry tomato slices. Place tomato slices on top of each piece of steak. Dust with salt, pepper, return to oven to keep hot and to allow tomato juices to flavor meat. Arrange bread slices on heated platter, top each with steak and tomato, spoon mushroom sauce over.

CARROTS BROUSSARD

Two medium-sized white onions, 6 to 8 medium-sized young carrots, 1 dessertspoon butter or bacon fat, salt, pepper.

Cut lightly scraped carrots into sections, add sliced onions. Barely cover with water, add butter or bacon fat, salt. Cover closely, cook gently until tender. Dust with pepper, serve.

WAFER CREAM A LA CARMEN

Ice-cream wafers, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, ½ pint thick cream, 2oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ pint strawberry puree, 4 egg-whites, 1oz. preserved ginger in syrup, ¾ cup egg-custard.

Line 7in. round-tin with ice-cream wafers. Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Whip cream, add sugar and vanilla, divide into two portions. To one portion add strawberry puree, half dissolved gelatine, two stiffly beaten egg-whites, and finally chopped ginger. When beginning to thicken pour into wafer-lined tin, chill until set. Combine egg-custard, remainder of cream, dissolved gelatine. Fold in remaining egg-whites stiffly beaten. Pour on to strawberry mixture. Chill. Turn out, decorate with colored ribbon tied round wafers.

NEXT WEEK: Debbie makes oriental favorites

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AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

● Gables have been a popular form of architecture for centuries past, and the house with the gabled roof still has a place in today's building plan. Of the three homes pictured on this page, two have been built in the past 12 years. The third, colonial-style "Southlea," in Tasmania, on Proctor's Road, which joins Hobart and Kingston overland, is 130 years old.

● *American colonial-type home belonging to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Swenson, of Toowoomba, Queensland, has a landscaped garden to give it a picture-frame setting. Mr. and Mrs. Swenson do all the work in the garden at weekends and holidays, which has raised more than £600 for charity. Picture by Mrs. E. E. Crook-King, Toowoomba.*

● *"Ainslie Park" (above), the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Walker, is seven miles from the centre of Hobart, Tasmania, along the Old Beach Road. It looks on to the Derwent River.*

● *"Southlea" (right) was built in 1830, restored when Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Swan acquired it about ten years ago. The house is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Walch. Tasmanian homes photographed by John Bain.*

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YOUR CHILD'S FRIENDS

● When bookish, clever Johnny chums up with rough, ill-mannered Joe, his parents wonder why.

JOHN'S people can't imagine what John "sees" in Joe; and Joe's parents don't know what Joe "sees" in John.

But the two are likely to be mates for life, or at least for quite a long period of time, until the friendship peters out.

The fact is that such childhood friendships fulfil a need each of the children has.

John probably found Joe a relief, a contrast, from his world of books. Joe probably admired John, or found him an attractive oddity, or "just liked" something about him.

Some children like lots of friends, make them easily, and breeze merrily through childhood without many problems.

Others choose friends who are like themselves in some way, and others, like John and Joe, are attracted to opposites.

There are types who like to have a "special" chum—and often stagger adults with their choice.

It's a good idea — except in cases where a friendship is obviously undesirable—for parents to withhold disapproval till they see just what a situation is.

Here is an example:

Danny, a lively, intense, and imaginative little six-year-old, chose for his best friend a large, placid boy called Henry.

Both sets of parents disapproved. Danny's thought it too bad that their son, small for his age, should chum up with a boy who made him look smaller still, and besides, they didn't think slow-moving old Henry could be much fun for the gay Danny.

Henry's parents, for their part, thought it a shame their fine big boy should spend all his time with a "babyish" and "silly" child.

But the friendship lasted for years —because actually Henry needed a livewire like Danny, who appealed to his secret imagination; while Danny also needed the soothing, steady influence of Henry.

By a Child Psychologist

Similarly Robbie, a five-year-old who lisped, dismayed his mother by bringing home a little boy whose speech was even more immature and babyish. She had to force herself to be polite to this "undesirable" companion.

Time showed, however, that his new friend gave a tremendous boost to Robbie's ego.

At last he could prove he wasn't the most babyish person in his school.

Robbie became a much happier little boy, gradually forgot about his troubles, and outgrew his lisp.

As children mature and gain in experience, their needs and tastes change.

There may be afternoons when, consciously or not, older children want to get away from the sheltered, orderly atmosphere of Mother, Father, and home.

Boys may feel a need to become acquainted with the tough and worldly fellows at school (or those who seem so).

Girls may wish for spectacular friendships with other girls who seem exciting, sophisticated, fashionable.

Often parents worry about such friendships.

When Emily, a quiet, well-behaved girl, chummed up with Ann, an erratic, rather loud type, friends warned Emily's parents.

But when they criticised Ann they found Emily hotly and loyally defended her.

The parents realised that Emily resented their challenge to her right to choose her own friends, make her own decisions.

So they changed their policy to one of tactful watching.

Emily got into a few mild scrapes, and in the course of them discovered for herself that Ann was quite capable of telling lies and cheating, and often wounded Emily's feelings by mean remarks.

More freedom

Emily's parents noticed what was happening. They gave her more freedom and responsibility in other ways, and though the two girls remained on good terms Emily gradually ceased to be intense about the friendship.

In more serious cases, where a companionship can lead a child into dangerous paths, parents are forced to take a firm, definite stand.

But they can discuss problems with their sons and daughters, explaining their point of view, but also giving the young people a chance to explain theirs.

The same philosophy — tact and understanding, followed up where necessary by a ban—is sound when a gang of children, rather than an individual child, is giving parents cause for anxiety.

Instead of labelling the whole set "wild" or "cheap," they can point out that some kinds of behaviour are suitable and some are not.

Often the problem will solve itself if the child can be given an interesting counter-attraction — parties to go to, creative hobbies, sports, a suitable job, or some special community or school interest.

But it is a good idea not to worry too much about the normal ups and downs of childhood friendships. Polly may feel that Dorothy was so unfair she never wants to see her again . . . Tom laments that he can't be pals with Don, because Tom's friend Harry says Don is a square . . .

These are normal little dramas that Polly and Tom have to live through in the course of growing up.

● Boys don't usually chum up with girls, but at a party or picnic they sometimes like to play the gallant.

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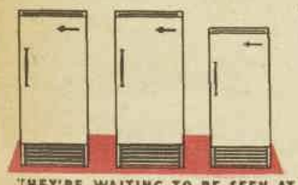

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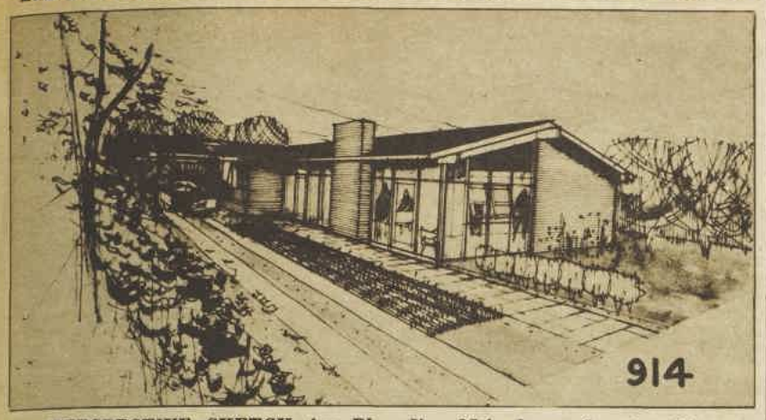

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for Plan No. 914 shows floor-to-ceiling windows opening from the living-room on to a paved terrace.

● This attractive home, plan No. 914 in our series, is modern, but has traditional lines.

IT features three spacious bedrooms, all with built-ins, in an overall area of approximately 12 squares.

A compact bathroom, 9ft. by 6ft., includes a toilet, which has been partly screened by a wall.

All the utility rooms have been placed together, which means a real saving on plumbing costs.

The plan, as illustrated, shows the main entrance to the kitchen through the laundry, but your local Home Planning Centre can show you alternative arrangements for kitchen, bathroom, and laundry facilities.

Floor-to-ceiling glass windows are a striking feature of the spacious living-room, and french doors open out on to a paved terrace.

Costs

This plan, if built in brick, would cost £3725-£4200 and cover 12.5 squares. In timber, it would be 11.5 squares and cost £3500-£3950.

These prices are approximate only, and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your land, please consult your local Home Planning Centres.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects, and the Centres are also supervised by qualified personnel, who will advise you about your building problems.

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Plans for each house cost £10/10/- a full set, including five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance, or your local council, please return the plans or specifications, and the Centres will deal with any queries and return your plans promptly.

Modifications can be made to any plan, but, if drafting and printing are involved in the alterations, an extra charge is made. All plans are available in mirror reverse position, and they can be placed at any angle on the site.

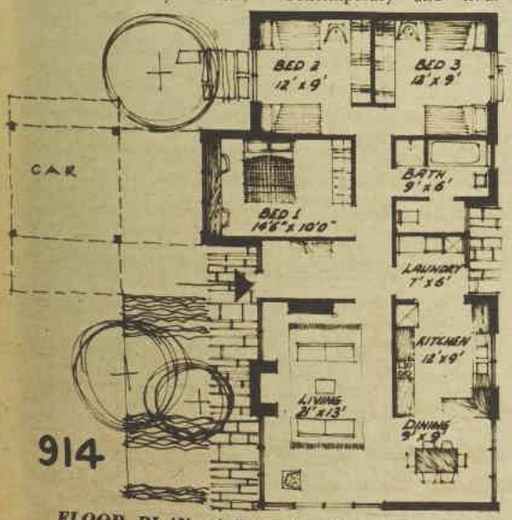
Usually they can be built on stilts or on the side of a steep hill. They can have walls constructed of any material desired.

Contemporary and traditional style homes are available, and window positions and areas can be altered.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be incorporated in the design. Add approximately £175-£250 for a carport, and £235-£400 for a single brick garage.

For a small fee, the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect the proposed site for you, and advise as to the house most suited to the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

When ordering your plans by mail, please state number of plan, whether the house is to be built in brick or timber, roofing material required, whether or not the site is sewered, whether the plan is required as drawn or in mirror reverse position. Please also enclose cheque, money order, or postal notes to the value of £10/10/- for the plan.



FLOOR PLAN of Plan No. 914 shows the three spacious bedrooms and conveniently placed bathroom-toilet.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. P.O. Box No. 79. (Telephone W0200.)

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SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, Ext. 220.)

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

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Continuing . . . MR. JONES AND JULIET

from page 33

Twenty minutes later, on the stair landing, Juliet met herself in a giant mirror. She paused. Without a doubt, the most effective threat to a blond British Maypole was a dark, Dresden-china figurine in pale green chiffon. Smiling, she went on down the stairs and on to the terrace.

In the chorus of welcome, Potter came toward her quickly, took her to a deep, cushioned chair, and installed her as though she were not only priceless but uninsured.

"And this," said Wendy, "is Mr. Jones. Miss Jeffry."

Juliet turned. Eleven feet tall, three inches wide, a chin like a bib, and horn-rimmed spectacles the size of portholes. Bruce must have been mad. "How do you do?" she said graciously, and forgot him.

Lady Bridget smiled at her sweetly. "Poor hard-working Julie-pooley. She must be simply panting with fatigue."

Juliet laughed. "Well, of course I am," she said.

Bruce said, "Say, Hank, tomorrow Potter and Bridget and I are signed up to race the Gale. Will you skipper the Gull, with the girls? You needn't race—just watch."

Wendy spoke quickly, "Oh, darling, I have to go to the club tomorrow." She turned vivaciously to Mr. Jones. "But do take Julie!"

Under the sailing talk that rose around them, Mr. Jones said, "Sorry, Miss Jeffry."

Juliet laughed. "Don't be silly, Mr. Jones! I'll love it." Oh, I'll adore it, adrift with Long John Silver while Britain Delivers the Goods Aboard the Gale!

She looked around at the Hayes' tanned, healthy faces, oddly alike; at the high-nosed, haggard distinction of Bridget Binner; and at Potter Thackeray.

She examined Potter as though for the first time — a wide-shouldered, deep-chested, stocky man, casually dressed and impeccably groomed, with a dark, shrewd, self-confident face. Why is there always that look of poised and impersonal reticence on a rich man's face? Because he must always be on guard against people who want to use him? People—like me?

She scrabbled in her satin evening bag for a cigarette; at once Potter was beside her, lighter in hand. He smiled down at her. "I like that dress."

"Oh, Pottsy-Wottsy!" Lady Bridget brayed. "Come and tell these idiots that I'm absolutely right about cockfighting."

Potter turned, his eyes alight with interest. As he sauntered across the terrace to Lady Bridget's side, Juliet glanced sidelong at Mr. Jones and was startled by his owlish gaze, fixed on her face. Compassionate? Sardonic? It was impossible even to guess, and, in any case, Mr. Jones' reactions were totally unimportant. What mattered was Potter's departure, even temporarily. Juliet reminded herself that the evening was still ahead, the cool dark terrace, the moon burning a silver brand on the water.

Dinner was noisily gay. Immediately afterward, Bridget announced that she was simply perishing for a decent game of bridge, and, of course, dear Julie loathes bridge, doesn't she, and Mr. Jones doesn't play, does he?

And so, at ten o'clock, Juliet found herself on the cool, dark terrace, the moon branding the water with silver according to schedule, with Mr. Jones at her side. She said, coolly, "And where are you from, Mr. Jones?"

"Oh, I'm afraid you never heard of the place," he said gently. "It's called Chicago."

Juliet looked at him. So he wanted to shoot it out, did he? Well, he'd come to the right person. "And why are you in New York? Are you wanted in Chicago—or not wanted?"

"I'm here," said Mr. Jones with perfect equanimity, "to get a lot of money."

"Chicago's run out?"

"I thought I'd do better here. Bruce has talked about financing a field trip for research. But now I don't know." Mr. Jones frowned. "I don't think I quite understand you. I don't know what to make of girls who are beautiful, rich, arrogant — and scared to death."

Juliet stared up at his long, bony face, and her heart dropped sickeningly. Yes. It's true. I am scared to death. I'm twenty-nine years old, and if I don't land Potter this weekend—.

Suddenly tears choked her throat, scalded her eyes, poured down her face. Horrified, she tried to draw a steadying breath; it emerged as a sob. She felt a large, warm hand propel her away from the windows, to the shadows of an elm. Here Mr. Jones stopped, placed her head on his shoulder and began to pat the small of her back, as though he were burping a baby.

"Now, now, now," said Mr. Jones. "There's no need to be afraid of Lady Barracuda."

Juliet stiffened. "What makes you think, Mr. Jones —"

"Call me Hank," said Mr. Jones. "People in love always see things out of perspective. You're so in love with Thackeray that you're scared to death of every other girl. You—"

WITHOUT warning Juliet burst into helpless giggles. "No, no, I'm not hysterical! Oh, I'm so sorry —it's horrid of me to laugh —but you sounded so elderly and condescending and you're so completely wrong!"

"So," he said slowly, "that's the way it is. I thought you were hurt, but I guess that doesn't happen often, does it?"

Juliet wiped her eyes. "Hank, listen —"

"Call me Mr. Jones," said Hank, and stalked off into the darkness.

. . . . . .

She woke after ten hours of unbroken sleep to a glittering day. When she went down to the dining-room, they were all there—all but Mr. Jones.

"Ah, here she is." Bridget cawed. "Looking like a canary who swallowed a cat. And where were you last night?"

Juliet sat down, avoiding Potter's intent gaze. "I don't know where Mr. Jones was, but I was sound asleep."

"Well, you'll see him this afternoon, darling," said Wendy, "when you go out in the Gull."

As they left the harbor that afternoon she crawled out on the bow and lay flat in the sunshine on the deck. Mr. Jones was pompous, provincial, and puritanical; but he was also obviously a salt-water sailor. So let him handle the boat.

His voice reached her over the whisper and sigh of the water. "Juliet, I'm sorry about last night."

"Why should you be?" she asked, without moving.

"I had no right to judge you. After all, we're here for the same reason. The only difference between us is that I'm going to pay my debt to society with three days of boredom and you'll get thirty years. Or maybe not. There's always alimony, isn't there?"

Juliet sat up, tight-lipped. "You think I'm ruthless and selfish and hard, don't you? You think women should be all soft and helpless and tender."

"But not legal tender," said Mr. Jones dryly. "Listen, Julie, tell me. You're beautiful, and intelligent. Why does money matter so much to you?"

"Because I haven't any," Juliet said harshly.

"Lots of happy people haven't any."

"No happy people I know. The people I know don't understand what the word 'poverty' means. I do. My father couldn't hold on to a nickel or earn a penny. Have you ever filled a Chanel Number Five bottle with ten-cent-store perfume to fool the maid who unpacked your bags? Have you ever got one free lunch at a smart restaurant for every prominent person you brought there? Have you ever found honest ways to get marvellous clothes without—"

"No," said Mr. Jones, "but —"

"Well, I have! And I'm never going to have to do it again, because I'm going to marry Potter Thackeray if I have to drown Bridget in Long Island Sound!"

"Which," said Mr. Jones, "will be a perfectly honest way of getting some marvellous clothes! Watch that jib!"

. . . . . .

The clubhouse was brilliant with color and sound.

Juliet asked, with honest curiosity, "Why did you ask me to dance?"

Hank Jones raised his eyebrows. "I thought in the East, the gentleman always asked the lady. Do I smell — er — Chanel Number Five?"

Juliet grinned. "As a matter of fact, you do. Hank, I have to apologise."

"Please don't. It always gives me prickly heat."

"You were — awfully good to me last night when I—when —and I've been perfectly horrible to you."

"Forget it!" said Hank. "And let's dance."

Juliet thought: He's nice and he dances quite well.

Potter appeared. "May I cut in?" and then, "Let's go out to the pool, Julie."

The orchestra was at its best, and the pool was deserted.

Potter stopped, faced her, took her hands. "Julie," he said. She heard it then—that note in his voice, that unmistakable note she had been waiting for. "Julie, I want to——"

"No!" she said breathlessly. "No, Potter!" Have you taken leave of your senses? she asked herself, appalled. Don't just stand there. Grab him!

Potter said, "Julie, dear, I want to ask you to marry me."

"Potter, please, don't!" You have gone mad, she thought hopelessly.

"But, Julie, why not?"

"Because" — she swallowed hard — "oh, Potter, I'm not sure."

"Well!" It was the astonished, quietly triumphant expression a man might use if he had at last achieved something he had thought impossible. And, with a flash of insight, Juliet knew exactly what that something was.

Potter Thackeray had actually found a girl who refused to marry him until she was sure it was the man she wanted and not the money. She felt such a wave of pity and affection for him that she could almost have used it for love. Almost.

"Not yet, Potter," she said gently. "Give me—give me about six weeks."

As they neared the lighted terrace of the clubhouse, he smiled at her, an unwary, gentle smile. Juliet fled before it, to the sanctuary of the ladies' dressing-room.

She sat with her back to the mirror. I did the one fatal thing. I told him the truth—and instead of losing him, I landed him. Now if I say I'll marry him, he'll be sure I really

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A SHELTERED BACK GARDEN at the home of Mrs. F. W. Burgoyne, of Bondi, N.S.W., is packed with shrubs and trees. A pergola and garden seat with umbrella are attractive additions to the garden.

BACKYARDS

● The two gardens on this page show how, with some thought and hard work, the back garden can be turned into a beauty spot.

MR. W. ROSE of Chatswood, N.S.W., has a glorious show of color in his backyard during the spring months.

When it fades he pulls out the plants and rests the soil, as he is a firm believer in plant rotation.

In this way Mr. Rose's garden escapes the pests and viruses that so often occur where the ground is continuously cropped with plants of the same species.

Manuring alone will not always solve these troubles. The ground, after bing heavily manured for, some years, becomes sour and may need a good liming and rest for some months.

Gardeners now can get busy removing spent annuals such as nemesias, larkspurs, calendulas, stocks, primulas, linarias, for-get-me-nots, sweet peas, wallflowers, cinerarias, clarkias, cornflowers, lobelias, leptosynes, mignonette, nasturtiums, rhodanthes.

In their place the gardener can sow or plant vegetables and fruits such as French beans, beets, cape gooseberries, carrots, cucumbers, egg-plants, kohl rabbi, lettuce, melons, parsnips, peppers, pumpkins, radishes, silver beet, squash, sweet corn, tomatoes, turnips, marrows, cabbage, and sweet potatoes.

Those who do not want to plant vegetables can make a start on half-hardy summer annuals such as asters, amaranthus, balsams, arctotis, brachycomes, candytuft, annual Canterbury bells, celosia, sweet sultans, cockscombs, cosmos, cynogrossums, dahlias (from seed), euphorbia marginata (snow on the mountains), godetias, gomphrenas, gypsophila, helenium, helianthus, helichrysum, kochia, French and African marigolds, petunias, phlox drummondii, portulaca, salvia, scabiosa, statice, stokesia, tithonia, verbena, and zinnias of all kinds. These are mostly summer-flowering types.

GARDENING

If the garden beds are a fair size, the addition of small trees and shrubs will make the garden look less bare when the beds are cleared between crops.

Careful choice of trees, shrubs, etc., must be made so that the fertilisers and lime used for the annual plantings will not kill them.

MR. W. ROSE, of Chatswood, N.S.W., has transformed his back garden into a sea of flowers. A fish pond has been turned into a flower-bed and and old shed in the corner into an orchid house.

SHORTBACK*

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FORD PILLS

Continuing . . . MR. JONES AND JULIET

love him. And I don't. I never have and never will.

The door behind her opened and Lady Bridget came in. She sat down before the mirror. "Well, isn't it a small world?" she inquired chattily.

Juliet, watching spellbound, shook her head. From under the porcelain powder, the seductive lipstick, the violet eye-shadow came a face so unfamiliar that Juliet instinctively turned away from the glass. Bridget Binner, naked, was no longer the willowy, worldly Diana, but a gaunt, rather tired woman, pushing back the years with one hand, while with the other she reached out to seize—

But we're exactly alike! Juliet thought, with a kind of horror. I have a man but no money. She has money but no man. We're both desperate.

"Leaving?" Bridget said.

"Yes," Juliet said.

. . . . . .

She awoke to another brisk, bright day and a return to sanity. What on earth had possessed her, last night, to walk round and round the swimming-pool, listening to Hank Jones talk about the Dead Sea scrolls, keeping Potter dangling, when every moment's delay was dangerous—and all because she had looked in a mirror and seen Bridget with no make-up on?

She sat up swiftly. No more maidenly qualms, no more high-principled, sentimental nonsense. I'll tell Potter this evening. I'll say yes, and it will all be settled and over. At last.

On her breakfast tray was a scrawled note.

"Darling, in case you sleep late—Bruce and I racing Gale in Family Class this afternoon. Hank will take you and Bridget to Verners Island in Gull. Take skirt or something. Party there afterwards. Love and kisses, Wendy."

By the time she reached the dock, the breeze had stiffened and clouds were crossing the bright face of the sun.

Hank greeted her briskly. "We're going to have a certain amount of weather. Lady Bridget, you get up forward, will you? Julie, you tend the mainsheet." He cast off, jumped into the cockpit, and took the tiller. As they skirted the harbor, Juliet felt the upward rush of spirits that was the accompaniment of good sailing.

She looked at Hank. He grinned back in understanding, and simultaneously they glanced toward the bow. Lady Bridget was curled up at the foot of the mast, looking somehow shrunken and definitely green. Juliet suppressed an evil grin.

As they left the shelter of the harbor for the open waters of the sound, a curtain of cold water broke over the side.

Hastily, Julie twisted the mainsheet around a cleat, crawled forward, and pushed the canvas bag, holding their extra clothes, deep into the cubby under the mast. She shouted, "Are you all right?"

Lady Bridget nodded once, her hair pulled straight away from her head by the wind, her hands on the gunwale white with tension. She's not seasick, she's terrified! Juliet thought. "Bridget, listen——"

"Julie, tend that sheet!" Hank called. "We've got to come about!"

She scrambled aft, yanking at the wet sheet with all her strength as the Gull swung round. But the boom, instead of swinging with it, hung heavily to leeward, its tip ploughing the water into spray, the trapped sail cracking like gunfire.

"Julie! Let that sheet out—quick!"

She struggled, panting, "I—can't! It's wet — swollen — into the cleat!"

And then she felt the world begin to turn under her feet. She heard Hank shouting, "Jump clear of the sail!" The water was over her head. She was gasping on the surface again. She was swimming.

"Julie—Julie!" He was perhaps fifteen feet from the boat. "She's panicked! Can you make it to the island?"

Bridget's head appeared, her scarlet mouth wide open, her arms flailing.

Hank roared, "Don't grab me round the neck! D'you hear, Bridget? Grab my waist, and hang on!" And then, "Julie! Can you make it?"

from page 54

Juliet wasted no breath on an answer. She thought, fighting the waves: I have a choice. I could drown. Bridget would love that, and a lot he'd care! For a moment, pure rage drove her into a savage crawl; then another wave taught her mercilessly that this was not the way to swim half a mile in a dangerous sea.

For a long time, the island grew no nearer; then all at once it was so clear that she could see the Japanese lanterns on the wide verandah. Her arms were leaden; her breathing was agony.

With an enormous effort, she rose on a wave, treading water, and saw through the hills of waters the Verners' launch, white faces peering over the side.

But within her vision, no dark head, no angular arms. Hank! Where was Hank?

She heard herself sob and instinctively she fought the fear that paralysed her arms and legs and will and judgment. He couldn't drown within sight of land and laughter. She couldn't lose him now, not just when she had found him! "Hank!" she called weakly. "Hank, where are you?"

Hands hauled her roughly over the side of the launch. Hank's bony face looked down into hers, his grey eyes bloodshot and staring. "Julie, Julie, darling, are you all right?"

She nodded and then, because she could feel the strength of his hard arms holding her tightly, she decided it was safe to faint quietly away.

. . . . . .

The Japanese lanterns were charming; the music drifted out on to the lawn. The wind had died at sunset. Bridget had gone straight to bed but Juliet and Hank Jones had refused to be coddled, had insisted on going to the party. They sat now, silent, looking at the same moon rising over the same water.

"I'd like to ask you something," Hank said. "Would you care to go to Mesopotamia? I think I should tell you that it's hot, it's dirty, there's very little water."

"I wouldn't think of it."

"Oh," Hank said humbly. "I just thought you might. You see, I'm going."

Juliet began to shiver. "May—may I ask you something?"

"Anything," said Hank.

"Would it be possible for you to tell me why you saved Bridget and left me to sink in the middle of Long Island Sound, without a trace?"

"But that's why!" Hank looked astounded. "Because I knew right then that you were the only girl I'd ever want to take to Mesopotamia. I mean, you'd never, under any circumstances, give up or get in a panic or—or drown."

"No," Juliet agreed "there isn't any water in Mesopotamia." His face, she discovered, was wildly attractive, the sort of face that needs to be touched. She touched it.

"Julie," Hank said, "no matter how old we grow, I'll never love you any more desperately than I did this afternoon in a hundred feet of salt water, holding on to another girl. I thought I might lose you, Julie. I was afraid." Some time later he asked, "Will you mind living in a hut, darling?"

"No, dearest," said Juliet. "Are we really that poor?"

"Only in Mesopotamia. At home we live in a small apartment. I'm not rich. But, on the other hand, I'm not exactly poor."

"Goody," said Juliet. "What are you staring at, love?"

He looked at the figures silhouetted in the lighted windows, moving in time to music. "I'm seeing them in their bones," he said dreamily.

"They must look rather odd," Juliet murmured.

"You know," Hank said, in a tone of mild surprise, "the oddest part is that they look just like everyone else!"

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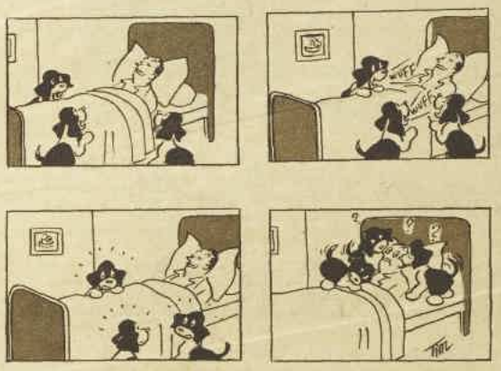
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



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Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 35

hurry; she had no professional engagement that morning—or indeed that day. A nation of dog-lovers obviously wouldn't let her starve, but the whole week was in fact a bit of a blank, in the dog-line . . .

"I'll take it easy," Louisa consoled herself. "I'll have a good easy . . ."

On the thin party-wall Number Ten rapped again.

"Miss Datchett?"

"Outside the door," called Louisa impatiently.

"Thank you, I have found it," called back Number Ten. "Thank you very much. Just to say, Miss Datchett, I have the box quite ready!"

With sinking heart Louisa recalled one of her rasher promises: she was going to try to peddle some of his horrible beechnuts for him round the artier-and-craftier boutiques.

She recalled also Hugo down with bronchitis, and a Hungarian sculptor for whom she was finding a studio. Dogs might be lacking, but never men, to keep her occupied . . .

"I feel jaded," thought Louisa.

At that moment the milkman yodelled again. (On top of everything else, she had a histrionic milkman.) She opened grudgingly, while her coffee cooled.

"Hope on, hope ever," said the milkman. "There was a letter for you below; I've brought it up."

Louisa didn't often get letters. (She got telegrams, or picture post cards.) She examined the envelope with what she afterwards believed to be prophetic interest.

It was large and expensive, the writing was unfamiliar, for F. Pennon had never written to her before. Indeed, Louisa didn't even know, till she read the letter inside, that his initial was F.

Upon large expensive paper, headed Gladstone Mansions, W.1.—

"My dear Louisa," wrote F. Pennon,

"I hope you may remember me from Cannes last spring—the lonely old bachelor you were so kind to? I remember you very well indeed, and would very much like to see you again. Will you come and have tea with me as soon as possible? I remember your saying you enjoyed a good tea, and scones and honey shall await you here daily. I telephoned you several times during the last week, but you were always out—though not, I sincerely trust, out of Town.

"May I say, a bientot?

"F. PENNON."

Prophetic interest or no, Louisa had at first some difficulty in placing F. Pennon at all. That week at Cannes had been hectic: it was the single burst of luxury her career had ever brought her, when an Italian film-star whose poodles she'd photographed in London summoned her out to the film-festival to photograph them again with additional publicity. In gratitude for the gesture Louisa co-operated wholeheartedly—even to the extent of faking a Rescue By Poodles In Rough Sea—but she'd also enjoyed herself.

How she'd enjoyed herself! Among so many breathtakingly beautiful women, each soignee to the last eyebrow, Louisa's harum-scarum looks seemed to bring many a cameraman comfort. (The likeness of Bobby and Rene and Kurt still hailed her from the mantelshelf, affectionately dedicated in three languages.) With Bobby and Rene and Kurt, Louisa, whenever off poodle-duty, had for a week made such carefree fiesta the details were naturally blurred . . . Thus when after a little thought F. Pennon's image finally emerged (like a weak negative in the hypo-bath), it was merely as that of the man Bobby hit with a roll.

And who'd been so nice about it — the image became more precise—they asked him over to their table—and who'd afterwards rather strung along with them, picking up the bills.

Which he invariably paid by cheque . . .

Louisa found herself remembering this quite clearly—and indeed it was a circumstance to excite general admiration: absolutely anyone in Cannes took F. Pennon's cheques. And not only took them, but if necessary cashed them . . .

Than which there is no more infallible sign, as Rene pointed out, of truly formidable riches.

At this stage in her recollections Louisa carried the letter back to her kitchenette, and there dissected it like a biologist dissecting a frog.

"My dear Louisa . . ."

He knew her Christian name. But then men always did.

"I hope you may remember me . . ."

Louisa had. With an additional effort, however, she now recalled something of F. Pennon's appearance: he resembled a Sealyham. Whether it was because of this that she also recalled him as elderly—all Sealyhams looking elderly from puppyhood—or whether it was the other way round, she wasn't quite sure. "Let it pass!" thought Louisa, reading on.

". . . would very much like to see you again . . ."

He'd liked seeing her at Cannes. A certain shy attentiveness had been unmistakable, it was upon Louisa, they all agreed, his benevolence was chiefly directed — the others just cashed in. She herself, having such a good time, merely scooped him up into her all-embracing bonhomie without learning so much as his initials. (His address was indeed peculiarly stiff: like a Sealyham's. "Come on over, this is Uncle Bobby apologising!" shouted Bobby. "The name is Pennon," said Mr. Pennon; and Mr. Pennon he'd remained to them throughout the week.) But attentive he'd certainly been, in a cagy way, and

"Now, just how did this happen?"

Louisa seemed to remember him more than once providing her with aspirins.

Her eye travelled on.

". . . I remember your saying you enjoyed a good tea . . ."

What meal didn't Louisa enjoy? It was a pity she hadn't said a good dinner, or even a good lunch; even so, F. Pennon plainly recalled her slightest word. At this point Louisa opened the window, reached in the cream, and poured a good dollop into her coffee.

"I telephoned you several times . . ."

YES, but why only during the last few weeks? A year had elapsed, since Cannes; it was now May again. Perhaps he'd been abroad again, thought Louisa; perhaps he'd been abroad the whole time? He was certainly staying on at Cannes, and she had a vague recollection of his mentioning South Africa. In any case, several times—let alone as soon as possible—he was eager enough, now!

"May I say, a bientot?"

"The more bientot the better!" thought Louisa warmly.

Then she read the whole letter through again, and came to a swift decision.

Her first impulse was to telephone herself; on second thoughts she sent a telegram. She felt that a preliminary, disembodied conversation would somehow take the dew off their meeting—and wasn't the day hers to name? "With you four-thirty Louisa," dictated Louisa confidently. She very nearly made it a Greetings Telegram, only none of the forms suggested by the operator seemed to meet the case.

As has been said, she had no professional engagements; and could easily take round Hugo's cream in the morning instead of the afternoon.

"You seem to have had a whack at it already," said Hugo ungratefully.

He was sitting up in bed, his thin little neck protruding from a dirty turtle-neck sweater, under a counterpane littered with playscripts.

"I had good news," apologised Louisa. "I took it, quite honestly, for you—at least my subconscious did—then I had good news, and a spot somehow got into my coffee. Eat it up, it'll build you."

"What sort of good news?"

"I'm going to get married," said Louisa.

It is remarkable how swiftly, once seeded, the idea of matrimony burgeons in a woman's mind. Some women indeed think of practically nothing else until they stand gazing like startled fawns through a cloud of white tulle veiling; Louisa was so far from being one of these, if she passed a society wedding, two hundred housewives outside identifying themselves with the bride, Louisa identified herself with the photographers.

When she opened F. Pennon's letter, only half-an-hour had elapsed since her conversation with the milkman, and her subsequent meditations on the lot of the independent modern woman, and her final conclusion as to the desirability of rich husbands all round; when she finished reading, her decision was as swift as if she'd been trained in a first-class finishing-school. She was going to marry F. Pennon.

She was even slightly annoyed that Hugo should now regard her with evident astonishment.

"And why not?" inquired Louisa coldly. "I'm not a hag yet!"

"My dear! No reason in the world," exclaimed Hugo, genuinely shocked. "You're very attractive. I mean, that's why I was surprised — you have such a good time knowing such dozens of men."

Louisa looked at the stack of dirty plates on the floor beside his bed: in a few minutes, she supposed, she'd be having a good time washing them. Quite possibly Number Ten imagined she'd have a good time peddling his beechnuts.

"And whose fault is it?" thought Louisa honestly. "It's not men's, it's mine. I've asked for it. I've made a hobby of it, I've been the original Good Sort . . ." She was darned if she'd wash Hugo's dishes, but neither would she do him injustice. As he suddenly coughed like a sick sheep, she hadn't the heart even to disillusion him.

"Of course you're right," agreed Louisa. "I've had a marvellous time. Particularly with you, Hugo dear. I still think I'll get married."

"I suppose it is the modern thing to do," coughed Hugo, recovering aplomb. "I'm so old-fashioned, I just live in sin."

Louisa cast an understanding but expert eye over the traditional attic. There wasn't room between peeling walls and unwashed window, to swing a cat; but love (or sin), Louisa was aware, in the circle in which Hugo moved rather thrived on squalor. Not a stocking, however, hung to dry . . .

"I know you'd like to—" began Louisa sympathetically. She paused, and looked round again. Not a stocking, not a flower! — and not a thermometer. "What I mean is," explained Louisa, "if you were really living in sin with Pammy, she'd be here now, looking after you in sin."

"Actually, she's got a rehearsal," said Hugo sulkily.

"Which is precisely the point," said Louisa.

She paused again, suddenly and surprisedly aware of what she really had in mind; which was, briefly, that she herself wouldn't be giving up work (as she fully intended to do, upon marrying F. Pennon) solely because F. Pennon could support her, but also because she recognised certain reciprocal claims. If F. Pennon was sick, she, Louisa, wouldn't be out photographing poodles! Nor was the idea unwelcome;

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in fact, she desired such claims —on her time, on her affection; but from a husband.

Louisa looked at Hugo thoughtfully. She was very fond of him. He was a brave little twirp. Not one of his off-beat plays had ever succeeded, he currently stage-managed at an Outer London rep.; and though it was there, in the draughty wings, he caught his bronchitis, so dedicated was he that he crawled from his bed and back into the draughts each night. Louisa was not only fond of Hugo; she admired him. His dogged, masculine single-mindedness in the face of so much discouragement struck her as little short of heroic. All the same, she felt, suddenly, extremely tired of him.

"It's time I had some proper claims made on me," thought Louisa, "before I turn into the original Mother-Figure . . ."

She stood up.

"Darling, you aren't going?" protested Hugo.

"I've got to look in at the shop," said Louisa.

"But you haven't told me about your Intended. I'm all agog, honestly I am! Who is he?"

"Someone I've known for quite a while," said Louisa.

"Has he any money?"

"Quite a lot," said Louisa rather sharply. "But that's not only why I'm marrying him."

By now, strangely enough, it was true. Who more mercenary than Louisa that very breakfast-time as she contemplated her lot as an independent modern woman? Who more mercenary than Louisa as she dissected F. Pennon's letter, and sent off her wire? During the intervening hours she had grown fond of him. In a sense this was only to be expected; she was fond of most men; the fact remained that though his money was an essential factor, she now thought of F. Pennon with genuine affection, and thoroughly resented, on his behalf, Hugo's tone.

"What a lucky girl you are!" congratulated Hugo, all unconscious. "I suppose he isn't by any chance interested in the theatre?"

"Not that I know of," said Louisa at the door.

"Because if he should be," called Hugo, "you might just drop a word—at some tender moment, you know — about my Aristophanes in modern dress . . ."

. . . . . .

"And when's it to be?" inquired Mr. Ross interestedly.

"Well, I'm not quite sure yet," said Louisa.

"Just give the word in good time," said Mr. Ross, "and me and the boys'll have a whip round. Congratulations again —though I must say the place won't seem the same without you."

It wasn't much of a place, Louisa's shop. Fortunately, as a photographer of dogs she had no need of any chi-chi studio, her subjects posed either en plein air or in their own homes; in fact, she hadn't a studio at all, but merely rented darkroom space off Mr. Ross at a highly un-chi-chi address in Soho. (Mr. Ross' subjects, though anthropoids, were also photographed en plein air: on the pavement outside Burlington House.) The accommodation suited Louisa very well, however, and she and Rossy had shared many a companionable cup of tea, as they were doing now.

"Not that we'd expect," added Mr. Ross delicately, "to be asked . . ."

"Good heavens, why not?" exclaimed Louisa. "You don't think I'm going to drop all my old friends?"

"If you're wise you will," said Mr. Ross.

Louisa looked at him as she'd looked at Hugo: he stood up better to her scrutiny. He wasn't so very much the elder, his sharp-cut suit and pointed shoes were as much of a group-uniform as Hugo's dirty sweater and duffle coat; his oily black locks, styled to

kill, inspired no confidence in the conventionally minded. But he was genuinely concerned for her.

"When embarking on a new life," said Mr. Ross earnestly, "make a clean break. You're marrying a well-to-do man, you're going to have a nice home: so okay, don't clutter it up with old pals. I'm speaking against my own interest, your society's been a real pleasure; but I've seen again and again how it doesn't do. My own sister," said Mr. Ross unexpectedly, "married into a chain-store. But do I drop in on 'em, Saturdays? Not me."

"Why not?" asked Louisa uneasily.

"Hampstead and Whitechapel. The grape 'n the grain. In your case, let's say, Knightsbridge 'n—"

"Paddington," supplied Louisa.

"'That where you live? I didn't know," said Mr. Ross. "I don't know, either, that you mayn't have some very classy friends—"

Louisa shook her head.

"Then take my advice, give 'em the go-by. Make a clean break. —And don't fret about me missing the champagne," added Mr. Ross humorously, "just pour me another cup of char."

Before so momentous an appointment Louisa naturally returned home to embellish her appearance; and met Number Ten on the stairs. He looked even seedier than usual — as though the mites were beginning to get at him, too; also his vegetarian breath smelt unpleasantly of garlic. Without a pang, Louisa mentally gave Number Ten the go-by.

Without a pang, she felt, she could give Hugo the go-by. She could give them all the go-by, gladly—the whole shiftless bunch of men she was used to being fond of . . .

"Rossy's dead right," thought Louisa. "It's time I made a clean break."

. . . . . .

There could still be no stronger proof of her special temperament (which Louisa was now determined to repress, but Rome isn't built in a day) than the fact that she could enter Gladstone Mansions not only without dismay but with positive exhilaration. Most women got the willies.

The first impression produced by the interior was of being underground. Seen from without, eight massive storeys reared in a London skyscraper; once past the great oak and ground-glass doors the catacomb-illusion was complete. A cautious use of electricity left in shadow the high, coved, cavernous ceiling; on the walls a paper originally representing marble now looked like wet granite. At intervals upon it naked skulls, like the trophies of cavemen, thrust up branching antlers or simple horns.

Stray visitors from the provinces, peering uncertain through the heavy doors, felt that a Natural History Museum ought to be brighter. Only the specialist eye of a British clubman — and Louisa's — at once recognised the entirely appropriate threshold to the most expensive flats in London, single gentlemen only.

When one rang for the lift, nothing happened. This was all right with Louisa, who had arrived a trifle early; in any case she would no more have minded waiting than a scholar minds waiting in a library, or a botanist in a herbarium, or a kindergarten mistress in a show of infant handicraft.

She had all the heads to look at. The legend beneath an Oryx Indiensis, "Shot by Major Cartwright-Jones, Himalayas, 1885," filled her with vicarious pleasure. (Though fond of animals, she was fonder still of Majors, and besides had never seen an oryx on the hoof like a Major in his boots.) A Colonel Hamlyn had bagged a wildebeeste, the Hon. C. P. Coe a moose; Louisa mentally tramped veldts with the one, slogged through tundra with the other—she was having, so to speak, a last orgy —and marvelled as always at man's gratuitous heroism . . .

F. Pennon didn't appear to have shot anything. Even so, Louisa could well imagine some future nostalgia on his part, and easily promised herself to respect it.

An ancient clock coughed the half-hour. She rang again, and now in the lift-shaft something happened. Iron vitals rumbled; machinery shuddered, ropes strained, wheels ground; it was like the birth of the Industrial Age. Rudimentary yet effectual a great iron cage descended; groaned to a halt,

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and gaped. Casting a last affectionate thought towards Colonel Hamlyn, Major Jones and Mr. Coe—whom no one else had thought of, let alone with affection, since about 1910 —Louisa stepped hardily in.

"F. Pennon, third," said Louisa. "What a splendid lot of heads!"

"The relatives don't claim 'em," replied the liftman morosely.

His aged features, unused to expressing anything but apathy, readjusted themselves to express a dislike of small-talk. Louisa admitted her error, recognised, and applauded, a complete absorption in the remarkable task of making six hundred-weight of iron go up and down, and held her tongue.

Up they labored. An eye attuned to the cavern below instinctively sought, between the probably hand-forged bars, for some daubing of elk or mastodon on the lift-shaft's naked brick. But it was bare as a pothole. To be ejected, at the Third, into civilisation, nonetheless came as a shock, even though one was still, unmistakably, in Gladstone Mansions as well.

The long, narrow corridor still gave the impression of being underground, if only as in a mine; upon the walls, instead of horns and skulls, hung steel-engravings — but each commemorating some disaster to British arms. ("The Charge of the Light Brigade," the "Loss of the Royal George," the "Retreat from Corunna.") Louisa passed appreciatively between them, identified the door she sought, and used the "Death of Nelson" as a mirror to re-powder her nose.

"F. Pennon?" inquired Louisa.

"Miss Datchett?" inquired the old manservant.

He might have been the liftman's twin brother; but Louisa was now too intent on her own affairs even to ask if they were related. Behind him stretched a typical Gladstone Mansions sitting-room—furnished apparently with sarcophagi, carpeted apparently with churchyard moss, the whole gloomy vista closed by curtains not absolutely black, but nonetheless suggestive of a first-class French funeral. The only points of brightness were the silver tea-set ready on the tea-table, and the eager gleam in F. Pennon's eye as he hurried towards her out of the circumambient gloom.

Louisa scrutinised him with natural interest. Her memory had been generally accurate: like a Sealyham he was broad through the chest and rather short-legged, but though not tall he was at least as tall as she was (and she could always wear flat heels), and his greying hair had exactly the springy roughness of a Sealyham's coat. (Louisa could easily imagine herself dropping a kiss on it at the breakfast-table.) In age she judged him about nine—or rather sixty — and though she could have wished him younger, he looked fit as a fiddle.

"My dear Louisa," exclaimed F. Pennon, "how good of you to be so prompt!"

He had her hand even before the manservant stepped back, clasping it enthusiastically between his own. Where now was his reserve, his peculiar stiffness of address? All swept away, thought Louisa happily, in the joy of seeing her again!

"It's a pleasure," said Louisa sincerely.

Indeed it was to see him not only so spry and so delighted, but also, quite obviously, nervous. (He was far more nervous than Louisa; but then she already knew his fate.) He fussed. He fussed over finding her the most comfortable chair, and over the disposition of the tea-things. (There were the scones, there was the honey, also a plummy cake shaped like an Edwardian toque.) He asked her to pour out. The weight of the teapot almost sprained her wrist, but how

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gladly she bore the slight twinge!

"Family plate," thought Louisa — but not even Gladstone Mansions would supply solid silver. The sugar-bowl alone could have been pawned for thirty bob. (How different a cup of char with Mr. Ross!) Merely to handle the solid silver sugar-tongs, good for at least half-a-guinea, Louisa took three lumps.

"This is just," sighed Louisa, "what I like."

"You used to take lemon," said F. Pennon anxiously.

There was lemon, too, sliced wafer-thin in a silver shell. Not to disappoint him, Louisa added lemon. F. Pennon himself spooned honey on to her plate beside the hot scone. Then he sat back and watched her eat with an expression of rapture.

"How well I remember," he exclaimed, "that week at Cannes!"

"Oh, so do I!" said Louisa.

"We did, didn't we, get on rather well? D'you think you could call me Freddy?"

"Easily," said Louisa — she was only too glad to find it wasn't F. for Ferdinand.

"You attracted me at once," continued Freddy, in happy reminiscence. "I don't mind telling you I was a bit annoyed —being hit with that roll—then I saw you at the table and that's why I came over. What a thundering piece of luck it was!"

"For me, too," said Louisa.

"You really mean that? — I don't llve here regularly, you know," said F. Pennon, "I've a house as well, outside Bournemouth."

The transition was abrupt—how nervous he was, poor F for Freddy! — but Louisa grasped the implication at once. Wives being obviously taboo in Gladstone Mansions, he wanted her to know about the house. Not in Knightsbridge; outside Bournemouth. Mr. Ross, however, had scarcely erred.

"I can't imagine anything nicer," said Louisa encouragingly.

"I hope you'll think so when you see it. That is, if you do see it. I want you to see it. —But I'm going too fast," said F. Pennon anxiously. "I'm rushing things. Have a slice of cake."

Though she hadn't finished her scone, Louisa accepted it willingly. His nervousness was beginning to be infectious, and eating always steadied her.

"Not that I don't like it here, too," added Freddy, with a touch of wistfulness. "I do. I like it uncommonly."

At the thought of all he was giving up for her Louisa's heart quite melted—particularly as Gladstone Mansions was just the sort of place she liked herself. How different, the huge, solid room, from a divan-bed-room-bathroom-kitchenette-dinette! Even its gloom was tranquillising — like a thoroughly wet day when there is no question of going out. If Freddy's eye was wistful, so was Louisa's; but no one was ever less of a dog-in-the-manger.

"Why not keep it on?" she suggested kindly. "Then you could pop up to town on your own."

"You really think I might?" exclaimed F. Pennon, brightening at once. "It wouldn't cause . . . misunderstandings? My dear Louisa," cried F. Pennon enthusiastically, "how right I've been about you! I knew I was right, even on so very brief an acquaintance as ours was at Cannes! You're the only woman, I tell you frankly, I've been able to think of—"

Louisa swallowed fast. She didn't mean to receive his proposal in form with her mouth full.

"—to turn to," finished F. Pennon, "in a jam."

For one moment—and alas, for one only — incredulity numbed Louisa's brain. The moment passed. After but the briefest pause, during which she resisted an impulse to dash the scone to the ground and grind it into the carpet—

"Here we go again!" thought Louisa resignedly.

Resignedly she composed herself to listen. She also put another scone on her plate, beside the slice of cake, to make sure of supplies. Though where were now her rosy hopes, if she ate enough tea she could do without supper, and so be at least a meal up.

"Fire ahead," said Louisa.

It was encouragement of a sort. At any rate it was encouragement enough for F. Pennon. He drew a deep, already assuaged breath.

"I don't suppose even you can realise," he began earnestly, "how a man feels—a man of my age—when the woman he's worshipped for twenty years is at last free to marry him."

Louisa sat perfectly still. The words were a final blow, and in the circumstances a shattering one. Yet what fidelity they exhibited! Twenty years! How different, such true devotion, thought Louisa, from the untidy amours of her familiar circle! Chagrined as she was, she felt her heart melt.

"Perhaps not," she said kindly. "Tell me."

"He feels terrified," said F. Pennon.

Another moment passed. As though upon some emotional switchback, Louisa had scarcely time to alter expression — in fact, she was still looking reverent—before it was necessary to speak.

"I thought you said you'd worshipped—?" began Louisa.

"Yes; but from afar," said F. Pennon.

"How far afar?"

"Argentina. For the past eighteen years, she's lived in the Argentine. She married a man in business there — a splendid chap," said F. Pennon warmly. "Now he's dead."

"You mean you haven't seen her for eighteen years?" marvelled Louisa.

"That's right. His business rather went downhill, d'you see, and they couldn't afford to come home. But of course I've written to her. We wrote to each other," said F. Pennon, warming up a little, "every month . . ."

"You mean love-letters?"

"I suppose you might call 'em so. I know Enid told me they added meaning to her whole existence. So they did to mine," said F. Pennon. "I'd no other attachments, never wanted any; but once each month I'd turn aside from — well, money-grubbing — and just give myself up to sweeter things. I used to keep a special evening, settle down at that desk with perhaps a spot of brandy —"

"And a dictionary of quotations?" suggested Louisa.

"Just to refresh my memory," said F. Pennon simply. "Enid liked me to put in poetry. She's particularly fond of Tennyson. One way and another, taking all my letters together, I dare say you'd find the whole of "Maud." And then of course there'd be a letter each month from her, and I kept a special evening for them, too. It was ideal . . ."

Louisa could see that it had

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been. Now that she wasn't going to marry him herself, now that she regarded him dispassionately, she could see it was the very thing for him: a sentimental attachment — a long-distance attachment — neatly compartmented from, not interfering with, the solid comforts of Gladstone Mansions.

It was a particularly galling reflection that she herself, at Cannes, had no doubt been merely an Enid-surrogate—F. Pennon on Holiday, with time for sweeter things on his hands . . .

"Did she teach you to carry aspirins?" asked Louisa abruptly.

"Enid? As a matter of fact, yes. How did you guess?"

"Never mind," said Louisa, beginning to eat again. "Go on. Where do I come in?"

But Freddy was still gazing nostalgically towards the writing-desk.

"I'd just bought a new seal, an agate," he mourned. "It had Semper Fidelis on it. Now the poor chap's dead!"

"And I suppose Enid expects you in Buenos Aires?" prompted Louisa, not quite patiently. "I still don't see where I —"

With an effort he jerked himself to the present.

"Actually her boat docks the day after tomorrow," said F. Pennon. "She's come . . ."

Though still eating fast, Louisa met his desperate eye with renewed sympathy. Who wouldn't, thought Louisa, in such a situation, be terrified? To worship afar for eighteen years and then to have one's idol all at once within reach! And not only within reach, but positively, so to speak — and soon now, indeed, without metaphor — in one's lap! For Louisa had no doubt in the world, she read it in F. Pennon's every agitated glance, that in those monthly letters he had absolutely committed himself. Enid had come home to marry him.

"Congratulations," said Louisa, "and cheer up. When does she get to London?"

"She isn't coming to London," said F. Pennon. "She's going straight to my house at Bournemouth. What else can she do? She hasn't a penny, poor gel—and I can hardly pay her hotel bills! So she's going to Bournemouth. That's where we're going to meet. And that's where I want you to come, too," said F. Pennon rapidly, "dear Louisa, just to help me over the hump."

Louisa swallowed the last crumbs of plum-cake.

"Dear Freddy," said Louisa, "not on your life."

Just as Hugo when she left him on his sick-bed, Freddy stared incredulously.

"But, Louisa——"

"I quite see why you've been telephoning me," said Louisa more kindly. "I even see that it wasn't a bad idea. You've still, as far as I can judge, got to marry her——"

"Of course I'm going to marry her!" cried F. Pennon with belated fervor. "Dammit, I want to marry her! Only I can't—I tell you I positively can't—be all alone with her for the first few days. There's got to be a—well, a buffer.

from page 63

Come to Bournemouth just for a week——"

"You could hardly introduce me as a buffer," said Louisa coldly.

"Of course not. I shouldn't think of it. You'll be a friend I have staying with me. Probably she'll take it for a delicate piece of chaperoning. I dare say she'll expect chaperoning——"

"Duennas, in Argentina, are probably still all the go," agreed Louisa. "Haven't you any female relatives?"

"No. I tell you you're the only woman I've been able to think of—you with your wonderful understanding of a man, you who're such a thorough good sort——"

"Listen," interrupted Louisa. "Listen carefully. I know that's my reputation, but I'm through. I've had enough of being a good sort. I've had enough of being man's best friend. From now on, they'll have to take Airedales. I'm sorry to disappoint you, and thanks for my tea."

She brushed the cake-crumbs from her fingers and rose. (She really felt adequately fed until next morning.) She powdered her nose standing, and moved definitely towards the door.

"Louisa!" cried F. Pennon desperately.

LOUISA knew better than to turn. He would be looking too much like an abandoned Sealyham. How infinitely preferable if he were! Then she could simply take him home.

"It's not only on my account," implored F. Pennon desperately. "It's on Enid's. I know she's a married woman ——"

Louisa paused.

It suddenly struck her how extraordinarily few married women she knew. In fact, she knew very few women at all, and those mostly without a wedding-ring among them. Freddy's Enid had not only married once, but within the first few months of widowhood was about to marry again. Louisa's own aim now being matrimony — if not with F. Pennon, then with another — it struck her that from a woman so eminently nubile she might well pick up a few tips.

"Oh, okay," said Louisa, "when do we go?"

. . . . . .

"You know what?" said the milkman. "That chap Ibsen's dead."

"I know," said Louisa.

"I didn't. My auntie told me," said the milkman. "Also, while never chaining herself to railings, she did once black a gentleman's eye."

"Those were the days," said Louisa.

The milkman considered her with more attention.

"Since you mentioned it yourself, you do look a bit jaded. What about another spot of cream?"

"No, thanks," said Louisa. "In fact, you needn't leave anything for a week."

"Saving money or going on holiday?" inquired the milkman.

"Neither," said Louisa. "Summer school."

She hesitated. Whether as a buffer between old Freddy and his beloved or as a picker of that beloved's brains, she was pretty well assured of a week's good grub. She was still resolved to give Number Ten the go-by; she simply recognised that the idea of his peering fruitlessly outside the door each morning might spoil her appetite; and on second thoughts ordered yoghurt as usual.

. . . . . .

"And this," said F. Pennon, "is Miss Datchett, who's staying with us for a bit."

Was he flushed with triumph or merely feeling the heat? The afternoon was so warm, Louisa couldn't decide — and indeed spared him but the briefest glance, so eager was she to observe the woman he'd worshipped for twenty years, and whom he'd just been to fetch from Bournemouth West station.

Enid Anstruther was small, slight, blond, and faded. Her age was more difficult to be precise about; on the facts, Louisa had worked her out at about forty, at which age a woman today is still young, and Mrs. Anstruther in manner at least was positively girlish; but this very girlishness had the effect of making her seem older. As she jumped out of the car and ran up the loggia steps, Louisa, observing these pretty, girlish movements, had to tell herself not to be a cat.

"But how nice!" cried Mrs. Anstruther warmly.

At least it was big of her, or at any rate she was a very quick thinker. A small gloved hand flew out and patted at Louisa's in a kind little gesture of acceptance. The latter, always dispassionate about her own appearance, was uncontrollably reminded of a recent first prize amateur snap of a robin making friends with a furcher.

"'Name's Louisa — You'll get on together," promised F. Pennon optimistically. "Now then: Enid's had a long journey, she'll want to lie down."

Mrs. Anstruther turned to him gratefully. She turned; and Louisa saw her profile.

No tropic heat, so ravaging of skin and hair, affects the profile. Enid Anstruther's had remained exquisite; low, straight forehead, straight, delicately cut nose, short upper lip and delicately rounded chin. It was a profile out of a Victorian Keepsake — Grecian softened to prettiness. It was a profile, there was no denying, for a man to remember with devotion even after eighteen years.

Lying down being apparently the order of the day, as soon as Mrs. Anstruther had been shown her room, Louisa went and lay down, too.

The bedspread, which she carefully turned back, was of pink brocade. Upon the floor a deep pile carpet, slightly darker in tone than the quilt, fitted from wall to wall. Curtains patterned with enormous pale green leaves framed a view of pine-trees and sea. It wasn't even the best bedroom—that had Mrs. Anstruther lying down on it—but it was still so very different indeed from Louisa's room in Paddington, when she woke in it that morning she felt like the chimney-sweep in Bleak House.

Freddy had driven her from London the day before. (In his custom-built Rolls: his own

To page 81

From the Bible

● *"The God of Heaven, He will prosper us."*
Nehemiah, 2:20.

The raiding Babylonians had broken down the walls of Jerusalem, sacked the city, and taken the Hebrews into captivity. Nehemiah took it upon himself to build up the walls, encouraging the workers with these words.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; short short stories from 1100 to 1400; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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● These five hints from readers will save you time and trouble around the house. Each wins a £1/1/- prize for its sender.

CUT flowers will keep fresher much longer if a penny is added to the vase of water. Add two pennies to larger vases.

Prize of £1/1/- to Miss Helen Cary, 790 Mate Street, Albury.

★ ★ ★

Corks of vacuum flasks often come out when flasks are newly filled with hot liquid. To prevent this, dip the corks in sugar and they will stay in.

Prize of £1/1/- to Mrs. H. Smith, 57 Farnborough Road, Unanderra.

★ ★ ★

If your dining-room floor is uncarpeted, you can soundproof the chairs by gluing small pieces of felt to the bottoms of the legs.

Prize of £1/1/- to Mrs. M. Hodgson, 130 Dawson Street, Cooks Hill, Newcastle.

★ ★ ★

If you keep cheese in a covered dish, try placing a lump of sugar on top of the cheese before replacing the lid of the dish. The cheese will keep fresh and free from mould much longer this way.

Prize of £1/1/- to Miss L. Smith, 2 Stanley Street, Kogarah.

★ ★ ★

A mirror fastened to the inside of swinging garage doors will give the driver who is about to back out his car a clear view of the area immediately behind the car—a danger spot when there are small children in the family.

Prize of £1/1/- to Mrs. E. M. Maguire, Rosedale, Dangarsleigh, Armidale.

GUARD for a children's room fits neatly across the doorway. It is made of wood, and has peepholes and a curved top.

BRIGHT, new look for an old cupboard with left-over pieces of wallpaper pasted on to the panels. Remaining woodwork is painted a contrasting color. With this idea it's cheap and easy to ring the changes and add a touch of variety and gaiety to rooms

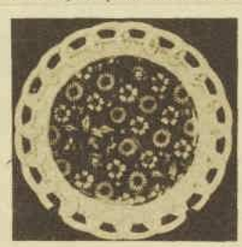
If you have a useful hint you would like to pass on to other readers, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

Collectors' Corner

● *Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's question about an antique.*

QUESTION: "This plate was purchased at an auction sale in Darling Point in 1893 as part of a dessert service. It is 9in. in diameter with a cut-out border outlined in gold on the white china. The centre panel is cobalt-blue with the floral pattern slightly in relief. The only marks are 158 in gold, a mark resembling a semiquaver, and 5 scratched into the glaze. I believe the plate is English. Could you tell me more about it?" — Mrs. D. Graham, West Ryde, N.S.W.

Answer: It is Continental porcelain, possibly German. It could have been bought in Germany, but decorated in England about 1880. During this period it was quite a common custom to buy plain white porcelain from the Continent and for a member of a family to paint it. As this attractive design is not one of the standard patterns, it appears as though this was the case. 158 would be the gilder's decorator mark.



CONTINENTAL plate belonging to Mrs. D. Graham, West Ryde.

For information about your antiques, send a photograph of the object, with sketches of any markings or drawings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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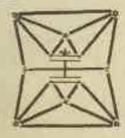

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Boil	*½ cup water and 2 level tablespoons shortening.*
Stir in	*½ cup Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour. Pinch Salt.*
Cook	*Until mixture leaves sides of saucepan, stirring well.*
Add	*2 unbeaten eggs one at a time to hot mixture and beat well.*
Drop	*in 8 mounds 1½" apart on greased slide.*
Cook	*in a hot oven 10 mins. then mod. 15-20 mins.*
Cool	*and fill with lemon cream and fruit salad.*
	Top with chocolate sauce.
	LEMON CREAM
Blend	*¾ cup sugar, 2 level tablespoons Mother's Choice flour, 1 level teaspoon gelatine with 1 cup milk.*
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Frankie's "Rat Pack" . . .

FRANK SINATRA (left) with some of the leading members of his influential "Rat Pack." Left from Sinatra: Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jnr. (seated), Peter Lawford, and newcomer Joey Bishop.

● No one would deny that Shirley MacLaine's rapid rise to film stardom is largely due to talent.

BUT it would be equally futile to deny that her success might not have been so rapid but for the interest and encouragement of Frank Sinatra and his Hollywood gang, known as "The Clan" or "The Rat Pack."

Led by Frankie, easily the most powerful—if benevolent—actor-despot in Hollywood, the clique manifests a "one-for-all-and-all-for-one" zeal that provides — for members only—a social security system, an ego-building sanatorium, and an employment agency.

Sinatra loves to refer to meetings of "The Clan" as "The Summit Meeting," and as far as Hollywood is concerned that is what they often are.

Ultimatum

For instance, it was Sinatra who insisted to 20th Century-Fox that they get Shirley MacLaine as his "Can-Can" co-star — or else. The "or else" being that without Shirley he wouldn't do the picture.

This doesn't imply that Shirley cannot get assigments on her own, but it doesn't hurt to have the backing of someone like Sinatra.

Now Shirley's friends are saying membership of "The Clan" is proving an embarrassment, and she would like to find a face-saving way of getting out.

They say she wants to get out of the clique for the same reason she was drawn to them originally—her independence. She cannot get along with the autocratic rule that now runs the group. The fun she found at the beginning is flagging.

Shirley's quandary is understandable when you know something of the beginnings of "The Rat Pack." It was founded by Humphrey Bogart, before his death Hollywood's leading nonconformist.

Around him he gathered the high-livers of filmdom—Judy Garland and husband Sid Luft, director John Hutton, agent Irving Lazar, and his own wife, Lauren Bacall—and together they met on nights when most of Hollywood was attending stuffy social functions. They made fun of the town's official society.

Frank Sinatra joined the clique in 1953, after his Academy-Award winning performance in "From Here to Eternity." Bogart thought that anyone who had been kicked around by Hollywood as Sinatra had would be a worthy member of "The Rat Pack."

As Bogart grew weaker with the illness which finally killed him, Sinatra grew more powerful, and assumed control of the clique.

As Sinatra's stature — and box-office appeal—grew even more, he brought new blood into the organisation. Tony Curtis and wife Janet Leigh

"CLAN" members (from left) Liz Taylor, Eddie Fisher and his then wife, Debbie Reynolds, were apparently a friendly trio before the divorce which freed Eddie to marry Liz.

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. . . rules Hollywood

Dean Martin, the late James Dean, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, Mike Todd and Elizabeth Taylor became fervent members of the group.

When Sammy Davis Jnr., whom Sinatra scarcely knew, lost his eye in a car crash, Frankie rushed to his side. Such courage, even though it was reckless driving, deserved recognition by the clique.

When Sinatra befriended Peter Lawford, British-born and son of a titled father, he was soon voted membership, because, as Sinatra explained, "he added class to the whole gang."

Frankie, however, makes it clear that he's boss. When Sammy Davis was foolish enough to criticise Frankie in an interview in Chicago, he was written out of a part in the film "Never So Few" on Sinatra's orders. Yet it was Sinatra who had insisted that a negro part be written in for Davis in the first place.

There have been other members "dismissed" from the clique because they have dared to criticise or displease the "Leader." A year or so ago Sinatra and Judy Garland had an argument over something neither remembers now.

Almost overnight Judy found herself shunned by the rest of the members. They not only failed to show up for her opening nights but she suddenly found her invitations to parties and for television appearances cut off.

This was in striking contrast to the pre-argument days, when it was common for Sinatra to charter a four-engine plane and fly the gang up to Las Vegas or Chicago, or anywhere Judy was making one of her many "comeback" engagements.

In the clique there's a rule that if two members become enemies the others try to get them together again . . . but no one takes sides. When Eddie and Debbie Fisher split up over Elizabeth Taylor, none of the other clique members took sides publicly; they remained friends with both.

Exception to this rule is when Sinatra is involved. Then one automatically takes sides —with the leader, if you know what's good for you and want to remain a member in good standing.

Imitators

Another hallmark of the good "Rat Pack" member is to imitate the leader. Many of the men adopt Frankie's style of dressing, drive a similar car, and use his slangy manner of speech.

When Frankie gets bored at a party, his followers leave when he leaves. When he leaves one organisation for another, his cronies go, too.

A natural - born "crazy mixed-up kid" like Shirley MacLaine would appear to be a perfect addition to "The Rat Pack," but she weathered the Hollywood storm for two years and made four pictures before Sinatra noticed her and admitted her to membership.

This was when she was making her fifth film, "Some Came Running," with Sinatra and Dean Martin. She was "one of the gang" because, in Sinatra's words, "she can swear like a sailor and play cards like a Las Vegas dealer."

FRIENDS say star Shirley MacLaine is rebelling against the "tyranny" of "The Rat Pack," whose assistance greatly helped her career.

For Shirley it meant an entirely new life. Good fellowship was hers for the asking, and the door was opened for invitations to all the "best" parties in Hollywood — and not necessarily those given by fellow members.

For, as some of the top names in Hollywood are members of the clique, the rest of the community either wants or has to—for business reasons—keep on the better side of them. This means only one thing . . . you're friends with every member of the gang or you can't be friends with any.

When Shirley and her husband, Steve Parker, organised a benefit show in Las Vegas for victims of the Japanese typhoon, Sinatra made a few phone calls in the right places and had half the film colony fly up to perform at the function.

Disenchanted

But Shirley and Steve had to repay members for their privileges. Sinatra once called Shirley when she was just off to Tokio with her husband. His mother was arriving next day from New Jersey, and Sinatra wanted Shirley at the welcome party.

When she explained she was about to leave on a trip, Sinatra replied, "Postpone it." She did.

Shirley is now becoming disenchanted with the clique. Said an assistant director on her latest film, "The Apartment": "Shirley's been on a two-year cocktail party. It was fun while it lasted, but it has to end. She has one big headache from all the partying."

But if Shirley leaves now, after all the clique has admittedly done for her, won't she be showing disloyalty?

Shirley has shown her first signs of independence. Sinatra and Martin called her one afternoon while she was working on "The Apartment" to skip work and accompany them to the races.

Too powerful

She protested it would hold up the picture, and refused to follow their suggestion that she fake a headache. Already veteran Billy Wilder, who directed "The Apartment," thinks Shirley has outgrown "The Clan" and has advised her to leave.

The clique has come in for criticism lately. Professionally, Sinatra and his cohorts control more power than is good for them, or for the industry. Socially, they are a law unto themselves — noisy and demanding in restaurants and theatres, and the way some of them treat waiters and parking-lot attendants is newspaper-headline material.

This doesn't mean the clique is breaking up, or that half of Hollywood wouldn't give anything to become members.

So for Shirley MacLaine to leave the clique is easier said than done. But if she finds a way out without hurting anyone's feelings, others might follow her.

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Robeson—happy giant who loves children

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

● Paul Robeson, at 62, is a towering giant of a man. He's a stooped 6 foot 3 inches, weighs 17 stone. And he's a happy man, he says — though he has grave eyes.

HE and his wife, Essie, have a hatful of university degrees between them, including a Law degree for him, a degree in Anthropology for her.

"People will draw him out on politics," Mrs. Robeson said in a troubled voice. "I beg him not to bite, but he's a proud man, and he always does.

"He believes in a way of life: the most good for the most people. It's far above politics."

Paul Robeson dealt in a dignified manner with the dozens of people clustered about his hotel door.

After a television interview he came in quietly and sat with his wife and me.

"Don't move. I'll sit here," he said, sitting on the foot of the bed.

"I would like, through your magazine," he said, "to thank all the Australians—thousands of them — who have written kind letters to me, especially when I was ill in England a couple of years ago.

"They all asked me to come and visit them, and it's been in my mind for 30 years. At last I am here."

He and his wife talked happily of their homes in Harlem, New York, and Connaught Square, London, of their only son, Paul, jun., and his wife, Marilyn, and their children.

Paul Robeson loves children.

"Wherever Paul goes, children cling to him," said Mrs. Robeson.

"When I sing to children, I pour out my love in a lullaby," he said.

"You know, I believe that singing originated directly from speaking. First people spoke, then, in moods of happiness or despair, they lifted the spoken word into song with intonations of prayer or rejoicing.

"Take the songs 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' 'Go Down, Moses,' 'Deep River,' 'Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen' . . . they're all speaking songs.

"So is 'Farewell, My Son, I Am Dying,' the aria from Moussorgsky's opera 'Boris Godounov.' You can speak or sing that aria, and it happens to be my favorite."

Mrs. Robeson — one of the most interesting women I have ever met—said, "We have just the one child, 32-year-old Paul, who is a clever pianist. We call him Pauli.

"He married a white girl, Marilyn Greenberg, and they have two children, David Paul, 9, and Susan, 7."

Mrs. Robeson believes the secret of Paul's tremendous success is that he has specialised in the songs of his own people.

"There are many good bass singers who sing other songs beautifully, just there is only one Paul when it comes to negro songs," she said.

● *Paul and Eslanda Robeson, in their hotel suite in Brisbane, with photographs of their two grandchildren, David Paul and Susan.*

PIANIST WITH PAUL

● *Pianist Janetta McStay.*

JANETTA McSTAY, solo pianist with Paul Robeson, is a New Zealander.

"I consider it a very great honor to play for this great artist, who must be one of the most distinguished visitors we have ever had," Janetta said.

She won a scholarship to London's Royal Academy of Music before the war, and stayed abroad until 1954 doing Arts Council tours and B.B.C. work.

In 1958 Janetta came to Australia to record for the A.B.C.

She has made several visits to the East, combining her two loves, travel and music.

She has toured with Australian violinists Maurice Clare, Beryl Kimber, and Ronald Woodcock, and toured New Zealand twice with tenor William Herbert, who now lives in England.

Our £3000 Cover Contest

● The "hatty" Melbourne Cup cover on this issue—it has the identifying letter "P"—is the ninth to keep in our £3000 Cover Contest.

IF you have missed one of the covers, you can obtain a copy of the issue at our offices in capital cities — the addresses are listed at the top of page 2.

You save our covers for 16 weeks and list the 16 covers in the order of your preference.

Each cover has an identifying letter on a little square—from "A" to "P"—for the 16 weeks. An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences, will be published at the end of the contest.

You will not need to describe the covers — they will be identified on the coupon by their letters. The coupon will also include a space for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on our December 21 issue. The entry coupon will be in that issue with instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel including, among others, an artist, a housewife, a businessgirl. Members of the panel will not be chosen until the contest closes.

The £3000 prize will go to the reader whose entry places the 16 covers in the same order as the judges or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie, the £3000 prize will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions are judged equal in value, the prize will be equally divided. Ten additional awards of £10 will be made for the best ten suggestions for covers.

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TV's WESTERN HEROES

STRONG, SILENT WESTERNER John Russell, Marshal Dan Troop, of "The Lawman," with his deputy, Peter Brown, who plays Johnny MacKay.

SHOW BUSINESS

By
NAN MUSGROVE

REALISTIC - TYPE Western hero James Arness, who plays Marshal Matt Dillon, of "Gunsmoke."

WILD WESTERNER Ty Hardin, of "Bronco." Bronco's a wild man always brawling; a man who riles mighty easy.

● The Pow! Pow! of guns is a familiar sound these days as it floats across the suburban air from the TV sets of Western-happy householders.

AUSTRALIAN televiewers love the old TV story about the out-of-order set that was jammed up with dead cowboys.

Each morning they happily get ready for the night's living-room take of baddies who don't deserve to live.

They are well supplied with Western heroes who do the killings—no fewer than 29 of them appear on their screen during the week.

The heroes come in all sizes, all types. Their tremendous TV success is one of the mysteries of TV. Nobody seems immune to their spell.

Some experts say their success is largely due to the ladies, who, they believe, are sick of the orchids and caviare of civilisation, and long in their hearts for the domination of a strong, silent man of the pioneer era.

The Western hero is the closest thing to this he-man.

Others say it is the atmosphere of the Western that makes them universally popular. They point out that in Westerns few people work; problems are solved by the direct action of the gun without hint of moral or social censure.

Everyone seems to have his favorite hero, but tops in world-wide popularity is 6ft. 6in. James Arness, who plays Marshal Dillon, of "Gunsmoke."

Arness is a realistic-type hero. He's not always turned out immaculately, not always sure of the right thing to do, likes a drink, has his worries, and a girl in his life.

Some people may find the Marshal too reminiscent of civilised man. There are others.

There is that cultured cowboy Paladin, of "Have Gun, Will Travel." Paladin knows his wine, his women (whom he loves and leaves), is an expert on everything.

He's not so good with the gun, and asked recently how he felt towards horses, said: "Distantly."

The strong, silent man is epitomised by John Russell, of "The Lawman," who goes through episode after episode with a stiff upper lip and a shirt without a crease.

The wild Westerner is Ty Hardin, who plays "Bronco." He's no man to trifle with.

CULTURED COWBOY Richard Boone, who plays Paladin in "Have Gun, Will Travel," is an expert on all facets of gracious living.

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A.B.C. RACE COMMENTATOR Joe Brown calling a race at Flemington, where he is official race broadcaster.

He'll call the Cup telecast

By BARBARA WALLIS

● Melbourne A.B.C. racing commentator Joe Brown has been chosen to give the TV commentary on this year's Centenary Melbourne Cup — the first telecast ever made of the race.

THE Cup will be telecast direct to Sydney through special booster stations, and Sydney viewers will see the race in their homes while the crowds yell themselves hoarse at Flemington.

They will have the advantage over viewers in Victoria and other States, who won't see the Cup on TV until well after the race is run.

Films of the race will be rushed to other States in the hope of showing it to viewers the same night.

All Melbourne and Sydney A.B.C. and commercial TV stations are combining in the Cup telecast.

Joe Brown, who, as well as being A.B.C. television and radio commentator, is official course broadcaster on all Melbourne racetracks, will be calling his 13th Melbourne Cup.

Joe is thoroughly wrapped in his job because of his passion for horses.

"I love 'em so much I could eat 'em," says Joe. "It's not the punting that attracts me to racing — it's the horses. Some day I'll own a racehorse."

Joe's interest in horses began when he was 15. His grandfather, an ardent racegoer, used to take him to race meetings in Hobart.

Joe later became judge for the Hobart Turf Club until he became A.B.C. commentator there in 1945.

He transferred to Melbourne in 1947, and called his first Melbourne Cup in 1948—Rimfire's year.

Joe Brown's personality is as pleasant as his brisk, smooth voice. Handsome, grey-haired, he's breezy, easy-going, and full of fun.

He's quite unimpressed with his success as a commentator, and looks rather puzzled when asked what it takes to make a good commentator.

"A natural love of horses helps," he says. "And good mental reflexes. You have to see, register, and call a horse almost simultaneously.

"A retentive memory is essential, as you have to memorise the owners' colors and the names of the horses."

The day before a meeting Joe spends in his office at the A.B.C. swotting up the names of the acceptors for the following day, and their colors.

He is only an occasional punter, and never bets more than £1. He always has a mild bet on the Melbourne Cup.

Australians are spoilt with their racing commentators, according to Joe.

"They are the best in the world," he says. "I am surprised how unfavorably overseas commentators compare with ours.

"I suppose it's because we are so sportsminded that we demand the best."

Away from the racetrack and his office, Joe (who describes himself as a "home-and-garden boy") leads a quiet life at his mountain home at Olinda, 28 miles from Melbourne, with his wife and daughters, Leonie, 17, and Denise, 6.

A.B.C. plans new historical serial

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The promised "sequel" to "Stormy Petrel," A.B.C.-TV's fascinating Australian serial that finished recently, will be the story of Governor Lachlan Macquarie's fight for the rights of the colony's emancipated convicts.

REX REINITS, author of "Stormy Petrel" and the A.B.C's TV drama editor, and Colin Dean, who produced it, are planning the new serial.

Reinits will write it, Dean will produce it. At present the two are up to their eyes in research and talk about it.

The serial, as yet unnamed, will be in 12 half-hour episodes and will cover the period from 1810, immediately after Governor Bligh left Sydney, to 1821.

It is tentatively scheduled to start in May, 1961.

To call it a "sequel" to "Stormy Petrel" is rather stretching the point, but in some ways it is.

Beginning as it does immediately after Bligh's departure means that we'll meet old friends — Maurice O'Connell, A.D.C. to Governor Macquarie, who met and married Mary Bligh Putland before her father left, and also that arch tyrant John Macarthur.

All these people will be played, if things go according to plan, by the people who played them in "Stormy Petrel."

In "Stormy Petrel" the Governor of the time, Captain Bligh, was the central character of the play. This is not so in the planned new serial. Governor Macquarie is not its central character, although he comes into it quite prominently.

The central character is Dr. William Redfern, after whom the Sydney suburb of Redfern is named.

Redfern was an emancipist.

He served a sentence as a convict for treason.

Naval mutiny

Redfern's crime was hardly a crime. He was a surgeon's mate of 19 at the time of the mutiny on the Nore when the men rose against their conditions. His "crime" was that he told the captain of his ship that he thought the men who mutinied had a good case.

He was tried for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to death. His sentence was commuted to transportation to New South Wales.

It is on him that Macquarie's fight for the social and legal recognition of emancipists is centred.

(During Macquarie's reign as Governor, the King's Bench in London brought down a ruling that stripped emancipated convicts of rights to own property, to sue in various courts, and meant that the stigma of their convict days remained with them always.)

It may all sound rather dull and dour after Captain Bligh, but to hear Rex Reinits talk about it and the colorful characters who'll appear is exciting.

THREE "Stormy Petrel" players who will probably have the same roles in the A.B.C.'s projected new TV serial. From left: Delia Williams as Mary Bligh O'Connell, James Condon as Maurice O'Connell, and Walter Sullivan as John Macarthur.

Redfern was a doctor, a brilliant surgeon and general practitioner. At one stage of his career he was earning between £3000 and £4000 a year, which in the early 1800s was a fortune.

The Governor liked Redfern, who was his official medical adviser. One of his medical triumphs was to bring Mrs. Macquarie, who had previously had many miscarriages, through her pregnancy and the birth of her son, Lachlan.

After this Redfern and Governor Macquarie became even closer friends. Macquarie took him on all his journeyings—to Van Diemen's Land and across the Blue Mountains.

Other colorful characters you will meet are:

● *Captain Henry Colden Antill*, Macquarie's A.D.C. Antill became a very close friend of Redfern's, and insisted on entertaining him in the mess, although his brother officers in the 73rd Regiment always walked out when Redfern, the emancipated convict, walked in.

(Antill and Redfern eventually became brothers-in-law. They married two sisters, Sarah and Eliza Wills, daughters of a wealthy merchant in the colony. Governor Macquarie stood godfather to Redfern's first son, who was named Lachlan Macquarie Redfern.)

● *Michael Massey Robinson*, Governor Macquarie's Clerk, was an Irish blackmailer, used to write odes on all possible occasions, and whom Macquarie unsuccessfully tried to have appointed the colony's poet laureate.

● *Convict Joseph Lycett*, whom Macquarie tried to have appointed the colony's official artist.

● *Emancipist Francis Greenway*, the colonial architect.

The villains

The villains of the piece, headed by that arrogant character John Macarthur, who, exiled in London, spends his time spreading poison against Macquarie, will include:

● *Rev. Samuel Marsden*, who was bitterly opposed to Macquarie's emancipist sympathies.

● *Ellis and Jeffrey Bent*. Ellis was the Judge Advocate, and his brother, Jeffrey, the first Supreme Court Judge. The Bents refused to allow convict lawyers to plead, which meant that, as there were only convict lawyers, Macquarie had no courts for two years when he appointed a new Judge Advocate.

● *Commissioner John Thomas Bigge*, a suave opportunist who came to Sydney from England to investigate Macquarie's administration. Bigge found against Macquarie, and actually by his report caused his resignation.

Mr. Reinits tells me that he and Dean hope to get more outdoor action into the new serial than there was in "Stormy Petrel."

The exciting part of this is that we will actually see Mrs. Macquarie sitting on her chair in the Domain. One of the dramatic sequences will be done there.

Whatever does take place will be good, I know. You only have to talk to the people concerned to realise the work and enthusiasm that are being expended on this new project.

They want a stand-in

● My friend Louise Hunter, of "Here's Your Answer" — a TV fan as well as a problem-solver—is having the laugh of the week over one of the problem letters that recently landed on her desk.

It is signed "Madeleine and Maude," two young girls from South Australia, who say that at school they have been running a problem bureau. Exams have interfered with their correspondence and they have offered Louise their problem correspondence to deal with.

Mad and Maude give their address as Benser and Spailey, Private Heart Agents, 77 Lavender Grove, Parkside, Adelaide, which, if you're a TV fan, quickly translates into Spencer and Bailey, Private Inquiry Agents, 77 Sunset Strip.

Louise tells me she's quite prepared to take over the correspondence provided Stuart Bailey, Jeff Spencer, a convertible and Kookie to park it, go with the letters.

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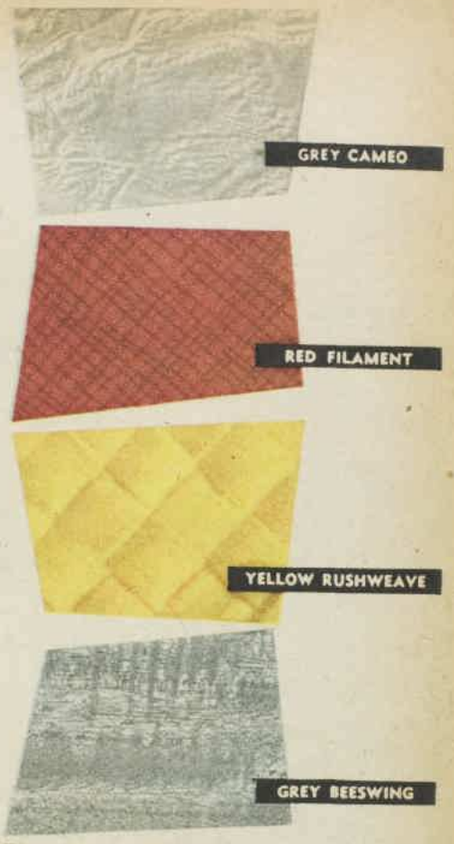

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Best News of All . . . Max Factor's Mascara Wand has nearly twice the mascara content . . . lasts twice as long as any comparably priced applicator. And you don't have to buy expensive refills. With the easy-to-use Max Factor Triple Refill you get three complete refills for just 7/11.

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MAX FACTOR *has everything to dramatise your eyes*

NEW hi-fi fluid eye liner

With Max Factor's hi-fi Fluid Eye Liner your eyes look big, brilliant . . . as beautifully made-up as any model girl's. It's fast-drying too, smear-proof and water repellent, and the brush is included.

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The most effective way to accent your brows — Max Factor's new automatic eyebrow pencil. Contains soft crayon (not lead) that gives a neat natural look and is so easy to apply. Self-propelling and easily refillable.

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In four heavenly misty colours, and seven dreamy iridescent shades; choose a matching shade to intensify your eye colouring or a contrasting shade for a high fashion effect.

9/11 shades: BLUE MIST, AZURE MIST, GREEN MIST, LILAC MIST, WHITE, IRIDESCENT: GRAY, BROWN, BLUE, GREEN, LAVENDER, SILVER, GOLD.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

A "MUST" in the luggage of Melbourne Cup-goers will be dark glasses to hide the tell-tale circles few entrants in the race carnival's party marathon will escape.

And, talking of sunglasses, the most fabulous ones in Sydney are owned by Mrs. Dick Allen.

Grey framed, they're a sensational size — quite as big as saucers. Mrs. Pat Levy, who brought them back from the United States last week as a gift for Mrs. Allen, says they are Hollywood's latest gimmick.

A great thrill for Mrs. Levy, almost within minutes of her return home, was greeting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hall, who are making a brief visit from London.

★ ★ ★

IT'S my guess that the chairman of the A.J.C., Sir Alan Potter, will take the honors as the best-dressed man at Flemington. Instead of conventional dark tailed coat and striped trousers attire, his morning-suit features a light grey, fine wool cutaway coat and matching trousers, worn with a blue tie—to give moral support to Valerius, which will be carrying his colors in the £25,000 Cup. Lady Potter and their daughters, Barbara and Susan (Mrs. George Bullock), and Mrs. Keith Mackay, whose husband is part-owner of Valerius with Sir Alan, will all wear "something blue" on Cup Day to spur Valerius on.

★ ★ ★

DARK-HAIRED Jane Hill, who will be seeing her first Cup, will be in the thick of festivities, staying with Sir Robert and Lady Knox. Their lovely old home, "Greenknowe," in Toorak, is the setting for the Derby Eve Ball, which will launch Cup gaieties on October 28. This is always a "very Sydney" party. Among familiar faces, I'm expecting to see Sandra Bragg, who will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Maitland Levy at Mt. Eliza, Simone Pirenne and English visitor Jane Duckworth. Jane, who has been spending a month in Sydney with Mr. and Mrs. John Arnott at Point Piper, and Simone will make their headquarters with Judy Clark and her parents, Captain and Mrs. M. J. Clark, of Hawthorn. Former Sydney belle Mrs. David Turnbull, who is one of the committee members for the Derby Eve Ball, which traditionally raises lots and lots and lots of money for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, will have her mother, Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, staying with her for Cup Week.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR Rod and Rosalind O'Connor, of "Connorville," Cressy, Tasmania, are planning to return hospitality to their host of Sydney and Melbourne friends at a Cup Eve party at Menzies. Some of their guests will go on to the Lucky Horseshoe dinner-dance at Ciro's, where the cabaret tables will be decked with gilded horseshoes discarded by real horses at Flemington.

★ ★ ★

NOTED party-givers Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nelken are limiting their Cup-time entertaining this year to small dinner parties on Derby Night and after the Oaks.

★ ★ ★

IN Sydney on Cup Night, guests at the dinner party Mr. and Mrs. Adrian van Bochove are giving for 50 friends aboard m.v. Tjiluwah will be film stars for a night. Dining and dancing aboard the vessel, they'll be snapped by movie cameramen making a travel film about aspects of Australian social life. Party-goers will include Judith Howard, the youthful niece of the hostess, who is holidaying here from New Zealand while her parents are abroad. Incidentally, Mrs. van Bochove and her pretty daughter Ann will leave for Europe in the Himalaya on New Year's Eve. Ann is en route for Switzerland to put a "French polish" on her ski-ing and languages at "Mon Fertile," the well-known finishing school in the Swiss Alps.

★ ★ ★

"SHE has the best mantelpiece in Melbourne. Her invitations now stretch to two rows!" My Cup spy reports this is being said about a popular Toorak hostess.

Also hear that Deniliquin visitors for race week, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Webb, of "Lindifferon," and the Theo McCaws, of "Caroonboon," have been invited to the al fresco luncheon Colonel and Mrs. Malcolm McArthur are giving at their property, "Melrose Farm," Wollert, on Derby Sunday.

★ ★ ★

IN an absentminded moment keen racing enthusiast Mrs. Charles Eastment forgot the Melbourne Cup would be early this year, and went ahead with plans for a Halloween party at her home at Gordon on October 31 for the Baby Bunting Committee of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. And so the Paris model chapeau she has had "on ice" for months, waiting to wear it at Flemington, is away in a cupboard and she'll greet guests in a witch's hat when she welcomes them to her home (turned into a chamber of horrors for the occasion) on Cup Eve.

★ ★ ★

"MY FAIR LADY" Bunty Turner's Cup fancy is Howsie. She senses a link between the game of "housie" and "With a Little Bit of Luck," one of the hit numbers in the musical.

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SMILES from Michael Cole, of "Merrybungle," Boggabri, and his bride, formerly Susan Edwards, after their pretty wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Merriwa. AT RIGHT: Susan (centre) pictured with her white-chiffon-frocked attendants, from left, Caroline Bettington, Elizabeth Edwards, Patricia Vine, and Mrs. Michael Devenish-Meares in the garden of the bride's home, "Thorley," Merriwa, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Edwards, entertained over 200 guests after the ceremony.

JUST WED

SIGNING the register. Andrew Crossing, of "Colly Blue," Quirindi, and his bride, formerly Belinda Morgan-Jones, in the vestry at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Belinda's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Morgan-Jones, of Palm Beach, entertained at a reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club after the wedding.

JUST-WED Malcolm McNeall assisting his bride, formerly Lea Kellett, of Mudgee, into car taking them to the reception at the Pickwick Club, after their wedding at the Gordon Methodist Church. Lea, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Kellett, was attended by her sister Ann and Margaret Bull.

IN CANBERRA. Lieut. Bill Henderson and his bride, formerly Margaret Anderson, were married at St. Christopher's Pro. Cathedral, Manuka. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. C. Anderson. Groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Henderson.

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More Nugget white cleaner is sold than any other white.

***ROMANCE HITS THE CAMPUS** when Bing Crosby, during a break from classes, entertains his "teacher" (Nicole Maurey)— the exotic redhead the crooner himself "discovered" in Paris some years ago — on board his luxury yacht in "High Time."*

SHOW BUSINESS

COLLEGIATE BING

● ***Bing Crosby is a college freshman in the 20th Century-Fox comedy "High Time."***

MIDDLE-AGED millionaire Bing — despite protests from his snob son (Angus Duncan) and snooty daughter (Nina Shipman)— enrols as a freshman for a belated formal education.

With dorm-mate Fabian, cheer-girl Tuesday Weld, and glamorous French teacher Nicole Maurey staunchly behind him, Bing tops the class popularity poll, is voted into a fraternity, and graduates with flying honors.

But, despite the billing of Bing and Fabian, the film isn't a musical. It features only two numbers: "The Second Time Around" and "Nobody's Perfect." Written by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen, the current Academy Award holders for their "High Hopes," both songs belong to Bing.

The compensating — and very prominent —"High Time" musical background score is a jazzed-up college march provided by composer Henry Mancini, noted for his themes from TV's "Peter Gunn" and "Mr. Lucky."

Having stepped out of his usual vocalling role, Bing steps up his physical performance in what is—for Crosby—an exceptionally strenuous part.

The crooner springs round in the college gymnasium, plays in basketball matches, dances a modified adagio, to name but a few of his feats.

In her much less active role, Nicole Maurey makes her second co-starring appearance with Bing. They were a successful duo in "Little Boy Lost," the film in which Nicole made her American screen debut.

Directed by Blake Edwards, a great believer in economy of dialogue and visual accuracy, "High Time" illustrates his unusual pantomime technique in a bonfire sequence, which runs for just on five minutes without dialogue; and presents a true picture of college life, through all campus exterior shots being filmed at the College of the Pacific in Stockton, California.

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BRITISH actor Peter Ustinov, after protesting that he was "too fat to wear a toga," finally accepted a part in "Spartacus," a film to be released here soon.

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★★ BELLS ARE RINGING

This is Judy Holliday's hit. As the impulsive, big-hearted operator of a telephone-answering service who gets rung in on customer problems, she dazzles. Her miming, singing, and dancing turn this large-cast musical into a one-man comedy.

Writer Dean Martin, who wins her with his wake-up call, is in top vocal form. Damon Runyon and New Yorker bit players add more laughs and the score scores a few catchy songs. — **Liberty, Sydney.**

In a word . . . LIVELY.

★★ FOLLOW A STAR

Norman Wisdom's seventh comedy for Rank is scattered slapstick and pathos.

There's ice down the ladies' backs, "Marx Bros." capers, and a Chaplin-pretty heroine cripple . . . but there's no Charlie or Groucho to sustain the fun.

As the little fall-guy, Norman doesn't know until the last reel that a trusted friend, ageing music-hall singer Jerry Desmonde, is tape-recording his voice to skyrocket to golden-disc fame.

Refreshingly free of sex and psychology, this is good family entertainment.—**Victory, Sydney.**

In a word . . . AMUSING.

★ YELLOWSTONE KELLY

"They'll get around to it," drawls trapper Clint Walker, setting the pace for this sleepy Western. The Indians did—eventually. Peacefully hunting in wild Snake River country with his mate, Edward Byrnes, Walker mediates for the U.S. cavalry and redskins (most of whose skirmishes take place off the set) and buys trouble in saving an Indian girl from her warring Sioux suitor. — **Regent, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SLOW.

★ SHADOW OF FEAR

A spare-no-bullets biography of America's murder magnate, Lepke Buchalter (David Stewart), this thriller — based on Turkis' shocker, "Murder Inc."—is loaded with ruthless action and triggered with factual interest.

Killed by the patchy plot, the tension is as dead as the victims. From a gun-popping round with glib Peter Falk, the focus hops to suave crime-king Stewart and his robot henchman, leaving the D.A. to wrap up the story. Pawns in a triangle, May Britt and husband Stuart Whitman end their fair performance in a soap-opera climax. — **Palace, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SLAYING.

★ THE IDIOT

Russian ace camera work in shadowy interiors and snow-swept streets chills the theatre in this film of the Dostoevsky novel. Despite the brilliant acting, the film message is slightly confusing. It loses in translation.—**Gala, Sydney.**

In a word . . . INTENSE.

THE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

A third-rate excuse for a scantily clad Bardot to leap in and out of the water, giving her boy-friend, Jean Francois Calve, inspiration in his search for hidden treasure. — **Palladium, Sydney.—P.F.**

In a word . . . WET.

KATHARINE HEPBURN will co-star with another Hepburn — Audrey — in the remake of "The Children's Hour" if the Mirisch Company has its way. The Lillian Hellman story deals with two teachers in a private girls' school whose reputations are ruined by rumors started by one of their pupils. The first screening of the famous stage hit was made in 1935, under the title of "These Three," and starred Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon as the teachers.

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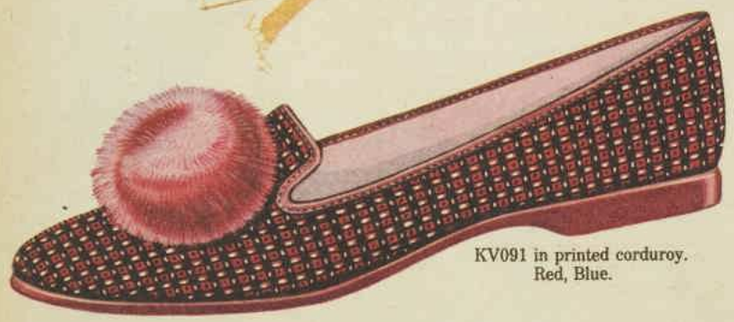

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luggage stowed in matching suitcases. Louisa's in a variety of airline give-away bags. Actually Freddy didn't drive himself, there was a custom-built chauffeur.)

Louisa enjoyed the trip thoroughly, even though Freddy grew progressively more taciturn. ("And why not?" thought Louisa sympathetically. What a lapful awaited him!) She sympathised—but not so acutely that she forgot to loll; novel though the experience was, in Freddy's Rolls Louisa discovered that she could loll as to the manner-born. Halting for coffee, halfway through the morning's run, she didn't even descend, but let a cup of tea be obsequiously carried out to her. Halting for lunch, at a famous and fabulously expensive inn, she just accepted the necessity of putting foot to ground. Then they had everything most expensive on the menu.

"I could, don't you think, make a woman comfortable?" suggested F. Pennon.

"Unless she's off her head," said Louisa warmly.

They reached Bournemouth about six: the big house above a famous chine awaited them in apple-pie order. "'Evening, Karen," said Fred casually. "Got any cocktails for us?" A large and smiling Swede indicated the tray. ("What she must be paid—!" thought Louisa.) Some sort of understrapper of the chauffeur's carried in their bags, and a dinner to recruit Arctic explorers was served at eight. Freddy was still taciturn, and what slight conversation took place concerned the desirability, or otherwise, of Louisa's accompanying him to meet Mrs. Anstruther's train.

"Just to break the ice!" pleaded Freddy.

"Not I," said Louisa. "You've got to take the plunge."

"I tell you, I've told you, it's exactly just at first I'll want you there."

"Yes, but not just at first as all that," said Louisa. "Not on the platform . . ."

As has been seen, she won her point, and Freddy went to the station alone.

Louisa pommelled the pillow into a sausage under her nape. It was an uncommonly warm afternoon, but she couldn't sleep. To sleep at such an hour was unnatural to her, naturally, or customarily, she'd have been developing film in Rossy's basement. Louisa put the thought of Mr. Ross aside; as she saw now, she'd been over-impulsive in her confidences to him. She had also been over-impulsive in her confidences to Hugo, and was only thankful she hadn't said anything to Number Ten.

"All the same," thought Louisa uneasily, "I'm going to have a lot of explaining to do when I get back . . ."

She pommelled the pillow again. Its linen slip was pale pink; so were the sheets and blankets. Impulsively Louisa stripped down the nearest corner for a look at the mattress. It was pink, too.

"At least I'm on velvet for a week," thought Louisa.

It struck her that a week seemed to be the natural term of any luxury for her. It had been for a week that she'd luxuriated at Cannes . . .

Her thoughts veered to Mrs. Anstruther. Brief though their meeting had been, in Louisa's opinion it sufficed to form a judgment.

"She's nothing," thought Louisa. "She's a nonentity. She just happened to be born with a profile . . ."

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

from page 64

But just that profile, that echo from a Victorian beauty-book, was going to put Enid Anstruther on velvet for the rest of her life.

If Louisa had been thinking about Mrs. Anstruther, so, evidently, had Mrs. Anstruther been thinking about Louisa. It was only natural — as it was only natural that she should have cut short her siesta to stroll with Freddy on the broad gravel walk under the bedroom windows.

"Freddy, dear, who exactly is Miss Datchett?" murmured Enid Anstruther.

● A man may learn from his Bible to be a more thorough gentleman than if he had been brought up in all the drawing rooms in London.

Charles Kingsley.

Louisa had no scruples about eavesdropping, in such a case as this; but sat up to listen better.

"'Gel I've known all my life," said Freddy. "That is, knew her people all my life . . ."

There was a slight pause.

"I don't remember any Datchetts at Keithley," mused Mrs. Anstruther.

"Came from Leeds," said Freddy instantly. "After you deserted me and went to Argentina. It's eighteen years, y'know."

"You've changed so little, I forget," sighed Mrs. Anstruther. The next moment she rippled with pretty laughter; she was very volatile. "And I feel just a slip of a girl again," confessed Mrs. Anstruther, "with my chaperon! Kind Freddy, to take such care of me! I wonder what made you ask Miss Datchett."

"Convalescing after mumps," said Freddy. "Thought I'd kill two birds with one stone."

LOUISA's outraged ear caught a delicate babble of alarm. Then—

"No, of course she's not infectious," said Freddy. "I told you, she's convalescing. Building up."

Later, as in completion of the circuit—

"Well, now you've seen her," inquired F. Pennon, "what d'you think of her?"

He and Louisa were waiting in the spacious, galleried entrance-hall for Mrs. Anstruther to come down to dinner — Freddy in black tie, Louisa, to keep her spirits up, in toreador pants.

"She's got the most beautiful profile," said Louisa sincerely, "I've ever seen off an Afghan."

"She has, hasn't she?" said Freddy eagerly. "It's what I've always remembered about her —that little nose, and the way her lips curl . . . she hasn't changed in the least. She says I haven't either."

"In fact, the water was quite warm," said Louisa.

He looked at her suspiciously.

"What water?"

"The plunge. In off the deep end, up with your pockets full of fish," said Louisa, who was feeling rather disagreeable. "Why the heck did you have to give me mumps?"

"It just came into my mind. D'you mean to say you were listening?" retorted Freddy.

"Naturally, in this heat. I had the window open. You should be more careful on that path."

"Well, what would you have liked me to give you?" inquired Freddy sulkily.

"Appendicitis," said Louisa. "If you had to give me anything, appendicitis would have been classier. I suppose I'm lucky you didn't think of pink-eye."

"You haven't much regard for my feelings," said Freddy, "if when I want to talk about Enid you start talking about pink-eye."

Absurdly, they were almost quarrelling. With genuine remorse, for she really was fond of F. Pennon, Louisa pulled herself up.

"Okay, let's get back to her," said Louisa. "Her profile's smashing, and I'm only too glad, Freddy — honestly I am — everything's gone so well. In fact, if you'd like me to leave any sooner" — it cost her a slight effort to say this, a week's velvet being always a week's velvet, but she said it — "I've a kennel of dachshunds on ice, and you've only to give me the word."

There was a slight pause. On the gallery above, a door opened.

"Don't think of it," said Freddy hastily. "Enid, my dear, are you ready for dinner?"

Mrs. Anstruther, wearing grey lace, flitted mothlike down the stair and came to rest at Freddy's side like a butterfly on a buddleia. Her soft grey glance flitted momentarily towards Louisa's pants, and as swiftly flitted away again. Louisa acknowledged a possibly justified criticism, and at the same time diagnosed short sight and a reluctance to appear in glasses.

"Stop being a cat!" Louisa adjured herself.

But it was almost impossible not to be a cat, Mrs. Anstruther being so like a moth, or a bird, or a butterfly; for of all three, it was plain, did her nature partake. It wasn't only, Louisa had to admit, her profile: there was a softness and a fluffiness and a featheriness about her which one could well imagine irresistible to the tougher type of male. As Mrs. Anstruther slipped a hand through Freddy's arm, Louisa saw their common destiny inevitable; and the presence of a temporary buffer as much a luxury as—a pink mattress.

During the days that followed this opinion was confirmed. How Mrs. Anstruther and Freddy behaved when alone together Louisa, of course, didn't know; in public Enid had certain possessive little ways with him—the hand slipped through his arm, occasionally she straightened his tie — but Freddy accepted such attentions rather warily, and Enid was discreet enough to go no further.

The most overt sign of their relationship, and in the circumstances a conclusive one, was the way she at once slipped into place as mistress of the house.

She did it so neatly, so smoothly, an earlier judgment of Louisa's had indeed to be revised. There was a brain behind that profile—or at least there were formidable instincts. Mrs. Anstruther immediately perceived that the woman to make an ally of wasn't Louisa but Karen; and directed upon the latter the full force of what could only be called her ladylikeness.

Her manner was at once sweetly incompetent and perfectly assured; taking it for granted that Karen ran the house, she also took it for granted that Karen now did so under her, Mrs. Anstruther's, authority. Within forty-eight hours Louisa saw with admiration the new routine established: at ten o'clock each morning there was Karen with

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Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

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the day's menus — for Mrs. Anstruther's approval.

"My dear, I'm used to having servants!" explained Enid mildly. "In Argentina, even when poor Archy's business went so downhill, I always had at least three . . .!"

It appeared that Karen, in Sweden, had been used to having a mistress. Within forty-eight hours Karen added to her duties as housekeeper those of lady's maid. Louisa, furtively, washed her own gloves and stockings; not so Mrs. Anstruther. Karen washed for her.

Only a woman used to having servants—and Enid, a rarity in the England for her generation, was so used—could have pulled it off. At the same time she could have done so only in the full consciousness of Freddy's backing; and her handling of Karen betokened this so complete, any other sign of her empire over him would have been superfluous.

In point of fact, Mrs. Anstruther and Freddy weren't alone together very much. Unexpectedly, it was Mrs. Anstruther and Louisa who were alone together.

Immediately after breakfast Freddy went for a good long walk. ("Too hot for you gels!" declared Freddy, stepping briskly forth.) The girls stayed behind in the shady garden, under the pine-trees, turning over the daily papers. (Mrs. Anstruther also embroidered. Louisa sometimes did a bit of weeding.)

The siesta occupied the afternoon, and when the girls descended for tea Freddy would be found to have gone off again; then they simply waited for him to come back. It was an extraordinary sort of life to Louisa, but Mrs. Anstruther seemed to find it quite natural, and stitched away, or did nothing at all, with every appearance of content.

("I suppose you weren't ever in a harem?" asked Louisa impulsively.

"My dear, what things you think of!" exclaimed Mrs. Anstruther. "Of course I know you're only joking.")

In theory, of course, Louisa was at perfect liberty to go for a walk herself — or go for a swim, go into Bournemouth to look at the shops. Unfortunately, she was also, in theory, convalescing, and Enid Anstruther, now firmly in the saddle as hostess, was as strict as kind.

"Freddy would never forgive me," explained Mrs. Anstruther earnestly. "I've promised him faithfully to see you take a proper rest! To think," she added, "to think — you poor dear! — of having appendicitis as well!"

Louisa was only half appreciative of Freddy's well-meant addendum: after mumps and appendicitis combined, caution was obviously sensible. Under the pines each morning, in the drawing-room before dinner, Louisa continued to sit — condemned to harem life with Mrs. Anstruther.

Her function as buffer came into play chiefly at meals. F. Pennon took his food seriously, but Mrs. Anstruther pecked like a wren; it fell to Louisa to praise, discriminate, and tuck in. She had often observed that men commonly like women to eat well; as though still Turks at heart, haunted by the full-moon image of beauty, however much they praise a lissom figure they dislike actually witnessing the abstinence so often involved.

Mrs. Anstruther's resolution in sticking to a diet was thus an additional sign of her confidence, but Louisa's appetite nonetheless useful, keeping Freddy company in greed, also promoting conversation.

"But aren't you terrified?" exclaimed Mrs. Anstruther uncontrollably.

"What of?" asked Louisa.

"Putting on weight."

"I don't seem to," apologised Louisa.

"Take some more sauce," said Freddy.

It was Cumberland sauce; on baked ham. Louisa took some, also another roll.

"My dear, you really shouldn't!" cried Mrs. Anstruther. "I knew a girl in the Argentine, every bit as thin as you are, who thought she could eat anything she liked, and quite suddenly, at about thirty, she became simply enormous!"

"What happened to her?" asked Louisa.

"Well, in the first place, she couldn't ride any of her horses."

"That won't bother me," said Louisa. "But, of course, you're quite right. I've seen it myself: one day a woman looks like a string-bean, the next she looks like a cantaloup."

"But she needn't!" cried Mrs. Anstruther. "If she's on her guard! Oh, see what kind Freddy's got for me!" cried Mrs. Anstruther. "A pineapple!"

AFTER dinner Freddy liked to play chess. Enid—how confident she was! —at once proclaimed her incapacity; but Louisa, grateful for so much good grub, admitted to knowing the moves. "That'll do, 'give you a queen," said Freddy; so after dinner he and Louisa played chess.

Of course, Enid sat beside them. Also beside them was a tray with brandy, ice and soda, cigarettes and cigars, for F. Pennon believed in making himself comfortable. Mrs. Anstruther had her own little table with lime-juice and peppermint-creams. Louisa was free of either.

"You wouldn't play badly," said Freddy, "if you concentrated."

"I think Louisa's very clever to play at all!" declared Mrs. Anstruther.

Actually, Louisa rather enjoyed these sessions. Both she and Freddy played hard: dogged as an old Sealyham he bent his hairy eyebrows above the board—having given Louisa a queen, he gave her no quarter—while Louisa, concentrating, could sometimes force a draw. Sometimes they were both so absorbed they forgot Mrs. Anstruther altogether. She for her part always let them finish a game before rising to go to bed; generally she let them have two.

Louisa always went upstairs when Mrs. Anstruther did, because Mrs. Anstruther was her hostess. The time was usually no later than eleven, but Enid emanated such a force of feminine conventionality Louisa went up, too.

On velvet as she was, Louisa, idle, and alone for the chief of the day with another woman, could soon have become extremely bored; fortunately, their long tete-a-tetes offered her the very opportunity she sought, to pick Mrs. Anstruther's brains.

"Freddy tells me you've such a fascinating career!" mused Mrs. Anstruther — under the pines, in the grateful shade. "How I should have liked one, too! But then I married straight out of the nursery."

"How did you manage it?" asked Louisa interestedly.

Mrs. Anstruther rippled with gentle laughter.

"My dear! I didn't 'manage' it, it just happened! Of course, I was rather pretty—"

(She paused automatically for Louisa to say, "Oh, but you still are!" Louisa said it. It wasn't her nature to want something for nothing.)

"—and when poor Archy came home on leave he simply put me in his pocket! That's how poor Freddy missed his chance," explained Mrs. Anstruther, "he thought of me as still a child. I shall never forget his tragic face when I told him I was engaged."

"Yes, but go back a bit," said Louisa. "What were you doing when you met Archy?"

"Why, I was just at home," said Mrs. Anstruther, surprised. "I was an only daughter. I just stayed at home."

"Where?" asked Louisa.

"My dear, in the depths of the country. Keithley! But, of course, you know it," added Mrs. Anstruther. For the moment, however, Louisa was too absorbed to take the reference.

"And Archy just came along like one of those radar-fitted moths?"

"His people were neighbors,"

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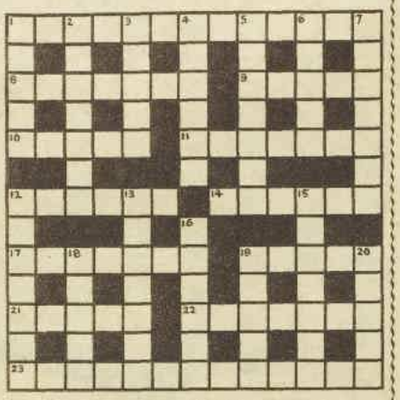
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. No. It is not the state of your bank account on the 23rd of September (6, 7).
8. Results probably when aiming high (7).
9. Excellence that deserves reward (5).
10. Soft confection made of nonsense (5).
11. Lift up late Eve (7).
12. Tessellated work mentioned in the Pentateuch (6).
14. Agree as despatched (6).
17. Edits with Moscow statutes (7).
19. Insist upon being accurate (5).
21. This is puffed (5).
22. Wanting suavity (7).
23. It could not happen before (13).

DOWN

1. Material to cram (5).
2. Dwells permanently about the bounding surfaces (7).
3. Soon turns and grows a little in the hands of the hangman (5).
4. Deep sounding beer and the French make a short-legged dog (6).
5. They lack in firmness for a start but they are good stickers (7).
6. Standard with a Bellini's opera (5).
7. Restate a true copy of the original writing (7).
12. Indian stork prized for its feathers (7).
13. Provoke in scene (7).
15. Ornamental badge surrounding Paul (7).
16. Take tea twice with ease for property (6).
18. To hang down (5).
19. Bird worth ten dollars (5).
20. To become weary take it red (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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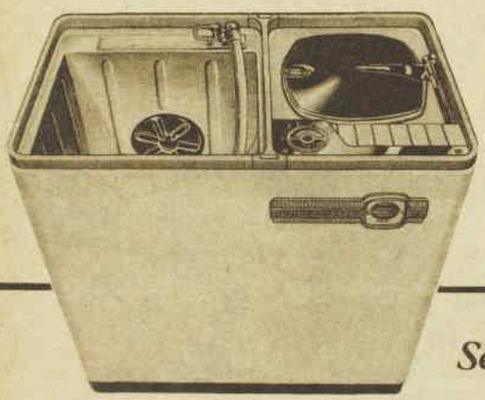

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Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

explained Mrs. Anstruther. "Of course, we knew several families. And really, looking back, it seems quite strange: so many of the daughters had careers, and went off to London and so on, quite often when the sons came home I was the only girl left! Archy had to stand up to quite fierce competition!"

It was an exchange to leave Louisa discouraged. How early, it seemed, had she missed the way to matrimony! There were, of course, disparities: Louisa's original home was the strictly non-rural London suburb of Broydon, and none of the neighboring youths had people, they just had Mum and Dad. (With some Louisa skylarked about the roads on bicycles; the meeting-place for intellectuals was the Free Library.)

Nor could Louisa have stayed at home if she'd wanted to; she'd been apprenticed to a local photographer not as any gesture towards a career but for the sake of the pound or so a week she brought in. To set up on her own—to cut and run and set up on her own—had been a positive achievement . . . Mrs. Anstruther's next remark brought her sharply back to the present.

"You must have come quite soon after I married?" remarked Mrs. Anstruther. "I mean, to Keithley. I wonder if I know the house?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Louisa. "It was new."

"One of those they were building on The Ridge?" asked Mrs. Anstruther eagerly.

"That's right," said Louisa.

"And was it nice? I remember what an interest we all took," said Mrs. Anstruther, "because some were going to be quite hideously modern—all glass and concrete roofs. Oh, dear, I hope yours wasn't one of the modern ones?"

"I'm afraid it was," said Louisa—happy to see a way of quitting Keithley as soon as possible. "I simply hated it. In fact, it was that horrible modern house that drove me from home."

On the side, as it were, during these conversations, Louisa learnt something more about F. Pennon. His money derived originally from coal; when Enid Anstruther first knew him he still lived at Keithley, outside Sheffield, in an enormous Victorian-Gothic mansion known locally as Pennon's Pile. (Freddy himself enjoyed the joke as much as anyone, recalled Mrs. Anstruther; he always had a splendid sense of humor.) Why he sloughed off both Keithley and coal together she didn't quite know—perhaps because the place seemed so empty without her, or perhaps it was something to do with nationalisation?

In any case, the year the Labor Government got in found Freddy shifted to London and with a seat on the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Anstruther personally rejoiced, Freddy seemed to be doing very nicely on the Stock Exchange, and a house outside Bournemouth appealed to her far more than Pennon's Pile.

"What became of Pennon's Pile?" asked Louisa curiously.

"I believe Freddy sold it rather well," said Mrs. Anstruther, "to some sort of agricultural college. One still can't help feeling a little sad, remembering all those lovely tennis and garden parties . . .

Louisa saw the picture easily: the tennis and garden parties at Pennon's Pile, Freddy the industrial squire of the community hospitable to, amongst others, an Enid in white linen and her first bloom. What age must he have been then? About forty?

She was still much more interested in picking, as far as possible, Mrs. Anstruther's

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brains. The trouble was that they each started out with such different preconceptions.

"Did you always expect to get married?" asked Louisa.

"Why, just as all girls do?" smiled Mrs. Anstruther.

But in Louisa's experience, all girls didn't. Some girls she honestly believed thought of nothing beyond their artistic careers — on the stage, or as painters, or as novelists—and took on romance primarily as an enrichment of artistic experience.

"What about the ones you knew yourself?" objected Louisa. "The ones you told me about, who left Keithley and went off to London for careers?"

● In nine cases out of ten, a woman had better show more affection than she feels.

Jane Austen.

"They were impatient," explained Mrs. Anstruther calmly, "just as you were. They couldn't wait quietly at home. Of course, no one took their careers seriously! Though I must admit that for a plain girl, training to be an architect, for instance, was a very sensible idea. The men students outnumbered them by, I believe, about twenty to one. Of course, I couldn't help knowing I was pretty—"

("You still are," said Louisa automatically.)

"And besides," added Mrs. Anstruther, with a touch of roguishness, "I was always very fond of men!"

Louisa absolutely started. How extraordinarily different, again, their angle of vision! To Louisa, being fond of men implied unpaid nursing and the peddling of beechnuts: to Mrs. Anstruther, apparently, marriage and being supported for life.

"I'm fond of men, too," said Louisa, "but it hasn't got me anywhere."

"Now I wonder why that is?" meditated Mrs. Anstruther. "You've certainly an appearance, though rather dashing . . . Probably an older man—"

THERE was a delicate pause until Louisa prompted, "Would be less likely to be scared off?"

"—would be more suitable," corrected Mrs. Anstruther. "A young man, with his way to make, doesn't want a dashing wife; he wants a wife who'll just make herself agreeable and let herself be taught the ropes. I learnt that at once," said Mrs. Anstruther, "when I first went out to the Argentine. Luckily it came very naturally to me—I'd never been anything but a daughter at home! Whereas you, my dear, have such a strong personality—"

"You mean it's the boss or nothing?" said Louisa uneasily.

"Perhaps," admitted Mrs. Anstruther. "To anyone at the top, I believe you'd make a very good wife indeed. You'd keep all the other wives in order! And, of course, marrying an older man, you could get a better settlement."

The very word was novel to Louisa—as her look betrayed.

"Pin-money," glossed Mrs. Anstruther. "Say ten or twenty thousand—"

"What, pounds?" demanded Louisa, startled.

"My dear, I hope we're not on the dollar-standard yet!" cried Mrs. Anstruther patriotically. "I admit I got nothing from poor Archy, but then I was so young and so much in love!"

It was all news to Louisa. In Louisa's experience (though admittedly she knew very few married couples), husband and wife contributed equally to the common stock; both painted, or both acted, sometimes it was the wife who contributed most.

In fact, the notion that a woman should get a lump sum down for marrying a man due to keep her for the rest of her life struck Louisa as really almost immoral. Possibly her look betrayed her again.

"A man rich enough to make a settlement," instructed Mrs. Anstruther patiently, "doesn't want his wife to be continually asking him for money. You surely see that!"

"Couldn't he give her an allowance?" suggested Louisa.

"Yes, and suppose something goes wrong?" retorted Mrs. Anstruther sharply. "Suppose he loses his money? Then what would she do?"

"Well, I suppose she'd give it him back," said Louisa—a trifle behind, her mind still occupied with the idea of settlements.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Anstruther. "Which makes it a kind of insurance as well!"

Louisa went off and did a bit of weeding ,with much to digest.

"I told you you'd get on together," said Freddy complacently. "Enid was always full of chat."

Chat didn't seem to Louisa quite the right word for Mrs. Anstruther's purposeful theorising; perhaps her converse with Freddy was on slighter topics. For the moment, indeed, he seemed rather noticeably ready to forgo it, at least for any stretch of time.

"After eighteen years, I should have thought you'd want to be chatting to her yourself," observed Louisa.

"Don't worry about that," said Freddy self-sacrificingly. "There'll be plenty of opportunities. You go ahead and enjoy yourself."

About mid-week Louisa telephoned Mr. Ross. She had left unposted, in the hurry of departure, a set of proofs of My Handsome of York — sired by My Lucky out of My Winsome, possibly apt to follow in My Lucky's victorious tracks, and therefore by no means (now that Louisa's prospects had changed again) to be treated with any casualness.

"Listen, Rossy," called Louisa, "those proofs of My Handsome—"

"Now, that's what I like," said Mr. Ross warmly. "Not giving a client the go-by just because you're in the money. I've sent 'em. — All going well?"

"Fine," said Louisa, "and thanks a lot. What was the postage?"

"Sevenpence-ha'penny," said Mr. Ross. "It can wait. I just thought there was no sense your leaving an unintended poor impression."

Even over a telephone the kindness and knowledgeableness of his personality were wonderfully marked.

"Listen, Rossy," said Louisa again, "when your sister married—"

"Which one?" asked Mr. Ross. "I've got three."

"The one who married into a chain-store. Did she get a settlement?"

"You bet your sweet life she did," said Mr. Ross. "Has that come up?"

"In a way," said Louisa.

"Have your own solicitor," advised Mr. Ross, "and congratulations again . . ."

Too late, Louisa once more recognised a lack of discretion.

To be continued

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F5302. — Easy-to-make sunfrock and jacket for a little girl requires 1⅞ to 3yds. 36in. material, and ½ to ⅝yd. contrast. Sizes 2 to 12 years. Price 3/-.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• ***Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.***

No. 359.—FROCK AND SHORT JACKET

Full-skirted sunfrock with matching bolero jacket is available cut out ready to sew. Material is pretty floral cotton with blue flowers on a lilac ground, tan and mint-green on white, turquoise and grey on white, and blue on tan. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 56/6, 36 and 38in. bust 58/6. Postage 4/-.

No. 360.—SLIM-FITTING FROCK

Slim-fitting frock, available cut out ready to make in Sundek linen. Colors include lilac, pink, black, grey, royal-blue, and Bismarck-grey. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 61/6, 36 and 38in. bust 64/6. Postage 4/-.

No. 361.—CAMEO-DESIGN FROCK

Neat, cool frock is available cut out ready to make in an unusual cameo-design printed cotton. Colors are lemon and tan on green background, light and deep blue on pink, mint-green and grey on fawn. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 44/6, 36 and 38in. bust 46/6. Postage 4/-.

No. 362.—ROSE-PRINTED FROCK

Rose-printed cotton frock is available cut out ready to sew. Color choice: Deep blue roses on pale blue and white ground, rust roses on white and tan, blue and lilac roses on lilac and white ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 59/11, 36 and 38in. bust 62/6. Postage 4/-.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning October 31

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tues., Thursday. Luck in using opportunities.

★ Possibilities may not be big, but they add up to a considerable total. A number of small successes should not be scorned. You may attend a dull party, yet make an interesting acquaintance. You could be heir to a windfall and put it to new uses. Look on any situation as a challenge. Avoid arguments with loved ones.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, lt. blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in personal relationships.

★ You are likely to be called upon to act as peacemaker, either in the family circle or in a group to which you belong. Credit will be due for getting everybody to pull together. Your beloved may take part in a social project or you entertain for an important visitor. Some celebrate an anniversary by revisiting romantic scenes.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in intense activity.

★ Your quick brain will be working in top gear. You have so many schemes you can't keep up with them all, but you'll still break records for getting things done. Whether the undertaking is business or social, you can't lose as long as you keep your eye on the target. You may have a showdown with a difficult person, but you remain friendly.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Friday. Luck in a wish.

★ Wishes can come true through faith in your dream and swift action to back it up. If young, you may try to become friendly with a romantic stranger. If slightly older, in love, create the right setting for that proposal. If young-married, a wish about your home might be fulfilled. Older people could achieve a business affair.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday. Luck in the family circle.

★ A member of the household may have welcome news, success in an examination, a step up in a career, announcement of an engagement, or modest fame in social or sporting circles. A relative might visit your home and offer to help in a family project with advice, personal effort, money. You are likely to draw closer to those around you.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a short journey.

★ Whether you make a last-minute dash into town in search of an essential article, or whether you meet someone for an important interview, there's a reward. If you play any game you'll be more successful away from home grounds. If you wish to make arrangements, go in person; plans may be modified and you'll avoid mix-ups.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in practical affairs.

★ You might obtain a job, possibly temporary, which could later be permanent. As buyer or seller, some of you decide on a major investment which pins you to a definite schedule for a period. Others complete the final payment on a purchase. The chief danger lies in taking on too many commitments, although each might be excellent value.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a new venture.

★ There could be a new pastime which holds your enthusiasm and occupies every leisure moment. If it's a hobby which gives scope for your creative talents, you'll be busy mastering the fundamentals. If it's connected with people, you develop unsuspected qualities of leadership. You may turn your back on old friends through sheer lack of time.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, n.-blue, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday. Luck in caution.

★ Over-optimism could land you in an awkward situation if you try too hard to keep up with the Joneses, or travel around with an extravagant crowd. Don't be afraid to say you can't afford certain outings. Should you find certain amusements boring, drop out quietly. You won't be lonesome. New friends, interests are just around the corner.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in outdoor interests.

★ Your signs are excellent for gardeners; many of you will be enjoying the fruit of your efforts, planning new triumphs. If you like sport, you could be a finalist in a tournament or the outstanding player in a team. If you live in the city get out in the open at weekends to improve health. A few days away from home can make all the difference.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, violet. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in increased prestige.

★ Whether you've been busy as the secretary of the tennis club, heading a committee, acting, singing, or playing, or otherwise occupying the spotlight, you're in the news with the sweet sound of applause in your ears. Should the one in your life share in these activities, there is likely to be a happy celebration for the two of you.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday. Luck in long-term planning.

★ Today's success or failure is soon forgotten unless you use it as a stepping-stone to more important enterprises. Choose your line of career and personal relationships to build up a life that responds to your hopes, and gives you wider scope, bringing increasing rewards. Encourage your beloved to keep out of a rut and work towards a goal.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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